

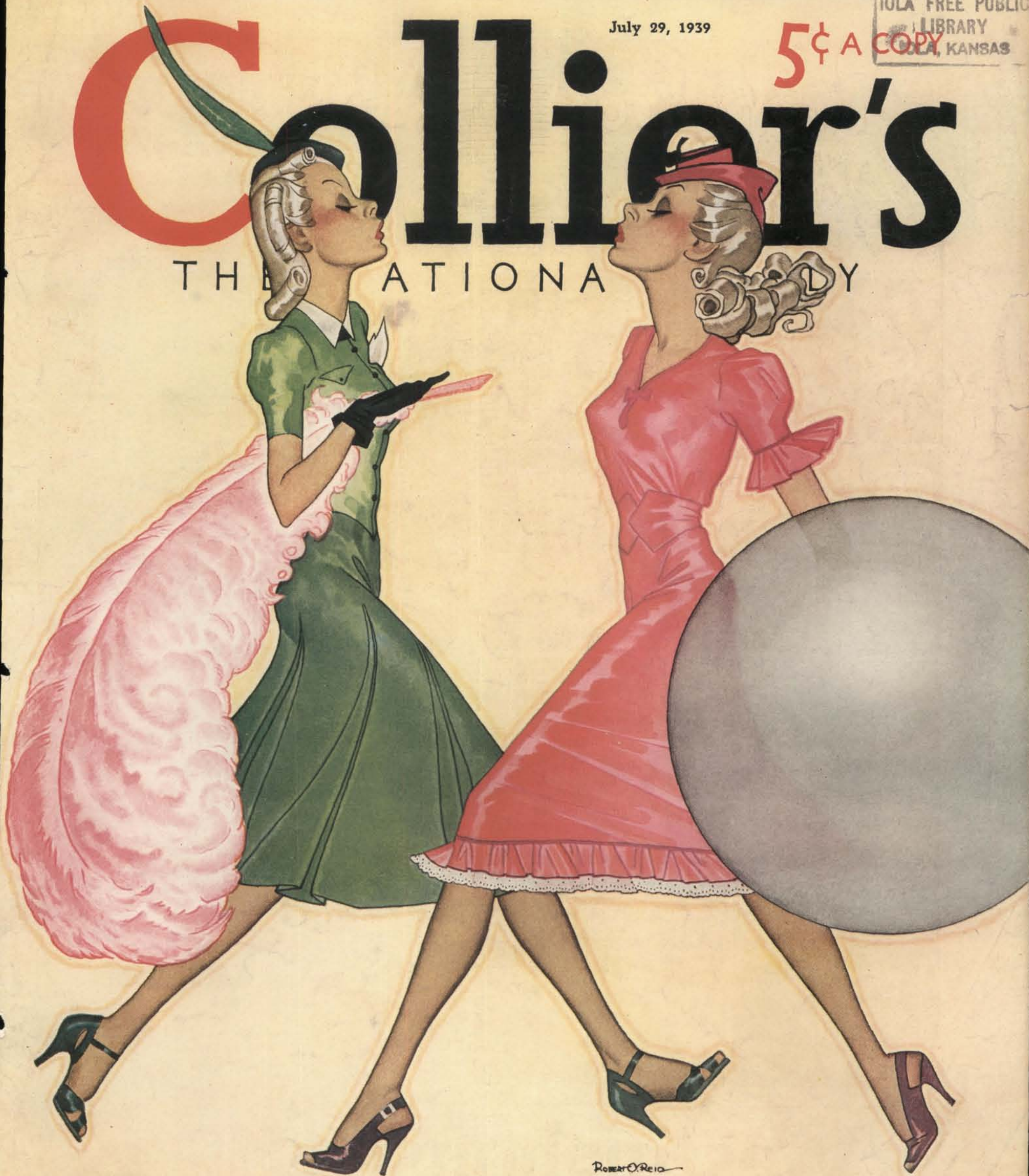
July 29, 1939

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JULY 29, 1939

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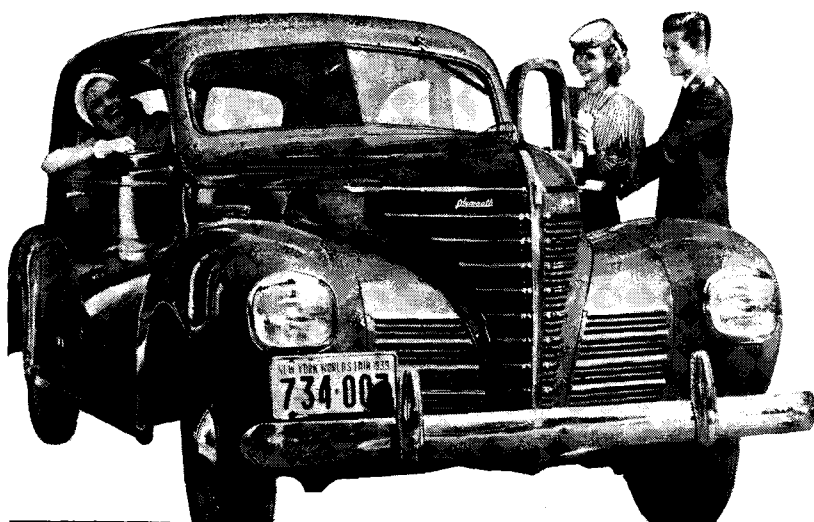
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'2995 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	25	
'2595 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	25	
'1732 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	25	
LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	20	
LOW-PRICED CAR "2"	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	9	
LOW-PRICED CAR "3"	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	7	

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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

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Collier's

July 29, 1939

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Next Week

MANY things have changed in Italy during the seventeen years of Benito Mussolini's regime, but Donna Rachele Guidi Mussolini, Il Duce's simple peasant wife, has changed practically not at all. Her favorite food still is bread and onions, and she likes to take her market basket and go out and bargain with her husband's subjects about the price of a sausage or a string of garlic.

Frank Gervasi, who for the past ten years has been a foreign correspondent in Rome, knows intimately the entire Mussolini family. His story, "The Care and Feeding of a Dictator," tells you about the First Lady of Fascism.

SERGEANT DENNIS CULLINANE, commander of the Fita Fita Guard and the ruler of an American outpost in the South Seas, reluctantly left his hammock, put aside his jug of Puang juice, and prepared to die gloriously for the Stars and Stripes. A Japanese pacifist and a girl named Peggy only complicated things as the Pacific fleet steamed to the sergeant's rescue. The complications detract not a whit from the hilarious story of "The Last Man on Puang," as spun by Pat Frank.

YEARS before you ever heard of axis nations the gangsters of our own underworld were operating on an axis agreement that extended from Boston to Los Angeles. J. Richard (Dixie) Davis, chief legal adviser to the Dutch Schultz mob, explains the bloody process of axisizing the underworld in the third of his articles on "Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now."

OUR Quentin Reynolds is a Brooklyn boy himself, so you can hardly blame him if he thought the Dodgers were pretty wonderful even when they finished seventh. But when Leo Durocher, the new pop-off pilot of the club began to win ball games, Mr. Reynolds became something of a social problem to his friends. He finally quit bragging long enough, however, to provide us with the lowdown on the new manager, who is lovingly known to all Brooklyn fans as the "Pop-Off Kid."

NATALIE VISART tells you how those movie costumes are designed, while Katharine Roberts drops in on Alfred Hitchcock, the producer of horror films, while he is at breakfast. Also in there with bright, modern fiction are Stanley Paul, Edward L. McKenna, Roark Bradford and Charles Hoffman. And Bill Crane solves the mysteries of the "Red Gardenias."

This Week

SHORT STORIES

FELIX NOLAND

Someone to Love. Youth has its tragedies, and loves them. Page 12

WILLIAM ARTHUR BREYFOGLE

Renegade. A pioneer takes the war-path. Page 14

AARON DAVIS

Summer Frost. A boy, a girl and a precious Ming vase. Page 15

ALAN LeMAY

West of Nowhere. It's a fine place to crash a racing plane. Page 18

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Flowers for His Wife, by Natalie Shipman. Page 11

SERIAL STORIES

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

Flotsam. The fourth of twelve parts. A little happiness goes a long way. Page 22

JONATHAN LATIMER

Red Gardenias. The eighth of nine parts. Mr. Crane up to his capable ears in murders. Page 24

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HOMER CUMMINGS

Why Alcatraz is a Success. The man who founded Alcatraz tells you about it. Page 9

KYLE CRICHTON

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Pitchers I Have Hit. Inside baseball, by an expert. Page 17

J. RICHARD (DIXIE) DAVIS

Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now. The second part of one of the world's most lurid autobiographies. Page 20

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. A case of short ones. Page 6

EDITORIALS

Labor's Lost Love.

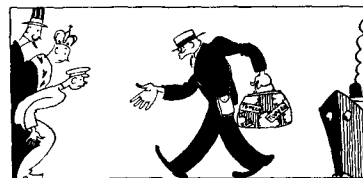
Consumers Need No Nursemaids. Page 58

COVER

ROBERT O. REID

Any Week

ALL reasonable people esteem us as a person easy to get along with. Nevertheless, the first time we meet Mr. H. L. Minxloam of Baltimore, we are going to have an argument. With reason, too. Foremost among our many and considerable virtues is loyalty to a pal. The pal we have in mind at the moment is our handsome, debonair, and sometimes oversociable colleague, Mr. Walter Davenport, late of the Eastern Sho', suh. There are times when being a pal to the zealous Mr. Davenport brings a faintly traitorous wish that you had never met the tramp—or had gone home before the last drink. We can speak thus fulsomely of him now because thousands of miles of Atlantic separate us. Mr. Davenport has been excused briefly from his old Topeka beat and sent to gambol in the Tuilleries and on Hampstead Heath—and who will protect him there?



CERTAINLY not that Mr. H. L. Minxloam cares. "Initials always get my goat," he writes callously, "and I sit back and try to form a mental picture of the guy. Portraiture from traits revealed by anonymous words, I call it. He must be the office smart aleck to get such an assignment; and then he is always belittlin'. So this is what I think your W. D. looks like: Bulbous of nose and waistline. Feet adequate in size if not in usefulness, encased in shoes the hue of Andy Brown's fresh-air taxis. Wears tweeds, string ties, lapel handkerchief. Small teeth, ears, head and eyes. Large hands, knees and shoulders. Neckless. When he laughs you think of one of those little rubber faces you buy in a toy store and squeeze into a thousand shapes. So funny-looking he's good-looking. You might call him the Tony Galento of journalism!"

SO IT is nice to come within the kindly interest of Mr. Albert T. Blanford of Los Angeles, who advises us, for our physical welfare, not to take as gospel truth certain points of Paul Schubert's recent "Liberty Party" article about our Navy. "Don't bank on Schubert's notion," says Mr. Blanford, "that sportsmanship has overcome our sailors, and that the boys no longer gang up on you if you wish merely to pick a private fight with one of them."

THANK you, Albert, but we don't want to fight anybody, except Mr. H. L. Minxloam of Baltimore. It will require all our waning athletic prowess to fulfill our determination to bop him.

IT WOULD seem the years should have taught serial writers that while our editors sometimes doze and our proofreaders (known in our intimate family circle as "which-hunters") sometimes take up at the wrong paragraph when they return from lunch, you simply cannot slip phenomena by our owl-eyed readers. Ernest Haycox is the latest victim of their loving vigilance. Frank R. Robinson, who lives with geographical abandon in Oregon, Illinois, leads the chuckling herd, which is so numerous we can only pick at random—and not from favoritism—the lively faces of Ernest Anderson of Chapman, Kansas; R. E. Griffith of Deland, Florida; E. A. Roberts of Carlsbad, New Mexico; and L. C. Booze of Los Angeles. It seems that in our June 24th installment of "The Border Trumpet" hero Benteen's horse did a couple of lightning changes in his or her or its sex. Tolerant Mr. Robinson, himself publisher of The Ogle County Reporter, wants us not to feel too badly; says he understands, because he employs proofreaders, too. But Mr. Jack Douglas of Fort Dodge, Iowa, is not so patient. He refers (quite inaccurately by the way) to Ernest as a penthouse Westerner; then demands severely, "Come, sir, what the hell—is it a mare or a gelding?"



REALLY, now, Jack, the poor beast probably limped off to the muck-lage factory these many years ago; and glue is singularly unrevealing. The whole potter reminds us of the time we naively asked our cowboy friend, Clyde Vandenburg, the spokesman of San Francisco's Treasure Island, what is a steer. In our subsequent well-merited embarrassment we could but take refuge in loud reminiscences of our old New Hampshire home, where cows gave milk and were called bossies and not dogies and we adolescents sang Denman Thompson folk songs under the twining morning-glory vines and left sex to the Indians. . . .

'WAY out West.

W. B. C.

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*Do your Feet
trouble you?*

Foot trouble sometimes seems to develop suddenly, although the cause may actually have been present for a long time.

The most common foot trouble is the flattening of the long arch that extends from the heel to the big toe—known as “flat foot” or “fallen arch.” It is usually caused by “toeing out” or by improper shoes, either of which may put a severe strain upon this arch. When overstrained the arch flattens. One of the first symptoms is a pain in the calf of the leg.

Another common ailment, often accompanied by a troublesome callus, is a painful condition in the ball of the foot. This is frequently due to the sole of a shoe that bends down under the ball of the foot and up at the sides.

Much serious foot trouble may be avoided by wearing shoes and stockings that give satisfaction throughout the day. Shoes can be stylish *and* comfortable. Here are five points to consider in connection with foot comfort:

Is each shoe roomy above the toes, but snug at the heel and over the instep?

Are the shoes a little longer (by inside measurement) than your feet?

Does the sole under the ball of the foot lie flat?

Are you sure the shoes are not too pointed, nor too thin-soled?

Are your socks or stockings too short or too long for the foot?

Excessively high heels, especially the extremely narrow variety, may be responsible for many sore feet, contracted toes, calluses, and even for poor posture among women. Yet a sudden shift to low heels may also cause trouble. The muscles should be accustomed gradually to a lower heeled shoe.



It pays to spend as much time as is necessary to find the type or make of shoe that really suits your particular requirements.

Persons who suffer from severe foot defects should consult a competent foot specialist without delay. Correct treatment and properly constructed shoes can generally restore the foot to full usefulness and may also aid your posture.

In addition, you can do much to improve your posture by holding your body correctly—the back straight, the chin at a right angle with the neck, the shoulders level and the chest up.

The Metropolitan booklet “Posture from the Ground Up” contains valuable information on the care of the feet and proper posture. It also tells how to overcome many foot ailments and how to safeguard children’s feet. A post card or the coupon will bring you a free copy.



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TUNE IN! "What's My Name?"—It's new, it's fun—Wed. at 9 P.M., E.D.S.T.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

If an inmate of an English prison writes a story or play, he is not permitted to offer it for sale, send it to a friend nor take it with him when he leaves. The rule is based on the principle that any product of a prisoner's labor should not compete on the open market with that of a free worker.

Constitution Day of former Czechoslovakia was celebrated only once every four years because it fell on February 29. It was observed to honor the Czech constitution, which was ratified on that day in 1920.

White persons constitute only thirty-eight per cent of the people under French rule, fourteen per cent of the population of the British Empire and thirteen per cent of those in the Netherlands and its colonies.

One of the symptoms of fish poisoning in a human being is the reversed sensory impressions received when contacting cold objects. A cool metal railing feels warm to the hand, while ice cream feels so hot to the mouth that the eater instinctively blows upon it.—By Dr. J. A. Millspaugh, U.S.S. *Antares*.

All the Eskimos in the world—in Siberia, Alaska, Canada and Greenland—could easily be seated in the Municipal Convention Hall in Atlantic City.—By Margaret Van Nostrand, Orange, New Jersey.

Ticks are known to transmit more than sixty different diseases to man and other mammals, birds and reptiles. Furthermore, these ticks, when infected, pass their diseases on to their young.—By Lee Crittenden, Rochester, New York.

The only American to be made an English peer was Mantoe, chief of the Hatteras Indians, who received the baronial title of Lord of Roanoke in 1587 for the part he had played in Sir Walter Raleigh's colonization activities.—By Eugene H. Briggs, Pasadena, California.

United States coins cannot be changed in design, according to law, more often than once in twenty-five years.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



...forget somethin'?



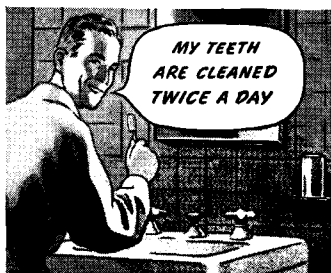
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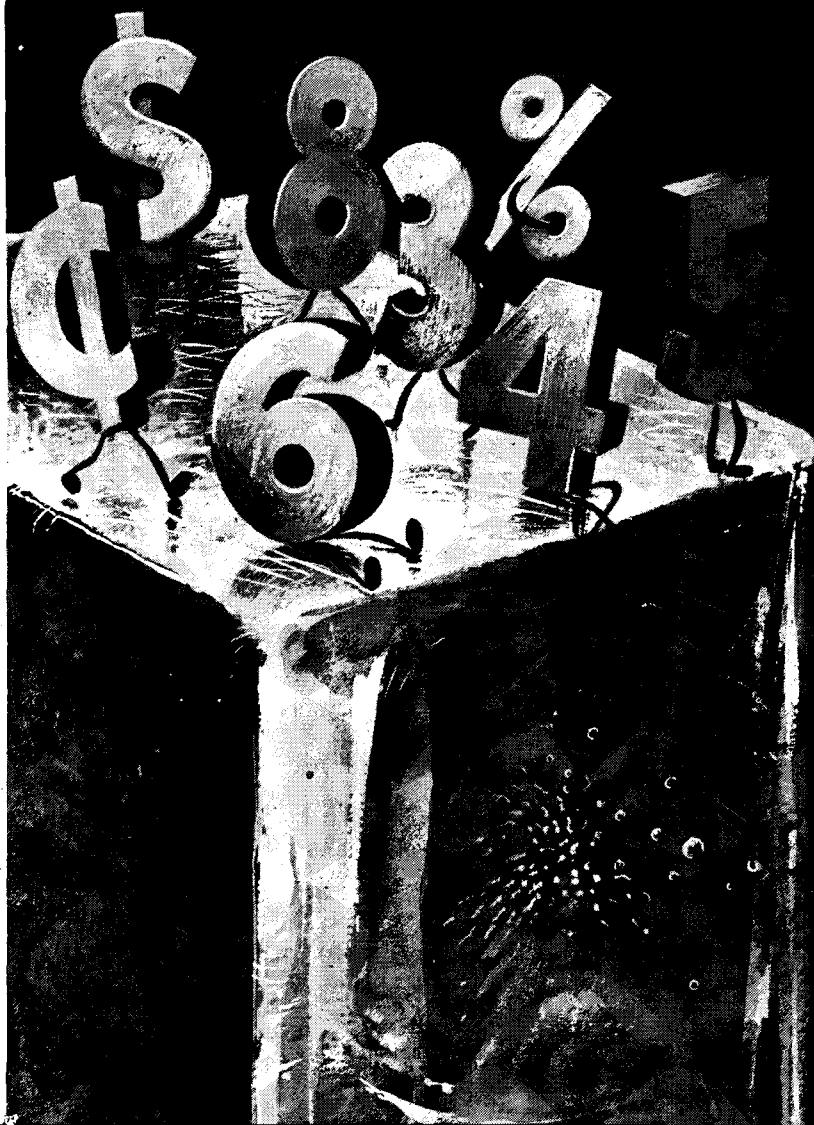
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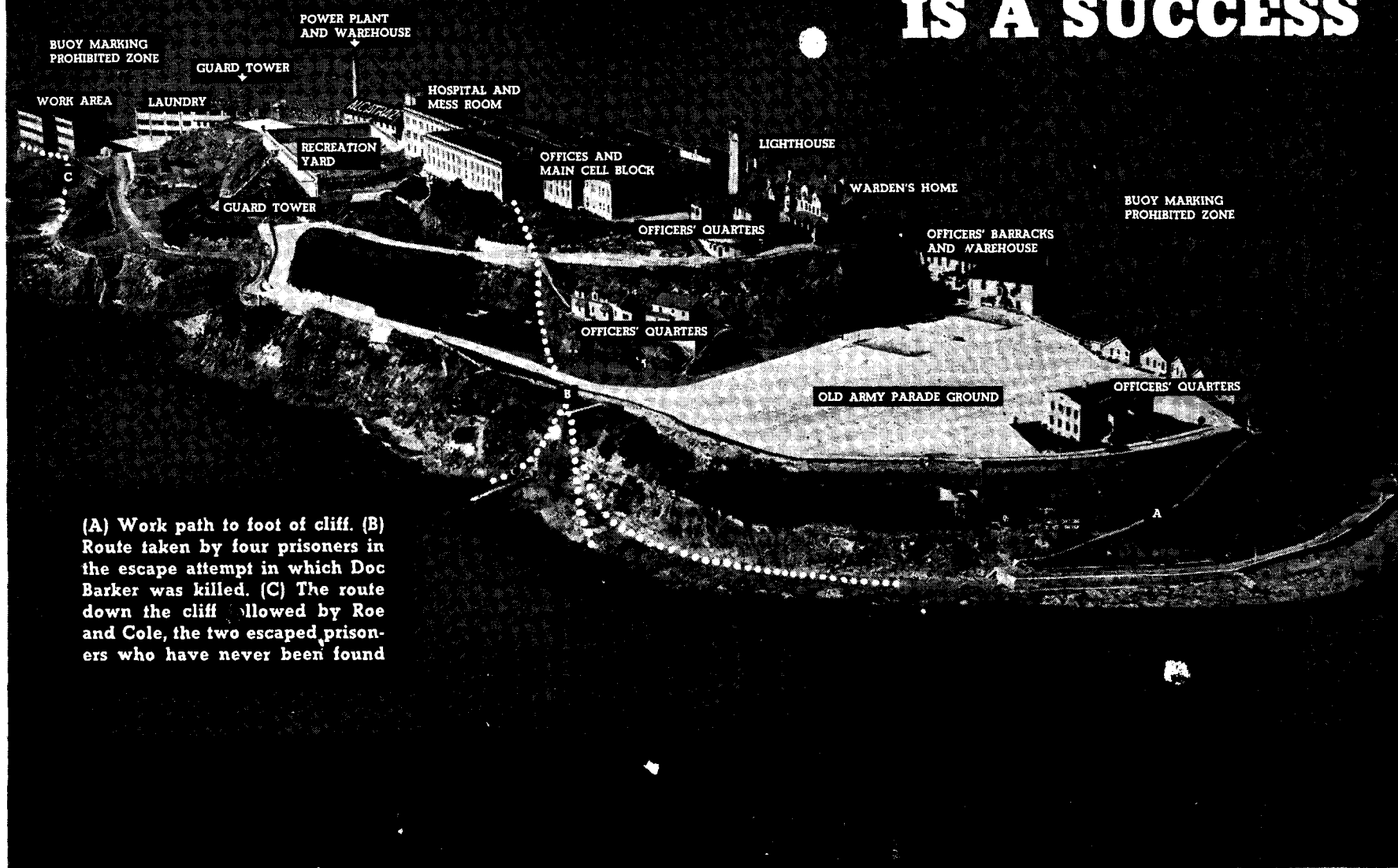
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WHY ALCATRAZ

IS A SUCCESS



(A) Work path to foot of cliff. (B) Route taken by four prisoners in the escape attempt in which Doc Barker was killed. (C) The route down the cliff followed by Roe and Cole, the two escaped prisoners who have never been found

COURTESY SAN FRANCISCO NEWS

MUCH has been written and spoken about Alcatraz Penitentiary. Most of it is nonsense. I know, because I know Alcatraz. I have been over every foot of ground on the twelve-acre rock.

Shortly after I became Attorney General I conceived the idea of an institution for the most unmanageable of our federal prisoners. I lived with that idea. I first discussed the matter with President Roosevelt and after obtaining his approval I made an extensive search for a site. I studied the possibilities of the Aleutian Islands, the islands off the Florida coast and other places. San Francisco Bay was finally decided upon.

I selected the warden and the guards and followed closely each step in the making of the new prison. For five years after that, as Attorney General, I supervised its operation. Under these circumstances I suppose it's only natural

that I should have a personal interest in the place and a desire to see that it is not misrepresented to the public.

Virtually every one of the "inside" stories written by former inmates of Alcatraz—and there have been almost a score—has been "juiced up" by fictitious items and loaded with major and minor misstatements of fact. Result: Many people believe Alcatraz to be a place of brutality.

Some people resent it as a throwback to the Middle Ages. Others think that murderers and kidnapers confined there deserve such "brutal" treatment. To both groups, Alcatraz would be a surprise.

It has been said, for example, in these stories that on The Rock prisoners can't talk, that the monotony of the routine drives the men "stir crazy," that there is no opportunity for work or exercise or self-improvement; in short, that we

are maintaining an American Devil's Island. I think it is high time that the true story be told about this small, rocky island in the choppy waters of San Francisco Bay.

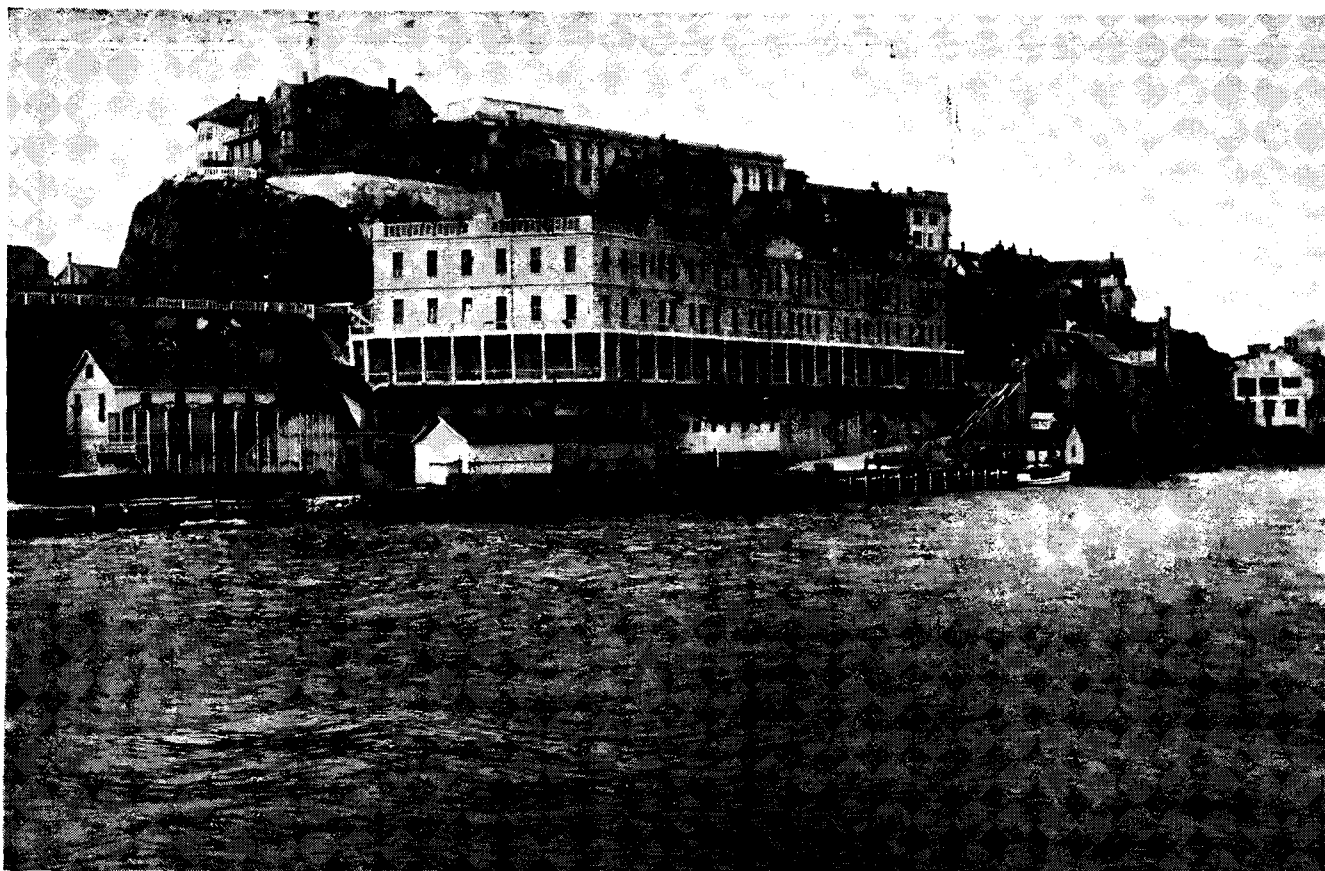
In the federal prison system Alcatraz represents the ultimate in isolation. And yet, oddly enough, it lies in the very midst of the busy, hurried life of the bay region. San Francisco is but a mile and a half away. Scores of tiny boats bob about on rough water near the island. Each day great ocean liners glide beneath the span of the Golden Gate bridge and set their courses for Oriental ports. The thundering motors of the China Clipper draw skyward the gaze of 300 men on The Rock.

These men are hourly conscious of the hum of life about them. Life is so near, but liberty so far. In this setting, Uncle Sam has isolated his most dangerous public enemies.

How can we, in this enlightened age, justify an American Devil's Island? The answer is: We can't! But Alcatraz has none of the horror of Devil's Island, and is nothing like the mythical hellhole it is sometimes conceived to be.

On June 19, 1934, the Department of Justice took this island over from the War Department. The Department of Justice has not gone out of its way to give publicity to the individual inmates who are confined there—and for good reasons. As gangsters and racketeers, many of these men fed on publicity. In Alcatraz they are completely separated from the public that too often thrilled at their exploits and fed their ego.

The department has been anxious also to keep a morbid and sometimes sadistic interest in the individuals confined there from throwing out of focus the constructive and rehabilitative work



U. S. SIGNAL CORPS

Top, Alcatraz's residential section. Large building is warehouse, with officers' quarters on two top floors; warden's house is below light, with other officers' homes. Below, one of the guard towers and catwalk

it is trying to perform in the other federal institutions.

On the other hand, the department has always been glad to supply information about the prison and its routine. This is available to the public in considerable detail and in many forms, including an excellent speech by Congressman Wright Patman of Texas, which was printed in the Congressional Record on April 1, 1936.

In addition, the warden has always given to the press items of major news interest, such as attempted escapes, sit-down strikes and injuries to the inmates or guards. In other words, the facts are available. Oddly enough, and despite all this, the stream of misinformation continues unabated.

How did the Department of Justice come to establish the Alcatraz prison? I had long had the idea that we needed in the federal prison system a particular type of institution that would be devoted to those incorrigible and long-term offenders who impair discipline at the other institutions, and who need what the Bureau of Prisons now calls "supermaximum security."

A Real Need for Alcatraz

We needed some place where the "end products" of our law-enforcement system could be incarcerated. We needed a place for ingenious "escape artists," and for those who are intractable or break down discipline, or seek to main-

tain contact with the underworld. Half a dozen troublemakers in a large institution can completely disrupt morale. There is always some smart fellow who thinks the way to get chocolate sundaes placed on the prison menu is to start a riot in the mess hall. We needed a place for this type.

By the summer of 1933, the kidnaping law enacted the year before was bringing into the federal courts a particularly dangerous type of criminal. If convicted, he was destined to serve a life term, or at least a long "stretch." On August 1, 1933, I wrote one of my assistants as follows:

"In the agenda of things to be considered, when we get around to it, would it not be well to think of having a spe-

cial prison for racketeers, kidnapers and others guilty of predatory crimes; said prison to be in all respects a proper place of confinement. . . . It would be in a remote place—on an island, or in Alaska, so that the persons incarcerated would not be in constant communication with friends outside. . . . Please think these things over."

The matter was given considerable attention and in the meantime I commenced the search for a site. In the summer of 1933 I learned that the War Department had comparatively little use for the famous little island in San Francisco Bay. It seemed to me exactly the spot for our purposes. Several informal conferences were held with the Secretary of War, the Honorable George H. Dern, and shortly thereafter I requested Sanford Bates, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, to commence serious negotiations for the acquisition of the island.

A Good Beginning

We were unable to effect a permanent acquisition, the War Department agreeing only to a five-year revocable permit. This, however, was sufficient for our purposes. It was my feeling that if I could get the prison established its advantages would be so clearly apparent that the final formalities would follow in due course.

In fact, it was not until April 26, 1938, that the permanent transfer of Alcatraz to the Department of Justice was authorized by the Congress and later effected. But in 1933, as suggested, we weren't so much interested in securing title to the property as we were in securing the right to use it, and by the summer of 1934 all arrangements had been made for our actual occupancy and the Army evacuated.

The original Army prison was erected in 1909 and is situated on the highest part of the island. There were quarters for the officers, barracks for enlisted men and a number of shops built around one side of the island.

The cell house contained four cell blocks of 600 individual cells, measuring nine feet by five feet, and almost eight feet high. Each cell was equipped with toilet and lavatory, electric lights, bed and shelf for personal effects. In 1933 the entire front of the cells was grated.

Most of the six hundred old soft steel cell fronts were removed and toolproof steel replaced them. Of those that weren't replaced—more later. Here at least was a good beginning. But there remained much to be done if it was to be made escapeproof.

Nature helped out. Swift cold tides race along the island shores, and only an expert swimmer in good training can negotiate the one and one-half miles to San Francisco, the nearest shore point.

Not by any stretch of the imagination can Alcatraz be considered a threat to the safety of the citizens of San Francisco. There is no more formidable barrier to an escaping prisoner than the mile and a half of water that separates the island from the shore. That's a barrier we don't have at any other institution, state or federal. So far as we know, no escaped inmate has ever reached the mainland. We can be glad the water is there.

The department set about to provide adequate facilities for hospital enlargement and to install proper telephone equipment for communication on the island and for contact with the shore.

Provision was made for tear-gas outlets. There are jetlike arrangements installed in the ceiling of the dining hall from which tear gas can be sprayed in the event of riot.

A zone in the water three hundred
(Continued on page 48)

Flowers for His Wife

By Natalie Shipman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

SHE sat across the desk in the hospital's social-service office and looked at me out of streaming dark eyes.

I reread the card in front of me: "Mario, Mrs. Ada, 43. Husband, Joseph Mario, 50, factory worker (Uniform Shoe Company). Children, 3 (1 d.). Diagnosis: Sinusitis, chronic. Surgical treatment indicated." Indicated, I thought, but not prescribed. The last time I had checked up on her case she had told me that she wanted to put off treatment until after New Year's, when her husband would get his raise.

That was six months ago. Now here she was, weeping angrily, stubbornly. I said: "Are you worse, Mrs. Mario? If so, and your husband is doing well—"

"But he ain't!" Her voice rose to a wail. "Joe ain't doing nothing! He's quit!"

"Quit? You mean he's been fired?"

"Not fired—quit!" Her dark eyes flashed angrily. "He just plain quit!"

I said: "Tell me about it."

"Okay." She subsided, and began to shake with sobs again. "He just quit; I don't know why. He come home last Friday night and handed me his pay envelope, same as always, and he says: 'Here, Ada. It's the last one.' I says: 'Joe Mario, you ain't telling me they fired you after twenty-five years?' And what do you think he says? He says: 'No, I fired myself.' Just like that." Her voice rose: "Honest, Miss Simmons, I think he's gone crazy!"

I asked if Joe Mario drank, and she shook her head reluctantly. "Not a drop. That ain't it. He just quit."

"Well," I said, "with his good record he'll get something else—"

"Something else!" She looked like an outraged prima donna. "You ain't heard the worst! Something else!"

"Well?"

She drew a long breath. "Sunday, he went out and stayed all day. He come in late, and I started to talk to him, but he wouldn't answer. Then Monday noon he come in, and says: 'Ada, I'm going into business. I bought a flower shop.'"

"A flower shop?" I repeated.

SHE nodded heavily. "That little dump near the North Station. It used to belong to a Greek, but he couldn't make it pay. Nobody buys flowers nowadays. I says: 'What did you use for money?' and he—she choked—"do you know what? He'd took our savings. Nine hundred and ten dollars. All I'd been saving up for my nose operation and for Sylvia's dancing!"

I said: "Did he tell you why he'd given up a good job at the factory to buy a flower shop?"

"Not a word. All he said was that he always liked flowers, back home. I says: 'Flowers, is it? That's swell. I like flowers, too, and you never give me a single one in your life.'"

She was sobbing again, and I felt genuinely sorry for her.

Bill Nichols, one of our young surgeons, stuck his head in the door. He knew Mrs. Mario, for he had examined her and checked her X-rays in the winter, and his eyebrows went up questioningly, but I waved him out. She gulped spirits of ammonia and sighed: "Thanks, Miss Simmons. Well, you see how it is—"

"Not exactly," I said. "Tell me, has your husband ever been cruel to you?"

"You mean beat me up?" She shook her head slowly. "But"—her mouth hardened

—"there's other ways of being cruel. And if this isn't cruel—"

I said: "I'm dreadfully sorry about it, Mrs. Mario. It's a shame. If you like, I'll see your husband."

"He won't talk."

Later, as Bill Nichols drove me home, he said: "What was Celeste Aida carrying on about?"

I told him. "Queer," he said thoughtfully. "Maybe he really does like flowers. Latins are funny that way."

"Well," I said, "I'm going to see him tomorrow."

THE little shop near the North Station was filled with new lumber and pails of plaster. A thin man with the grayish face of a factory worker nodded indifferently to me and went on putting up shelves. He was small and quiet, and not at all like the black-mustachioed brute I had pictured. I talked about flowers and gardens, I discussed the financial chances of a shop in this neighborhood. Finally I said: "Your wife came to see me at the hospital yesterday. She seems worried about your new business."

He glanced at me once out of enigmatic black eyes, and looked away again. "Her nose is bad?"

"No, not very. The operation can wait for a while."

He nodded. "I pay for it pretty soon outa my shop here."

"That will be fine," I said. "But Mr. Mario, you had a good job. Why did you give it up for this?"

His eyes—rather tired, dark eyes—held mine. Then his face tightened, and he repeated: "I lika my wife work along with me. Flowers good job for a woman."

I felt baffled. "Well, it was a shame to take all your savings."

"Nine honnerd dolla no good for much, see? Not so good as a business." He shrugged. "Scusa, Miss—" and he went back to his hammering.

The next evening, Bill Nichols took me to dinner. He asked me what I had been doing.

"Oh, prying into the Marios' private life."

Bill's face changed. "Is he the lousy so-and-so his wife says?"

"He looks harmless enough," I said, "but he may have the soul of a Borgia. For all I know, he's planning to poison her among the flowers."

He did not smile. "You've been reading books. So have I. There was a man at a medicos' dinner last night—Masterson, medical examiner at the Uniform Shoe Company. He gave me a page from his casebook. Want to see it?"

"Why, yes," I said hesitantly.

He took it from his pocketbook. It was a page neatly clipped from a file of records. I read it quickly. There were only a few lines: "Mario, Joseph, 50. Married, three children (1 d.). Salary \$27.50. Employed January 20, 1914, to June 15, 1939. (Resigned.) Diagnosis: Carcinoma of the stomach, advanced. Inoperable. Refuses all treatment. Case closed." Then the date, and the physician's initials.

I stared at the page, hearing Joe Mario's voice: "Flowers good job for a woman. . . . Nine honnerd dolla no good for much, see?"

I saw, and I wanted to talk to Bill about it, but my throat was too tight. When I could speak, I only said foolishly: "Well, she always said she wanted flowers."

"You had a good job," I said. "Why did you give it up for this?"



"Janey, kiss me!" he said. "What's the matter with you? I don't get you"

Someone to Love

By Felix Noland

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

Crisis in the life of a lonely girl who found that broken hearts are seldom fatal at sixteen

SHE held her feet tight against the porch floor, sitting very still for fear the rusty chains on the swing would creak. If she didn't make any noise, she could watch through the thin new leaves on the moonflower vine, and nobody would guess she was waiting here, alone. Janey had never seen such a stream of people! They must be going to the last show at the Strand, though none of them seemed very excited. A few couples shot by in noisy cars, but most of them just strolled past in a slow, lazy way. When they got to the corner, the men took the ladies' arms, and carefully helped them over the curbing. It was a dark, still night.

If she closed her eyes, Janey could see herself, walking along in a pretty dress—pink, maybe—with her hand tucked up in a tall boy's arm, and her head very high and proud. Oh, not because of the picture show! She had been to the Strand quite a few times, hadn't she? But always alone. It made a lot of difference, having a date that everybody could see. Just thinking about it was like having a balloon inside of her—she could hardly keep her feet on the ground. All the same, she walked very slowly, while the tall boy smiled down at her, and people tried to speak. Most of them, she didn't notice. They had never spoken to her before. . . . Janey shivered, and took her elbow off the hard arm of the swing.

It must be after eight. She wondered if anybody was coming to see her tonight. Walter Parks had talked like he might come, when she'd telephoned. She hoped he would—either Walter, or somebody. She was awfully lonesome.

Inside the house, Papa and Mamma were quarreling again. Their voices cracked like whips around her ears: "Daisy Hopper! A fine friend she is!"

"Now, you listen to me, Ed Williams—"

"Whyn't you stay home for a change? You got a kid, ain't you?"

"She's your kid, mister—not mine!"

Janey blinked her eyes hard. If only they wouldn't make so much noise—it seemed like they got worse all the time. Sometimes, she wished Papa would just stay in Montgomery, instead of coming home every now and then, with eyes as red as the headlights on his engine. . . . There were some people turning to stare at the house, and whisper. Well, she was glad she had trained this moonflower vine around the swing. She liked moonflowers—they made the darkest shade. Later on, the flowers would come, white and round as faces. They had a lovely smell, too—faint, but clean and sweet. . . . Gee, it was getting late. Maybe she'd better fix up a little, just in case somebody did come. . . .

There was only one light in her room, so she had to lean way over the dresser to fix her face. In the shadows, her eyes looked enormous—round as marbles,

and a queer, reddish-brown. Her eyes were pretty, in a way. But she wished her chin wasn't so soft and babyish—always trembling. Her hair, too—the way it slid around! Straight and fine, regular baby hair. Under her hat, it was better, though.

She always looked nice when she went downtown in the afternoon. Still, nobody spoke. . . . Even the boys she knew and liked kept their hats on when she passed. She couldn't understand it. The only ones who tipped their hats were strangers around the Great Southern Hotel, and the Union Depot. And she was frightened then. If she noticed them, she would be like that Mrs. Sykes, or . . . or Daisy Hopper. Nobody would ever speak to her.

Swallowing, she dipped a puff in her new box of theatrical powder. The heavy white powder made her eyes look almost black, and her lips a startling red. You could actually see the boys in the snapshots around the mirror open their eyes and wink. It embarrassed her—she rubbed her handkerchief over her mouth. . . . Anyway, they'd be surprised if they could see all these pictures—the school pennants tacked on the walls. Yes, even if she had quit school last year, she still had their pictures, and the pennants. Anybody seeing them would think how popular she was. They'd never guess how she had had to beg and beg to get them. She had even swiped a couple. . . .

WHAT should she do now? It looked as if Walter wasn't coming. She sighed heavily. Boys were always disappointing her. They'd promise her they were coming out, and half the time they didn't come at all. When they did, they wouldn't take her downtown, but sat in the swing and argued about kissing.

She looked over at Frank Mercer's picture. He was awfully good-looking. She liked Frank, but every time she looked at his picture she thought about how he acted a few weeks ago. He began being rough the minute he sat down in the swing. "Gee," she'd said, "I'm so thirsty, Frank. Couldn't we go downtown for some ice cream?"

"Janey, kiss me! What's the matter with you, anyway? I don't get you."

"Frank, don't."

"Listen—if that's the way you feel about it . . ."

She had tried to stall. "Frank, you know I like you. Really."

"Well, then—be a sweet girl."

"Listen, Frank—I'm so thirsty."

"Janey, I tell you what. Let's drive out the Arundel Springs road, where it's nice and cool."

"Oh, no, Frank—I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I'll drive downtown with you, though."

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Made-to-Order Punks

By Kyle Crichton

Kyle Crichton interviews the Dead End kids. Here are Bobby Jordan, Kyle Crichton, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bernie Punsley, Gabriel Dell

IT WAS arranged that we should meet the little angels at a private luncheon at the Roosevelt in Hollywood, and the hotel management showed that it had been completely taken in by the advance publicity. It set the table in a private suite upstairs, seeming to feel that the other guests would be like early Christian martyrs if they were forced to eat in the same room with the Dead End kids. In fact, the legend has been built to a point where people turn and flee at the very sight of them.

When we came out of the elevator all that could be heard was a faint hum of conversation that might have come from a luncheon by the ladies of the First M. E. Church. However, our coming must have been tipped off, for we got only halfway down the corridor before a rumpus broke out that resembled nothing so much as election night. Times Square, New York City.

This was an indication that the Dead End kids were in formal Hollywood session. Upon coming nearer, the plaintive voice of Miss Virginia Wood, the Warner press agent, could be heard through the din. What she was saying was, "Boys, please!" and it was evident that she was simultaneously speaking and ducking.

A waiter was setting the table, going about with a tentative smile on his face that showed that he was father enough to understand such spirited young animals, but wasn't sure it would be safe to turn his back.

"Waiter!" Billy Halop was bellowing at him. "A case of champagne!"

"Make it a barrel," said Gabriel Dell in a bored voice, slumping down with his leg thrown over one arm of the big chair, his pipe fixed between his teeth and his hands occupied with flipping lumps of sugar over his head in the general direction of Miss Wood.

Bobby Jordan and Huntz Hall had run to the open window and were dropping rolls on the heads of pedestrians on Hollywood Boulevard. The boys were going through their act as faithfully as if the director had yelled "Quiet!" and then "Roll 'em."

"Wow!" cried Bobby, and leaped back from the window triumphantly.

"The house dick," reported young Mr. Hall proudly. "Got him right on the conk."

"Let the wine flow like water!" cried Mr. Halop with a large gesture.

The waiter popped around the table like something on a string. He was carefully placing two olives on each butter plate and Bernard Punsley was right behind him filching them.

"Here's the guy!" said Billy Halop as we came in. "Pipe down: this is a big magazine guy. This is no punk." He put his foot up on a chair, rested his elbow on his knee and pointed a finger: "Everybody's always asking us and now I want to ask you. How do you like Hollywood?"

We said that on the one hand it was all right but that on the other hand, etc.

"Hedgin'," commented Huntz Hall, who was still occupied at the window with the rolls.

A Record to Be Proud Of

"Somebody's goin' to climb up the front of this building and take a poke at you," Gabe Dell informed him kindly.

"Now, Bobby: don't you do that!" Miss Wood was saying to young Master Jordan, who was taking the water pitcher off the table to go to the assistance of Mr. Hall with the hard bread.

When this was going on, Bernie Punsley was making the rounds of the table, munching. Suddenly he seemed to think of something.

"Leo won't be here," he said to Miss Wood.

"Pinched again?" asked Billy Halop eagerly.

"Hadda work," said Bernie, getting his olive mixed up with his words, rolling the pit around his tongue.

Leo turned out to be Leo Gorcey, the real tough guy of the outfit.

"Pinched twenty times," put in Bobby Jordan proudly. "Took his license away. Had him in jail. You know what he had her up to yesterday coming back from the studio? Ninety."

The waiter started serving the soup. "She flows like water!" cried Mr. Halop, landing on the seat of his chair v coming over the back. He took two lusty sups and then looked up. "When does this interview start? Why don't you ask us if we all come from the East S't."

"None of us come from the East S't," cried Gabe Dell sourly. "Don't go braggin' about Brooklyn," said Billy Halop eagerly. "I'm goin' back there soon as I can. That Durocher's a smart guy. Some team this year, kid."

"They shouldn't ever of let Babe Herman go," put in Huntz Hall.

"He's goin' ta be right here in Hollywood playin' this year," said Bernie. "This league!" yelled Billy scornfully.

The noise from the soup was deafening and it wasn't helped by Master Dell, who had by now taken up the demand for wine. "No wine, eh?" he asked in a sophisticated voice. "Well, bring on the milk." They began talking about their careers.

"Me!" bellowed Huntz Hall. "I'm goin' to be a producer. Get me a hundred girls! Get me forty elephants! Get me a lot of trumpets and drums! Build me a million sets." He subsided and then added: "See? That's all there is to being a producer!"

"All I want's a car," put in Bobby Jordan, who is the only one too young for a driver's license. "And then I guess you'll want Ann Sheridan to go out with you," said Gabe bitterly.

"I already asked her," said Bobby, ducking.

Getting back to the history of the

young gentlemen, it was found that they had all been educated as actors and had either been on the stage before Dead End was produced in New York or had been at the Professional Children's School.

In Hollywood they've been doing all right. None of them gets less than \$250 a week and Billy Halop is said to be making \$650. He even has a personal press agent, although he's just turned seventeen.

Kids with a Past—and a Future

Halop's father is an attorney and there is no starvation record in the family. Billy was a child entertainer on the radio when he was six and was making personal appearances under the name of Bobby Benson shortly after that time. He made anywhere from \$250 to \$1,500 a week with radio and wasn't particularly flattered when Sidney Kingsley picked him for the stage production of Dead End.

"Yeh, you had it pretty soft," commented Huntz Hall. "When I was at the Roxy with that Madison Square quintet, we did seven and eight shows a day, some days. Pretty good, this Hollywood. Stayin' in one spot, savin' money . . ."

"Ho!" they yelled in unison. "You savin'! Tell 'em how much you lost on them nags yesterday!"

Mr. Hall subsided into his soup, grinning. He is officially listed in the records as eighteen but rumor says he will never again see twenty-three. Bobby Jordan, at fifteen, is the youngest of the lot and is regarded by many experts as the most promising actor. His father ran a prosperous garage in New York and Bobby has been a troupier since he was six.

He played Peter Bachelor, the male end of a pair of radio twins who did

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They didn't exchange a word, but seeing her like that left Thomas weak and shaken. For a minute he couldn't see

Renegade

By William Arthur Breyfogle

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS

In those frontier times you couldn't be too particular—but you had to be courageous

AT FIRST, when he came back to the cabin, Thomas Houghton wasn't alarmed. Elizabeth had gone out to pick berries that afternoon, and it was a cloudy day. Likely she didn't know it was late. Thomas, anyway, was glad to have a few minutes to himself. When Elizabeth was there, he looked at her, instead of at the black earth between the stumps. She was a small woman, and he was always afraid the work might be too much for her. But with Elizabeth away, he could give his whole mind to the farm.

It lay on the edge of the woods, four miles from the nearest neighbor. Thomas was proud of it. The cabin was the work of his two hands, and he had

cleared his own fields. It wasn't like trading with the Indians. The farm marked a break in Thomas Houghton's life. He was past the age of folly; the fact of settling down on his own land proved it to Elizabeth, whose good opinion was the only one he coveted. The farm was his pledge to her, the work he did on it a mute tribute. He intended, for that reason, to make it the finest farm for miles around.

He observed, now, that it had begun to look late. He wasn't anxious, even yet, but it occurred to him that he might walk out and meet Elizabeth. The clearing where the berries grew was not far. He took his long musket, because he never went anywhere without it. His

gait, as he left the cabin, was a curious mixture of the woodsman's light, long stride and the clumsier walk of the husbandman. Aware of it himself, he shook his head and grinned. Wouldn't be much good in the woods any more, he reckoned, with all the spring gone out of his legs. Sho! He didn't doubt but what a squaw could run him down and maybe lift his scalp.

But he had enough of the woodsman still to pause, in sharp fear, at the edge of the clearing. He couldn't have told why. The clearing had been made by fire some few years before, and the berry bushes grew rank and teeming over the fallen, half-rotted trees. Elizabeth might be anywhere among them, but Thomas

Houghton didn't call. He moved forward, instead, with a dog's uneasiness, and a dog's casting about for the trail. It took only a few minutes to find it. Near the middle of the clearing, he stopped dead.

There was the wooden pail, with a cupful of berries still in the bottom of it. The bushes were broken down, as by a struggle. There wasn't any blood. He assured himself of that. He insisted upon it. There wasn't any blood, anywhere. Only, a smear of berries bruised and bright where the wooden pail had been upset gave him a bad turn for a moment. What he did find was a long strip of Elizabeth's dress, caught on a thorn. That was all that was left. It told him what had happened. Elizabeth wasn't dead, but maybe she might better be. The Indians had her.

Thomas Houghton reached up and scratched his head, in a slow and unheroic gesture. He wasn't blind to the horror of what had befallen him. He knew Indians, and Elizabeth was the wife he loved. But he saw nothing dramatic in his position. He felt weak and a little sick, but there was no debate in his mind and no question of choice. Elizabeth was gone, and he had to go after her. It was as simple as that.

He knew better than to hurry, on his way back to the cabin. But all his movements had an economy of effort that got him through what he had to do in less than an hour. He took what food there was, and all the powder and shot. He took his small store of tobacco, and the pipe he had whittled out of a knot of cherry. He took some whisky from the earthenware jug stoppered with a piece of corncob. Lastly, he took his knife and musket and went out and closed the door behind him. There was a little daylight left, and he might as well start. When he turned, at the edge of the woods, the scarlet of a geranium caught his eye. Elizabeth had brought a few slips with her from home, the time when they moved up here.

WHEN the light failed, Thomas Houghton stopped. It wasn't cold enough for a fire. He ate sparingly of the food he had, and sat, after eating, reflecting on what lay before him. He sat very quiet, without visible impatience. He was a homely man, and his youth was over. He was poor and in all things unremarkable. There were a great many like him, along the uneasy line where the thirteen colonies marched with the wilderness. That, and a disposition naturally sober kept him from exaggerating his present plight. The Indians had taken many a man's wife before now. Only, they mostly killed the woman. Then there was nothing for the man to do but to murder off a few redskins, to help ease the ache in his heart. Maybe, in time, he'd take another wife. Offhand, Thomas Houghton didn't recall many cases where the Indians had taken a woman and kept her alive.

There were such cases, of course. You couldn't tell about Indians. Thomas Houghton hated them, but he did them exact and narrow-eyed justice. If the whim took them, they might scatter a body's brains. Otherwise, they might simply annex a woman found out alone in a clearing, thief her away, as they thieved anything they could move and didn't happen to destroy, instead. They might make a white woman a slave instead of a corpse, if they were in a good humor. A slave was property, more valuable than a scalp. That was, if the chief was past the age for showing-off. Some of them, like Horse-Eater, were levelheaded, for Indians. A slave worked, and it tickled such a chief's pride to have a white woman working for him. She wasn't much of a liability. In lean times, she could be left to starve.

(Continued on page 34)

Summer Frost

By Aaron Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

It was a case of love at first sight, but they had to be cold until their pride had melted

THERE is a quality about the mornings of early July on Cape Cod which is honey to the mouth and Franz Schubert to the heart.

In the big seaward chamber of the stone house beyond the harbor Mr. Jacob Brust lay in his Napoleon bed and watched the good sun play along the luminous items of Chinese porcelain, floating in their crystal cases against the satin walls. Green that is not any green; afternoon blues of the cloudless sky after spring rain; white celadon and cream; vases, winepots, cups, censers, bowls: each fair trade for a king's woman or a merchant's honor.

These lustrous simplicities were always of nameless value. Three dollars. One hundred thousand dollars. No one can say except that man who, passing through life at the exact star-fixed moment, stops and breathless goes no further. "It's worth all I have." Thus appraisal is so easy. How much has he?

The door opened and Miss Letty Brust put her blond head around the jamb, her teeth incredibly white in the tan of her wide cheekbones.

"Hello," and she came in and kissed him eagerly, seeing nothing unmissable in the pink little sparrow-eyed Dopey who was her father.

Even in his middle years Jacob Brust's

voice had been insufficient and shrill.

"Can I have sausage today?" It was plain that in an age of milk toast he had waked to this high ambition.

"No, you cannot," she said, "but here's something better than sausage. It's a letter from Homer Lee."

"Ahhh—sooo." His thin words hadn't really an accent; it was a matter of unexpected stress and emphasis that made you know he had first spoken not in America. "He has something nice for us, maybe?"

"Better than that." And she found the letter among the morning's mail:

"Dear Mr. Brust:

"I've been unable to find a thing for you. Your collection being so comprehensive makes it difficult to discover items not surpassed among your own.

"But here is a friendly lead you might follow. In your own little cape town is an early Ming celadon monochrome vase, peony scroll in relief, of that red which H'siang in his catalogue lists as 'the color of liquid dawn.' The glaze is exceptionally perfect, of magnificent brilliance.

"It is the property of Mrs. Mary Allen. I tried to buy it this spring, but she wouldn't listen. It is not a matter of price. She just would not sell. It came

to her through one of her husband's seafaring forebears.

"You or your persuasive daughter might get some fun in trying to break down her resistance. If you do break her you won't understand me when I say that the piece is priceless, beyond any single thing you have.

"Mrs. Allen is poor as Job's turkey, and probably just as stiff-necked.

"Good hunting to you.

"HOMER LEE."

There was a smaller memo slip attached to the typed letter, which Letty had read at her breakfast but didn't mention now:

"Dear Miss Brust:

"I am genuinely heartsick that your father is failing so fast.

"When a man has everything he sometimes lies down and lets go. But often with a new interest he'll prick up his ears and life will march on again.

"God bless him. This Allen piece has been my pet secret but I give you the tip gladly, hoping it may possibly serve as the right tonic.

H. L."

Jacob's eyes were wide open; he was getting his hands out from under the covers.

"What time is it, Letty? What time could you go to see the lady?" It was a quaintness of Jacob Brust's mind that all women were ladies.

"Right this minute, Poppa."

The old man was shrill with excitement.

"Take a check, Letty; and, Letty, whatever she asks you pay her double that. Mr. Lee said she was poor and maybe she doesn't know these things. Ming celadon! And early! Yay—Letty!"

Letty went to the cabinet.

"What will you have this morning, Poppa?"

The little man peered. "The Sung Cup," he said and licked his lips.

Tenderness came on like a light in the girl's face and she blinked fast as she went from the room and called down the stair well to have a car brought around.

NEAR by her back porch where Mary Allen washed her son's socks, a corps of rowdy robins in the Seckel pear tree were openly aghast at certain notes that Mary somehow thought part of Abide With Me.

The Darkness Deepens. She always repeated this phrase. There is a nice tremolo drag in Deepens which is a very tasty bit to women engaged in



Even in his hypnosis Jacob had fears. "I will buy it, Mr. Allen. Any price you say—it makes no difference." "No," said Amos, almost harshly. "You will not buy it"

washing, no matter whether dishes, clothes or themselves.

Around the corner of the white house came the girl in plaid linen. Mrs. Allen saw her, and stopped rinsing.

"You're Mrs. Allen, aren't you?"

That mental atrophy that seizes all women when caught in homely tasks that all women know all other women perform had Mrs. Allen.

She held up a sudsy item.

"Socks," she said gaily, as though the light touch would prove she was practically an amateur in the business. "I'm washing socks."

THE girl giggled too and they both felt good about it.

"Mrs. Allen, I'm Letitia Brust."

Mrs. Allen was drying her arms on an undershirt whose turn hadn't come yet.

"Oh, yes, I know you. You live summers in the big stone house beyond the harbor. I've seen your father around town—he's that little man who made all that money out of beer."

The girl's smile stopped, but in a second she got it on again.

"That's right," she said. "I think we both know Homer Lee."

Mary Allen's blankness halted the friendly flow. "Homer Lee?"

"He's a dealer in Boston. He said he came down to see you about a piece of Chinese porcelain."

This broke the dam.

"I know the one you mean—he wanted to buy the little vase on the parlor man-

tel. He was a Methodist with tight pants and drove a red car."

Letty hesitated; then finding that this definitive data led no place, went on.

"I was wondering whether you'd be good enough to let me look at it?"

"Look at the vase? Yes—yes." And Mrs. Allen held the screen back and the girl went into the slick, light kitchen. She stopped in her tracks and her hand trembled up toward a portrait over the oilcloth of the table.

"Ain't he ugly?" Mary Allen said, to ease her guest's embarrassment by stating her own disregard for the man with the cockeyed squint under an avalanche of hair obviously set with bear's grease.

Letty whispered:

"It's Gilbert Stuart, or I'll eat my hat."

"Heaven's, no—that's Minot Allen.

His horse got mired that time they went to Philadelphia and he never made it."

The girl pushed the word out.

"What?" she said.

"You know—that time they signed the papers in Philadelphia."

Letty was hoarse with emotion.

"But you keep it in the kitchen!"

"You certainly wouldn't keep it in any company room." Mary slowed up and smiled apologetically, a signal she was going to boast a little. "There are some nice pictures though—the governor was a nice-looking man and the general was real handsome although he did—"

she squinched up her nose. Every family has its Uncle Eddie whose departure from approved custom is explained by

this gesture of the hand pouring something into the mouth and a squinching of the nose.

Letty Brust looked at her reverently. "Are these your ancestors?"

"No," Mrs. Allen said. "They're my husband's folks." She practically swung her skirts and hung her head in shame. "Mine didn't get here until 1642."

Letty swallowed a long one and kept staring so hard at the brittle woman that Mary brightened for fear she was being pitied.

"But my husband was awful nice about it. He often said right out that it made no real difference."

The girl brushed the spots from before her eyes and got her mouth shut and followed Mrs. Allen through the dim dining room into the dimmer parlor.

EVEN before the shade was up Letty Brust saw it. The quote from old H'siang was right. The color of liquid sunrise. The sun was in it. In the vase itself. You knew it would be warm if you put a finger to it.

Letty's squawk of admiration was matched by the language of a loose-living car coming in the side drive.

"Here's Amos," Mrs. Allen said.

Letty caught the man's side face above the wheel of the windshieldless car that passed the window.

"I know him. He's that good-looking man who brings clams to our house too."

Mary spoke intimately: "He's been at it since 3:30 this morning."

"Does he live here?"

The brittle Mary straightened with surprise.

"He's my boy." And then with gentle vanity: "He's in his last year at Harvard Law School. He's awful smart. He just helps me summers."

Letty Brust was sincerely affected.

"You must be so proud!"

Mrs. Allen felt the sincerity and her heart opened.

"I'm afraid I am. But oh, Miss Brust, it's real fun going without for a boy like him."

There was the clunk of the pump-handle in the kitchen and then the slop of water after the fifth stroke.

Mrs. Allen sang out: "Here's one of your customers, Amos."

Amos Allen came to the parlor door, only his eyes visible above a dish towel, tall, thin, his hands rather too fine against the white crash, and when the towel came away his face was almost delicate.

Mary Allen said:

"She's Letitia Brust, Amos. Her father is that little fat man who made all that money out of beer." Mary never meant unkindness in her search for the exact and accurate detail that is truth; but her son felt the girl's tenseness and tried to ease it.

"The main thing is, Mother, that he made a lot of money."

Letty flared up:

"Believe me, Mr. Allen, my father needs no defense from anyone such—" She bit it off in time but white wrath still flickered about her.

"Go on," Amos said, but so gently that you could feel the sharp edge. "Finish it." He waited. "Don't be afraid—say it—from any man who makes his living peddling clams."

She turned on him.

"I didn't say that."

Amos' right eyebrow went up.

"You might just as well."

THE girl dropped the son with abruptness and turned to his mother and motioned to the mantel.

"Mrs. Allen, I want that little vase. I mean I want to buy it."

Mary wasn't at all dramatic.

"Oh no," was all she said.

Amos was proud of the level flatness of his mother's refusal.

"I won't try to bargain, Mrs. Allen. I'll just say I'll give you double any price you care to ask."

This didn't seem to get through very far to Mary.

"Oh no," was all she could do.

Letty decided to turn the heat on.

"It's not for myself, Mrs. Allen. My father is not well and ever since he has had time to have any fun his one passion has been Chinese porcelains. They are his music and flowers and his pride." She stopped a long second and smiled. "You apparently know that we are rich but I wonder if you know how rich father is. He'd gladly pay ten thousand, twenty thousand, thirty thousand for that vase."

Mary's hand was over her mouth.

"Dollars?" she whispered.

Letty was leaning eagerly toward her. "Yes, dollars."

Amos spoke from the doorway.

"Have you any idea, Miss Brust, how cruel you are?"

The girl flashed around.

"Cruel!" she said. "To trade a life's comfort for nine inches of burnt clay?"

"No," said Amos gently. "To tempt a woman to be the first of her line to trade her self-respect."

The girl's fingers snapped.

"You stiff-necked Yankees make me tired. Haven't you any sense of values?"

"Only our own," Amos said.

Old Jacob's mulishness was strong in his girl. Butt your head against every brick in the wall and you'll find a way in.

(Continued on page 52)



"Socks," she said gaily, as though the light touch would prove she was practically an amateur in the business

Pitchers I Have Hit

By Joe DiMaggio

A HOT September sun beat down on the Tiger and Yankee ballplayers that afternoon in Detroit. We were all warm but the fellows who seemed to be doing the most perspiring were the Detroit sluggers, including Hank Greenberg, who was within shooting range of Babe Ruth's home-run record. Greenberg was even hotter after he popped up one of Lefty Gomez's rising fast ones in his last time at bat to go hitless for the afternoon.

Gomez was at his best that day. And baseball fans know what that means. Out in center field I'd had a very restful sun bath watching Gomez serve up a fast ball here, a curve ball there.

The Tigers weren't striking out. And yet they weren't hitting. They were just getting pieces of the ball, dinky pieces at that. They were hoisting lazy flies, or dumping grounders into the dirt. Only three or four times during the afternoon did a Tiger batter connect squarely. No wonder Greenberg and crew were perspiring.

In the showers after the game I teased Lefty by saying:

"It didn't look like you had much from where I stood."

Lefty grinned from behind a pile of soapsuds and said, "I didn't need much. I gave those mugs a little of this and that."

I knew what Lefty meant. The top pitchers in the major leagues don't necessarily have the most stuff on the ball. A twirler may have a great curve, a burning fast one and all the slow stuff in this sunny land and yet not be a winning pitcher.

An old proverb of the pitching profession is: "It isn't the stuff you have on the ball, it's how you use it."

It was August 27th of last year and the Yankees were playing host to Cleveland. Monte Pearson, who came to us in 1936, was twirling against his old mates. From my place in center field I could see Monte cutting the corners at will. It was beautiful to watch.

Monte, who was once pretty swift, didn't seem to be fast, but he was sailing the ball into the catcher's mitt like a tailor threading a needle.

He stopped Cleveland without a hit to become the first Yankee pitcher to hurl a no-hitter since Sad Sam Jones did it in 1923.

Coming out of the clubhouse after the game I passed a couple of Cleveland hitters, and by way of making conversation on the afternoon's events I said, "Pearson really had something out there today, huh?"

"Oh, not so much," came back one of the Indians.

I guess that's the typical comment of a hitter. I've said the same thing more than once, with sound effects. But it all goes to show that it isn't natural stuff that worries the guy with a bat in his hand. It isn't the fast one that jumps like a frog, or a curve that begins in one county and ends in another, or a knuckle ball that does the dipsey-doodle.

The telltale mark of greatness seems to be putting the ball where you want—with something on it, of course—as if you were walking up to the plate and laying the ball in some vulnerable spot.

I don't know how Hank Greenberg, Jimmy Foxx, Charley Gehring, Cecil Travis and other American League batsmen feel about it, but the twirler I least want to see is Melvin Harder of Cleveland. If any guy is tough for me to hit it is Harder. Why? I don't know exactly.

A friend of mine who always packs a wagonload of statistics uncovers the fact that I have hit .210 against Harder since I went up to the Yankees from San Francisco in 1936. A league full of Harders and I'd probably be picking clover in some minor-league park.

Harder nips the corners with regularity against me. He gives me large chunks of nothing to hit. I've tried waiting him out, hoping he would get himself in a hole. But when I think I have him just where I want him, he comes across on a corner with something I can only lay part of the bat on. It's like hitting a sack of barley.

I mention Harder as a good illustration of a pitcher who knows how to pitch. Around the bench



LEAVITT

Batter and pitcher provide baseball's keenest game of wits. Here's what the pitcher sees as Yankee slugger DiMaggio steps up: Catcher Joe Glenn, of the Browns. Umpire Cal Hubbard

we set the hurlers into two classes—pitchers and throwers. A pitcher throws with his head as well as his arm. The thrower just throws. Oh, how I like the throwers, but unfortunately for us batters we don't see enough of them in the big leagues.

A pitcher usually knows where the ball is going to go. He pitches to spots. By spots I mean a point where the batter is known to be weak, or has less chance to hit the ball solidly. A pitcher with control is better than an even bet against the hitter. He has seven fielders and a catcher around him, and if he can make the batter hit percentage balls—pitches the hitter doesn't like—everything is on his side.

Pitches That Break Up Ball Games

One bad pitch can ruin a ball game for a pitcher, and that same bad pitch can make a batter look like Babe Ruth. Last year at New York with St. Louis as our opponents we were having one of those crazy but close ball games. The score was 12 all in our half of the tenth inning and two Yankees were on the bases with two away. We needed the ball game to put us in first place. Jimmy Walkup, a right-hander, was on the hill for the Browns and he had the edge on me with two strikes and a ball.

I was on the spot. I figured he'd try to nip a corner for the third strike with something I couldn't hit very well. I'd have to hit at anything near the plate, for in such a spot a batter can't let a close ball go by. If he does, it's likely to nip a corner for a called third strike. Everything was in his favor.

I settled my stance. In came the ball. It was a

curve and I saw it start to break. It was aimed low and slightly outside. But the ball didn't break as it should and when my bat connected it was right where I hit with power. Walkup had aimed the pitch just where he wanted it, but it went astray. The ball sailed out of the park and the Yankees went into first place.

It was a clear example of momentary loss of control. It only takes a couple of bad pitches—a curve that doesn't break, a fast ball that goes astray—to make a pitcher say, "Boy, turn on the shower. I'm on my way in."

As a hitter, I am always waiting for the hurler who has trouble getting the ball over the plate. Control and a pitcher's ability to obey the orders of the catcher combine to beat a hitter. My uncomfortable afternoons are spent when a Harder, a Grove, a Bridges and a few of the control artists start biting the corners.

Johnny Allen, the Cleveland twirler, stood the Yankees on their ears last August. Going into the sixth, Allen had us eating out of his trusty right hand. We had collected but one hit.

Then Allen lost control. Joe Gordon walked. Ruffing stood there with his bat on his shoulder and drew two balls, and you could see Allen perspire. He was in for it now. He tried to slip a curve across the plate and Ruffing cuffed it into left center for two bases. That started the parade and we gathered six runs that inning, finally winning out 15 to 3.

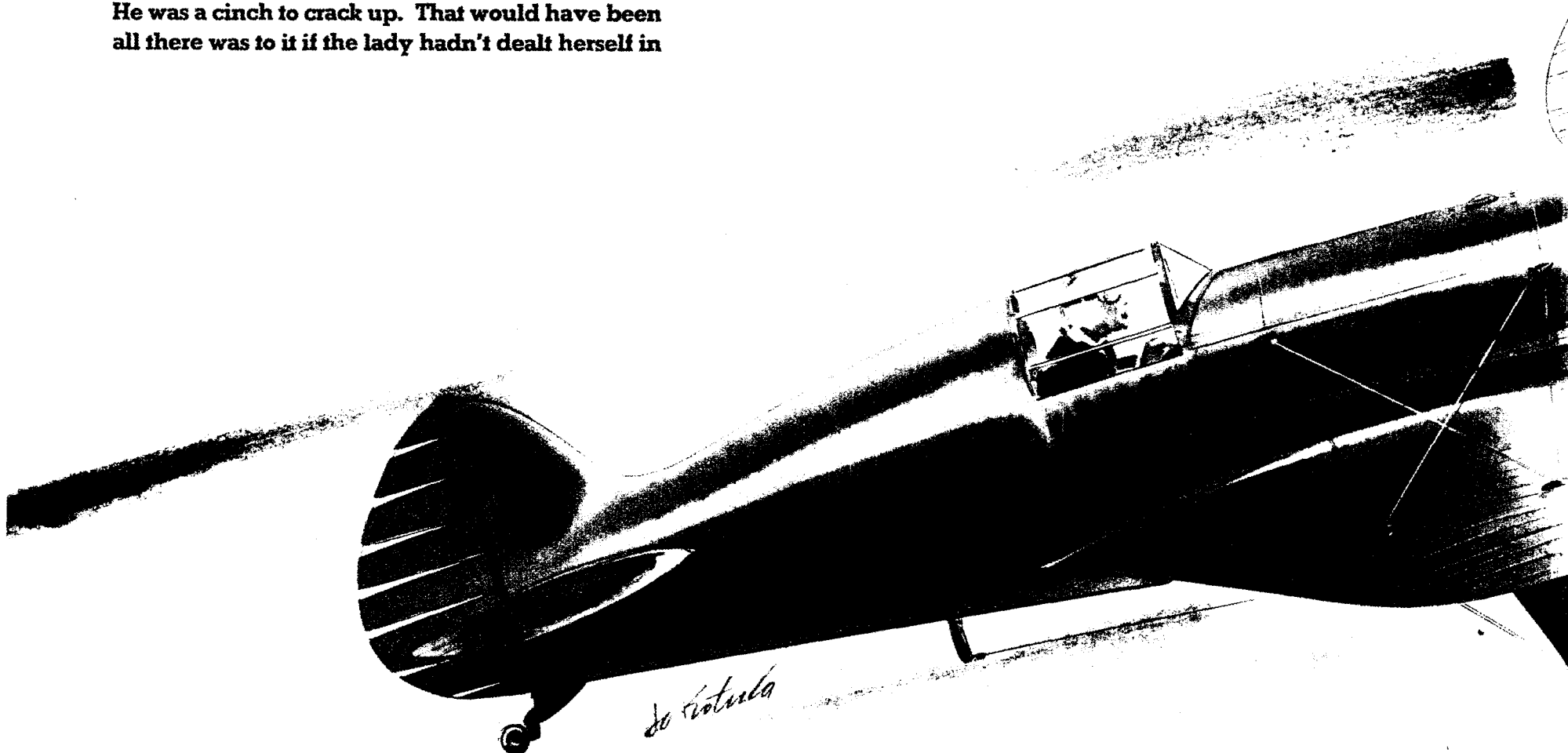
Control, I think, would make Bobby Feller the game's greatest pitcher. There's not much doubt he's the fastest hurler in the majors today. His curve is a beauty. He is so (Continued on page 33)

West of Nowhere

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY JO KOTULA

He was a cinch to crack up. That would have been all there was to it if the lady hadn't dealt herself in



JOE SEBRING, piloting a huge-engined gadget with a shape like a clipped-wing bee, found out what he wanted to know in less than ten minutes of flight. He slipped back into the field like a diving kite, and used up three fourths of the long runway before he dared go to his brakes.

When he had got her stopped, he pushed up his goggles and rubbed his eyes, dog-tired and disgusted. His engine still needed a lot of work before he could take off in the East-to-West—if he was going to race at all. Forty-four hours before take-off it looked very doubtful. He felt as if he had been quarreling continuously with a cranky, flown-out engine for the last sixty-five or seventy years; and that his own age was about a hundred, instead of his actual twenty-two.

Joe had an idea that if the inspectors knew as much about his ship as he knew himself, they would snatch its license. He had rebuilt it out of a total crack-up he had bought for coffee money. He had an engine in it out of a different crack-up; and ship and engine were pulled into a struggling compromise by a propeller not intended for either one. It had taken all winter and part of the summer to get the thing approved.

Yet he knew that this group of misfits would fly like a streak. He had raced it once, and won once, taking the tough Border-to-Border, for an average of one hundred per cent. That was many months ago; and since then he had spent most of his time trying to get his air-

plane in shape to repeat. Sometimes it looked as if the tired old engine had already given its all.

Joe had not started out to be a race pilot. He didn't want to be a race pilot now. But he wasn't eligible for the air lines because he didn't have enough blind time, or any other kind of time, nor the money to get it. Until he had won the Border-to-Border he had been just one of a large order of young pilots coming up the hard way. Perhaps his single victory could have been made to open up some sort of an opportunity for him; but Joe had a special, stubborn reason for wanting to race again—and wished he had never heard of it.

At the apron of hangar two, however, Ellen Scott walked out to the stubby wing of his ship, and he swung down grinning. He didn't want her to know that only tenacity was keeping his entry in. As soon as he smiled he looked about half his age—one of the penalties of being snub-nosed and freckled; but his hands, as he now pulled off his gloves, were broad, square and stubborn, and ingrained with engine oil.

"Joe," Ellen Scott said, "that motor sounds like a basket of beer cans falling down cellar."

ELLEN SCOTT had a fast plane of her own, and got around the country a good deal, but until yesterday Joe Sebring had not seen her for a long time. Yesterday, when he had rifled under the power lines with a dead engine, she had walked down the line of hangars to see

who the attempted suicide was; and had stayed to spend a couple of hours watching Joe's work with a sort of absent-minded fascination.

Today she had come back to turn his prop for him while he checked his timing, and had got a stocking-run out of it. And now she guided a wing as his plane was rolled into the hangar. Nobody else had noticed that Joe Sebring was in the race, and though this was more than all right with him it made him appreciate her.

Joe believed Ellen had won a couple of obscure races for women, somewhere; but she didn't look like a race pilot. She just looked like a girl with mouse-blond hair, and a tongue that could take care of her. He decided that he liked her; he liked her a lot. In a game full of phonies, it seemed to him that she was real, as real as a monkey wrench, only better-looking.

He laid out his wrenches now, and was at work while his exhaust pipe was still all but glowing.

Ellen said, "Justine Pryor was here while you were up. She asked about you, Joe."

"Nice of her."

"She said, 'What, is that punk cluttering up the place with his power glider again?'"

"I supposed," Joe said, "it would be something like that."

"Don't you let it worry you. She was on a scout snoop for Frank Manosky, I'll bet anything. It shows they're afraid of you, Joe!"

He answered that with an embittered grunt. He was trying to remember the days when he had admired Justine Pryor with a sort of distant, vacant-eyed awe, like a cow admiring a skyrocket. He had not been alone in that. Justine Pryor may not have been the lightning pilot she was supposed to be; but for the present she was almost a national symbol.

She wore a long, movie-style bob, with a sweep to it as if there were headwinds in it. Her eyes had a trick slant to them that was plain wicked; and she looked as all girl pilots ought to look. Wherever she went she was photographed promptly and often, like an accident.

"Sometimes," Ellen Scott said to Joe, "the lady eagle is pretty hard to take."

JOE, his hands already covered with grease, tried to scratch his head with the tip of a little fingernail. Ellen took pity on him, and he held his head down while she scratched it for him.

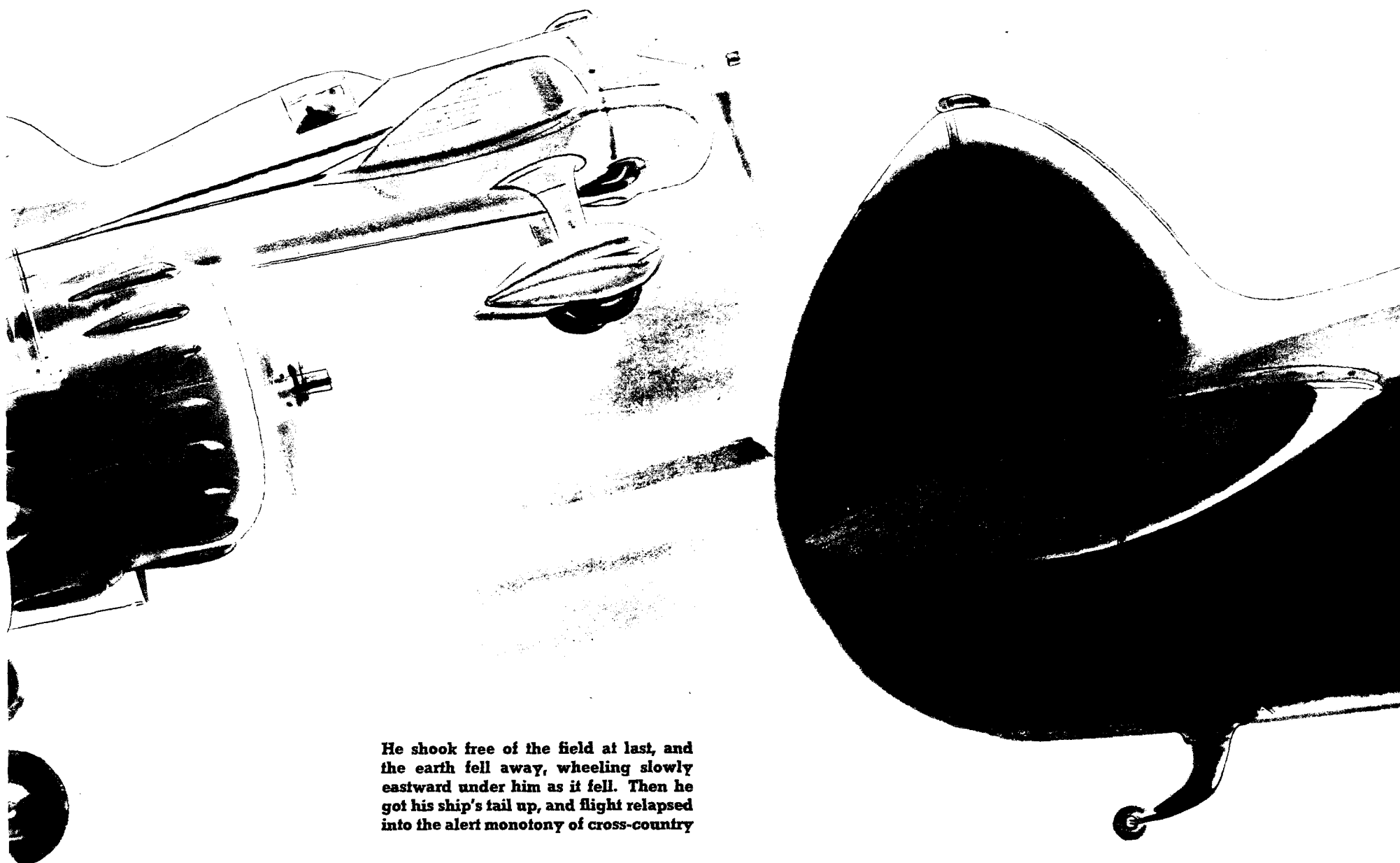
He said, "She let me off easy this time, at that."

"I don't know," Ellen said darkly. "I haven't seen the papers."

"Why the hell doesn't she lay off me?"

"She won't ever," Ellen said, "so long as she's in an official state of romance with Frank Manosky in the newspapers. You make good copy—something to wisecrack at. What did you expect, beating her boy by the width of a state, just when they break a quar-





He shook free of the field at last, and the earth fell away, wheeling slowly eastward under him as it fell. Then he got his ship's tail up, and flight relapsed into the alert monotony of cross-country

ter-page news photo of Justine kissing Frank good luck?"

"Aw," Joe grumbled, "why can't they forget it?"

"It's a business with Justine," Ellen Scott explained it. "Publicity is more than just a hobby with her. It's a racket, a graft, a living. I'll bet she'll take fifty thousand this year for testimonials alone. Naturally—"

"Well, it isn't a business with me! I just want to fly. I hate this show-off stuff. I'd as soon take a licking as see my name posted in a list, even. I wish I'd never raced at all."

Ellen said, "I can understand that, Joe. That's why I quit racing. I thought I'd like it, but I didn't. I hated it."

"It's my own fault," Joe said. "I ran my neck out. I lost my temper, I guess. But—"

The roar of a neighboring engine swept his voice away. Ellen picked up a clean newspaper the propeller wash had blown in, folded it upon an oily box, and sat on it, hugging her knees.

"Joe, for heaven's sake, why don't you give up all this nonsense? Withdraw your entry, Joe, while you can still get your money back! That thing won't fly three thousand miles. Some days it won't fly three thousand feet."

"It has to," he said.

"You can't fit a forced landing under that thing," she persisted. "Somewhere west of nowhere you'll have to bail out. Joe, you're just throwing away your ship—and yourself, too, probably. In heaven's name, why?"

He wanted to answer that. He would have liked to explain to this kind-spirited girl why he had to go on as he did. But he didn't know how. He was thinking about the Border-to-Border, in which he had beaten Frank Manosky.

He wanted to forget it, but nobody who had flown in that hard-luck race ever forgot it. Frank Manosky had been expected to win it by such a margin that the race would look like two races; but things went wrong. The racing ships streaked north out of Texas into the teeth of a howler; then blind weather closed over the country, and everything happened to everybody.

JOE SEBRING'S own memories were lonesome and personal, about the popping of static, like fat frying in his earphones; the inadequacy of his sparse instruments; and the bad light on what dials he had, when the unnatural dusk caught him. Nobody was as surprised as he was to learn he was first home.

Second most surprised was Frank Manosky. Frank had lost his radio beam, and had rummaged around the country for it a long time, getting madder every minute. When he found out that some guy named Joe had come from no place to beat him by a matter of hours he blew up and issued an ill-considered statement. It had said, in part, that he would undertake to beat this Joe. Something ten out of ten, any course, for whatever amount Joe wished to put up. It took a Manosky to get away with a crack like that.

Even with the purse he had won, Joe could not have afforded to put up more than half a dollar, and it curled him. He answered, for publication, that he would gladly show Manosky the way home again in the next national point-to-point. He said he felt sorry for Manosky, wandering around lost like that, and honestly wanted to help him.

Whenever Joe thought about it his ears burned.

He didn't know how to explain to Ellen that thereafter he either had to race again, and soon, or crawl under a board.

"I talked myself into a hole," he told her. "I have to fly my way out of it."

"That's crazy! Airplanes fly by means of their engines," she answered him. "You can't fly a mile by the sheer power of hope. What are you going to do when she slings rocker arms all over Missouri? Break out a canoe paddle?"

"What's the matter with this engine?" he demanded weakly.

"It's had five owners at least, and two or three of them are dead. It was a lemon to begin with, and it has more flying hours on it than a ton of owls. And it's going to heat until it melts."

"Maybe," he said doggedly, "it won't, this time."

She was quiet for a few minutes while Joe worked steadily.

"Did you hear about Justine Pryor's new grandstand play?" she said next.

"She's going ahead of the race in her flying make-up box that the Hawkwing people furnish her for nothing, and take charge of Manosky's refueling crew at

Encampment, just ahead of his last hop."

Joe Sebring made a big show of being fair. "Well, probably somebody needs to take charge of it. Encampment has a kind of a dopey crew, Ellen."

"Yes; it's bad. I know."

Then she faltered under a sudden impulse. "Do you want me to fly on ahead and line up a crew there for you? I could be in Encampment some time tomorrow night—plenty of time. And I will, if you want me to."

He looked at her oddly, and jumped to the conclusion it was a gag. "They wouldn't take your picture, Toots," he said, "even if you did."

SHE was silent for so long that he had forgotten all about it by the time she spoke again.

"I think you're the scum of the earth," she said. "I hope Manosky meets you on his way back." And she left there; she was gone as he turned around.

He smiled vaguely, his mind full of engine, and took a few more half-hearted turns of the wrench. Then suddenly he realized what she had offered him, and what he had done. He slung down his wrenches and ran after her. "Hey! Ellen!" It didn't do any good. Her taxi was already pulling out of the parking lot.

Alone in the vast, shadowy hangar, its floor crowded with interlapped planes, he felt about the worst he ever had in his life. He would have gone to look for

(Continued on page 41)



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Things I Couldn't Tell till Now

by **Dick (Dede) Davis**

"I was touched the system," even though I called for bribery and extortion, then murder and fornication, and he put me in jail. That was my first "success," says Dixie Davis, the second of a series of interviews on the "hid mouthpiece"

II

THE white limestone trim was spotless, the brass spittoons gleamed—everything was immaculate when the city of New York, early in 1930, opened a new magistrate's court and jail in West 151st Street to administer justice to minor offenders, mostly Negroes from Harlem. That place certainly did dirty up fast.

All the old scurvy gang moved in from the old court, bringing the old, old system with them—the same jailers, clerks, cops and shysters, the same Tammany magistrates, the same bail bondsmen.

The bondsmen ran the works: they had everything sewed up. They had most of the cops, the jailers and their own runners all on the alert. The moment a man was pinched, if he had money, some bondsman had the hooks in him. With their monopoly, the bondsmen decided which lawyers should make a living. Often enough the bondsmen decided who should go to jail and who should go free—if there was money enough to put in a fix. It was dirty business.

I was relatively spotless myself when that court opened, too poor for anything but virtue. I was a kid from the Catskill Mountains. Somehow I had scratched myself an education, and now I was twenty-five and a member of the bar, wearing a \$20 suit with shiny pants and still starving.

If someone had offered me a job downtown, I might well have turned into a respectable member of the bar association, figuring out ways for corporations to evade the law. I would have been good at

that, for I was not dumb. In law school I was too poor to buy books, but I soon quit worrying about that. I found I could sail right through without them.

As things were, the new magistrate's court seemed to spell opportunity. I rented an office across the street and I was so innocent I actually expected to get business just by having my name painted on the window. Also I got the new Tammany assemblyman from the district to share the office; for surely he would bring in clients. In three months we didn't get a case, couldn't pay the rent, and had to give up the office.

I still hung around the court, having nothing else to do. I had met a few people. I thought I might get a lucky break. For an office I took over a public telephone booth just inside the courthouse door. There was a little bench in there where I could sit, and if anybody had private matters to discuss he could stick his head inside. I was so small, and I became so skillful, that I could take a big man right into the booth with me and shut the door.

Two years later I signed a lease for the whole 39th floor of a skyscraper office building near Times Square. I had licked that police-court monopoly, made it my own, and turned the work over to my assistants. I had bigger fish to fry.

I had an apartment on West End Avenue for my parents while I lived in a penthouse on Central Park West with a closetful of \$165 suits. I maintained a suite in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, where thirsty politicians ran my bills up to \$300 a week.

I had married, but inattentively, and every month or so I had a new sweetheart among the girls on Broadway. I dripped money in the night clubs. I was the swing-time version of the Horatio Alger hero, and I went from rags to riches in hot Harlem style.

Dutch Schultz, Man of Vision

I had become the personal lawyer of Dutch Schultz, the best-known racketeer in New York. He had been the town's biggest beer bootlegger and, largely through the knowledge I had picked up in magistrate's court, he had become the lottery king of Harlem.

Once I was in with the mob, new vistas opened up. Because I was a Schultz man, I was hand in glove with James J. Hines, the biggest gun in Tammany Hall. When Jimmy Hines went to the races, I went along and supplied the money he lost.

This Hines was a district leader who controlled other district leaders, and was so powerful he could order judges and police officials around. More than once I sat late with Hines and Dutch Schultz in a mob night club as we plotted ways by which, with the Dutchman's mob and money, Hines might extend his power over still other districts and seize absolute control of Tammany and the whole city government.

No, nothing was too fantastic for those days, when people still believed the stock market was just playing dead, when it was inconceivable that Mayor Jimmy Walker was really through, when prohibition was in its last feverish exhilaration.

Dutch Schultz was a man of vision. I remember

a time when he was reading about the Russian revolution, and his eyes glistened as he told me how the Bolsheviks had taken over the gold from the government bank. "Those guys are just like me," he said. "They're just a mob. If I'd been there with my mob I could have taken over, just like they did. But over here," he added sadly, "the time isn't ripe yet."

We had big ideas, all right. Certainly I knew I was hot stuff. I could outsmart just about anybody. I never thought anybody would outsmart me, at least not to the point of putting me where I am today—in prison.

Soon after I opened my office in the telephone booth, my lucky break came walking along in the form of an old, withered Irishwoman who told me her troubles. Four days before the cops had taken her son away, but now she could not find a trace of him. The bondsmen had missed the case, for there was no smell of money to it.

Fifty-Fifty, and Everyone Happy

I took the old lady in tow and we went down to the Supreme Court and got out a writ of habeas corpus against the police. Sure enough, they had the boy, without a shred of evidence, and they hadn't so much as put his name on the blotter. The judge was indignant and turned him loose.

The clerk of our court had been touched by the old lady's plight, and when he heard about this he was so tickled he asked one of the bondsmen to give me a chance to show my stuff.

This bondsman, whose name was Ike, tossed me a couple of cases. I won them, and he gave me \$10 each. Later I found that Ike had collected a \$25 lawyer's fee for each of those cases, and I certainly squawked. He explained he had just been trying me out, and raised me to \$12.50.

I worked with him for a while on a fifty-fifty basis. Later I got his share down to thirty per cent, never less. The basic secret of my later success was that I never tried to buck the system. Bondsmen brought me business and always got their split.

Nearly all the people brought into this court were Negroes arrested in connection with the daily lottery called policy, or the numbers game, which had seized Harlem like a form of madness. There were a half-dozen big policy banks operating in Harlem at the time.

Perhaps you know how the game works. The player picks a number of three digits, anywhere from 000 to 999, playing from one cent up. If his number hits, the pay-off is 600 to 1. The lucky number used to be determined by a combination of digits from the day's clearinghouse total. Later it was based on certain figures taken from the pay-off totals at one of the pari-mutuel race tracks.

The bankers were mostly West Indian Negroes, and to show their prosperity they rode around in limousines as long as locomotives, flashing their diamonds. There was a big profit in the game so long as the law of averages held good, and if a series of popular numbers came up the bankers just went broke and others replaced them.

(Continued on page 37)

FLOTSAM

By Erich Maria Remarque

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The Story Thus Far:

EXILED from Germany with his father and mother, because his father is a Jew, Ludwig Kern, nineteen, kicked about from country to country and separated from his parents, finally finds refuge in a wretched lodginghouse in Vienna. There, in a group of poverty-stricken refugees, he makes a friend: Josef Steiner.

Steiner has escaped from a concentration camp in Germany; he dreams—rather hopelessly—of reunion with his wife, Marie, whom he had been forced to leave behind him. Like Kern, he has no passport. And when the lodginghouse is raided, the two men are ordered to go to Czechoslovakia. Steiner does not obey the order; he returns to Austria. Kern does—with very little money, he succeeds in making his way to Prague, where his father is in hiding. There, as in Vienna, he picks up a precarious living—enough to enable him to stay at a cheap hotel—by selling soap and perfume on the streets. But he fails to find his father; when he calls at the address supposed to be his father's he is informed that Herr Siegmund Kern is unknown there.

Meanwhile, Josef Steiner has been matching wits with the authorities. Sitting in a card game with some unscrupulous cardsharps, he has won enough money to purchase a bootleg

passport, one which—issued to one Johann Huber, who had died—enables him to secure a job. Known as Johann Huber, he goes to work as a substitute waiter at the Inn of the Green Tree. But he is far from happy—for he has had no word from Marie; he wonders if, to save herself from persecution, she has followed his advice and divorced him. . . .

Like most of the refugees, Kern is lonely. He seizes the first opportunity to make a friend—a girl, Ruth Holland, who occupies a room adjoining his. Timidly, he introduces himself; and, because she too is lonely, she welcomes his friendly advances. . . . Ruth Holland is a chemistry student. Her home had been Nürnberg. A Jewess, she had been forced, brutally, to leave Germany. And before she had left, even her dearest friend—a young student with whom she had grown up—had turned against her, dropped her cruelly.

A woman in the hotel gives birth to a baby. Ruth assists the doctors; and Kern does what he can to help. The baby lives; the mother dies. When it is all over, Ruth and Kern stand together at a window, staring out into the night. Kern puts his arm about the girl gently. She stirs a little, and presses against his shoulder.

IV

MARILL was sitting on the cement terrace of the hotel fanning himself with a newspaper. Some books lay in front of him. "Come here, Kern," he called. "Evening is approaching, the time when beasts seek solitude and man looks for company. How are you making out with your permit?"

Kern sat down beside him. "It's still good for a week."

"A week in prison is a long time; a week of freedom is short." Marill tapped the books in front of him. "Exile is educational! At my advanced age I'm learning French and English."

"There are times when I can't stand the word exile," Kern said moodily.

Marill laughed. "Nonsense! You're in the best of company. Dante was an exile. Schiller had to leave his country. Heine. Victor Hugo. Those are just a few. Look up there at pale brother

moon—an exile from the earth. And Mother Earth herself—an old emigrant from the sun." He blinked. "Of course it might have been better if that particular migration had never taken place and we were still roaring around as fiery gases. Or as sunspots. Don't you agree?"

"No," Kern said.

"You're right." Marill went on fanning himself with the newspaper. "Do you know what I've just been reading?"

"That the Jews are to blame because it hasn't rained."

"No."

"That a shell fragment in the belly is the only true happiness for a virile man."

"Not that either."

"That the Jews are Bolsheviks because they are so busy accumulating possessions."

"That's not bad! Go on."

"That Christ was an Aryan. The illegitimate son of a German legionnaire—"

Marill laughed. "No, you'll never guess it. Matrimonial notices. Just listen to this, will you? 'Where is the kind, sympathetic man who will make me happy? A young lady of deeply sensitive nature, distinguished and noble character, with a love for everything good and beautiful and a knowledge of the hotel business, seeks a soul of similar tastes, between thirty-five and forty years of age, in a good position, etc.' He glanced up. 'Between thirty-five and forty, see? Forty-two lets you out—what idealism! A noble soul! For her the world is a garden of flowers. Or this one: 'A spiritually lonesome man of fifty, of sensitive nature, younger in appearance than his years, orphaned—' He paused. 'Orphaned! This pathetic fellow, this sensitive man of fifty. It must be almost more than a man can stand, to be without parents at fifty!'

"Here, my boy." He held out the newspaper to Kern. "Two pages! Each week two full pages in this one newspaper. Just look at the headings—absolutely stuffed with souls, kindness, comradeship, love and friendship! Paradise, that's what it is! The Garden of Eden in the wasteland of politics."

He threw down the paper. "Why shouldn't there be a notice like this: Commandant of a concentration camp, kind disposition, sensitive soul—"

"That's just what he'd consider himself," Kern said.

The waiter appeared, showing signs of excitement. "Herr Kern, there is someone here to see you. He doesn't look like a policeman."

"All right, I'll come."

AT FIRST glance Kern failed to recognize the indigent old man. It was as though he were looking at a hazy, unfocused image on the ground glass of a camera, which only gradually became sharper and revealed familiar features.

"Father!" he exclaimed, deeply shocked.

"Yes, Ludwig." The elder Kern wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "It's hot," he said with a tired smile.

"Yes, very hot. Come, we'll go into

They had walked for a long time, when suddenly flashlights blazed in front of them. A harsh voice shouted, "Halt!"



this room where the piano is. It's cool in there."

They sat down and Kern ordered a lemonade for his father. He was greatly disturbed. "We haven't seen each other for a long time, Father," he said.

The elder Kern nodded. "Will it be all right for you to stay here now?"

"I don't believe so. You know how it is. They're very decent about it here. Ten days' permit and then perhaps six or eight more—but after that, out you go."

"Do you intend to stay on illegally?"

"No, Father. There are too many emigrants here—I'll try to get back to Vienna. It's easier to earn a living there. Now tell me how you're doing. I've been looking for you for a long time."

"I have been sick, Ludwig. Grippe. I got up for the first time yesterday."

"So that was it." Kern felt relieved.

"You were sick. Are you all right now?"

"Yes, as you see—"

"And what are you doing, Father?"

"I found a place for myself, Ludwig."

"You're certainly well guarded," Kern said, laughing.

The old man looked at him with such a tormented and embarrassed expression that he paused in surprise. "Aren't things going well with you, Father?" he asked.

"Well, Ludwig? What does well mean for people like us? A little peace is something. I have an occupation; I keep books for a coal dealer. It isn't much but it's something to do."

"But that's splendid! How much do you earn?"

"I don't earn anything—just pin money. But I get my board and lodging."

"That's a good deal. I'll come and see you tomorrow, Father."

"Yes—yes—or I could come here."

"But why should you be bothered—I'll come to see you."

"Ludwig—" the elder Kern gulped. "I'd rather come here . . ."

KERN looked at him in amazement and suddenly he understood. That formidable woman in the doorway—

For an instant his heart beat like a trip hammer against his ribs. He longed to leap up, seize his father and carry him away; in a daze he thought of his mother, of Dresden, of their quiet Sunday mornings together—then he looked at the doomed man in front of him, who was watching him with dreadful humility, and he thought: he's done for, finished. The tension within him relaxed and he felt nothing but infinite pity.

"They deported me twice, Ludwig. If I had been around just one day more they would have found me. They weren't unkind. But they cannot keep us all here, you know. And then it rained all the time and I got sick. Pneumonia and then a relapse. And then—she nursed me—otherwise I should have died, Ludwig. And she doesn't mean any harm—"

"I'm sure she doesn't, Father," Kern said quietly.

"I do some work, too. I earn my keep. It doesn't—you know—it isn't that way. But I just can't go on sleeping on benches and being frightened all the time, Ludwig—"

"I can understand, Father."

The old man stared straight ahead. "Sometimes I think your mother ought to divorce me. Then she could go back to Germany."

"Is that what you want?"

"No, not for myself but for her. After all, I am to blame for everything. If she were no longer married to me she could

go back. I am to blame for what's happened to you, too. It's on my account that you no longer have a country."

Kern was finding it a hideous experience. This man was no longer his brisk and cheerful father of the Dresden days; this was a pathetic, helpless, old man who was related to him and who could no longer cope with life. In bewilderment he got up and did something he had never done before. He put his arms around his father's narrow, bowed shoulders and kissed him.

"You do understand, Ludwig?" murmured Siegmund Kern.

"Yes, Father. It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter at all."

With the palm of his hand he gently patted his father's bony back and stared over his shoulder at a picture hanging above the piano, a picture of melting snow in the Tyrol.

"Well, I'll go now—"

"Yes."

"I'll just pay for the lemonade. I brought along a package of cigarettes for you too. You've grown big, Ludwig, big and strong."

Yes, and you've grown old and shaky, Kern thought. If I only had one of those people from across the border, one of the men who brought you to this—if I only had him here so that I could smash his stupid, fat, complacent face.

"You're looking well too, Father," he said. "The lemonade has been paid for already. I'm earning a little money now. And do you know how? With our old stock. With your almond cream and your fern toilet water. A druggist here still has a supply and I buy from him."

Siegmund Kern's eyes lighted up for a moment. Then he smiled sadly. "And now you have to go around peddling it. You must forgive me, Ludwig."

"Oh, nonsense!" A lump rose in Kern's throat and he had to swallow suddenly. "It's the best school in the world, Father. You learn about life from the bottom up. And about people too. After that, there's not much chance of being disillusioned."

"Just don't get sick."

"No, I'm pretty tough now."

THEY went out. "You have so much hope, Ludwig."

My God, Kern thought, he calls this hope. Hope! "Everything will get straightened out again," he said. "It can't go on this way."

"Yes—" the old man stared in front of him. "Ludwig," he said softly, "when we're all together again—and your mother is there—" He gestured as though brushing something away. "We'll forget all about this—we'll not even think about it any more, eh?"

He spoke softly with a kind of childish trustfulness, in a voice that was like the twittering of a tired bird. "If it weren't for me you would be going on with your studies now, Ludwig," he said plaintively and a little mechanically like someone who has brooded over a consciousness of guilt for so long that the phrases have become automatic.

"If it weren't for you I wouldn't be alive," Kern replied.

"Keep healthy, Ludwig. Won't you take the cigarettes? After all, I'm your father. I'd like to do something for you."

"All right, Father, I'll keep them."

"Don't forget me altogether," the old man said, and his lips suddenly began to tremble. "I meant well, Ludwig." He kept repeating the name again and again as though unwilling to relinquish it. "Even if I didn't succeed, Ludwig. I meant to take care of all of you, Ludwig."

"You did take care of us, as long as you could."

"Well, I'll be going now. The best of luck to you, my child."

Child, Kern thought, ready to scream. Which of us two is the child? He watched his father walk slowly down the street. He had promised to write and to see him again. But he knew that actually he was seeing him for the last

(Continued on page 54)



Steiner ran his hand over the woman's black hair. "Go to sleep now, Lilo," he said. "Yes." She got up obediently

Red Gardenias

By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Noiselessly, the man put a black bag on the table under the shadow. Hardly breathing, Crane remained motionless

The Story Thus Far:

WERE old Simeon March's son, John, and his nephew, Richard—both killed by gas fumes—murdered? If so, who murdered them? In the little town of Marchton, to which they are sent by the detective agency for which they work, William Crane and his assistant, Ann Fortune, devote their energies to answering these questions. Ostensibly holding down a job in old Simeon's refrigerator company, Crane meets everyone who may be able to throw light on the case: Dr. Paul Woodrin, an old friend of the Marches; Peter March, Simeon's son; Talmadge March, Richard's brother; Alice March (who, engaged to Talmadge, had married Richard and then been divorced by him) and Carmel March, John's fascinating widow.

Simeon believes that Carmel had killed the two men. Questioned by Crane, Carmel says that Richard had been in love with her, and that John had killed him. She says that John, remorseful, had committed suicide—after writing a farewell note that she and Dr. Woodrin had read and destroyed. Woodrin confirms the story.

But Crane is skeptical. And, pursuing his investigations, he learns that someone had murdered John and Richard by pumping carbon-monoxide gas into their cars!

Feeling sure that "Slats" Donovan, a notorious local character, knows more than he cares to admit concerning the tragedies, Crane has an interview with the man's mistress—Delia Young. Delia is afraid to talk; and when Slats interrupts their tête-à-tête, only the timely arrival of Doc Williams (another operative sent to reinforce Crane and Ann) enables Crane to escape with his life.

At a Country Club dance, Alice March has a confidential talk with Crane. She says that Peter killed Richard—that Peter was in love with Carmel, and jealous of his cousin. While they are conversing, Williams comes to Crane and asks him to accompany him outside. Crane goes with him. Williams leads him to a car, from which a gray mist is floating. Talmadge March is in the car—and he is dead! . . . Crane and Dr. Woodrin—shooting ducks at the Duck Club, near Marchton—have a narrow

escape from an assassin who, hidden not far away, fires at them with a rifle. When they return to the club, Peter March joins them. Then a car roars up. It stops and Carmel March leaps out. She runs forward. She gasps: "Dad! . . . Overcome . . . gas." There is a brief silence. "Dead?" Peter asks. "No," Carmel says. "Not yet."

VIII

CARMEL went back to town with Peter, and Dr. Woodrin took Crane in her convertible. The doctor was very upset about Simeon March.

"He just couldn't have been gassed," he said.

"He was, though," Crane said.

"It isn't reasonable."

"There have been a lot of people gassed," Crane argued.

"It couldn't have happened," Dr. Woodrin swung the car around a curve in a long skid on the gravel. "It doesn't make sense."

He fell silent, his eyes on the winding road. Occasionally his lips moved, but Crane couldn't hear what he was saying. He seemed to be agitated. He looked ill, too.

Crane didn't understand why he should be so perturbed about Simeon March. Why hadn't he displayed as much emotion when Talmadge was gassed? Of course, the possibility that all the March deaths were not accidental might have just occurred to him. Then he would be upset.

Dr. Woodrin got out of the convertible at City Hospital. "I'll see what I can do," he said. "Will you take the car to Carmel's house?"

"Sure."

Crane halted at his house, set the emergency and stepped into a bed of dahlias. Williams appeared, his eyes bright with curiosity.

Crane asked, "Where's Ann?"

"Not back yet," Williams eyed the convertible. "Where'd you get the job with the outside plumbing?"

"It's Carmel's," Crane said, leading the way into the house. He felt a little worried about Ann.

"How was the shooting?" Williams asked.

"Lousy," Crane said. "Nobody could hit me."

He got a decanter of Scotch, poured himself a good drink. He told Williams about Simeon March and gave him a graphic account of the attack at the Duck Club. He was so moved by his tale that he had another drink.

"You certainly have a tough time with your suspects," Williams said, taking the decanter from Crane. "You pick Talmadge and he gets knocked off. You pick the doc and what does he do but fix it so you're his alibi for the attack on old man March."

"There're still some more suspects," Crane said.

"Is the old man dead?" Williams asked.

"I don't know."

"Who was doing the shooting at you?"

"I don't know."

Williams disgustedly emptied the decanter into a glass. "You're making a hell of a fine record on this case."

Crane said, "Well, I'm still alive."

Over their drinks, Williams related what he had done during the morning. He had, in the first place, examined the exhaust pipe on Talmadge's car. There was rubber on it.

"It was sticky," he said. "It came off on my fingers."

But his most important discovery was made at the Country Club. Slats Donovan had been seen there by the head lockerman about the time Talmadge had died.

Crane lowered his glass. "You're sure?"

"Positive. Thomas, that's the lockerman, used to get his stuff from Donovan during prohibition. He said he spoke to Donovan outside the locker room, thought he was waiting for a member."

"That puts Donovan right up there," Crane said.

Williams objected: "Only I can't see a gangster knockin' off anybody with gas."

THE doorbell rang and Beulah let in Peter March. His face was pale and tired. Williams nodded to him and left the room.

"Is he still alive?" Crane asked.

"Barely. He's at City Hospital."

"Dr. Woodrin taking care of him?"

"He's helping Rutledge, the doctor they called first."

"How did it happen?"

"Like the others . . . carbon monoxide. He was found in his garage."

"In the car?"

"No. He'd fallen beside it." Curiosity lifted his eyebrows a bit. "What makes you ask?"

"I was just wondering," Crane stared at him curiously. "Peter, do you mind if I ask you something?"

"Why, no."

"Did you find Carmel with Richard in his car that night at the Country Club?"

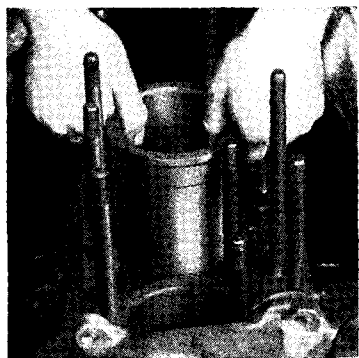
The question was like a blow in Peter's face. His lips became loose, his eyelids fell over his eyes. "How did you know?"

Crane didn't reply.

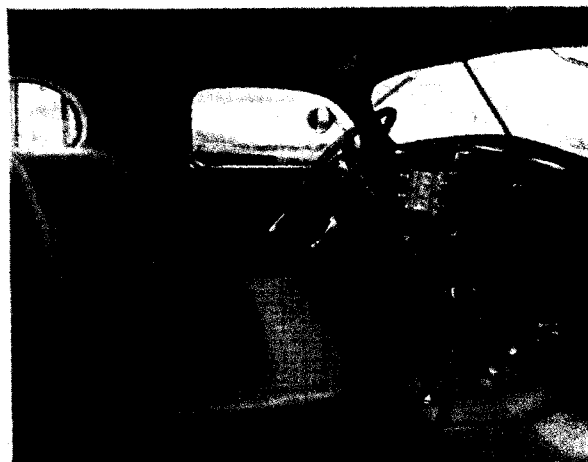
(Continued on page 43)

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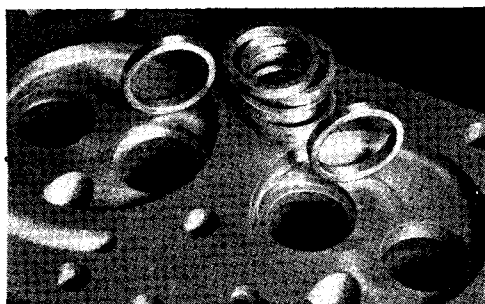
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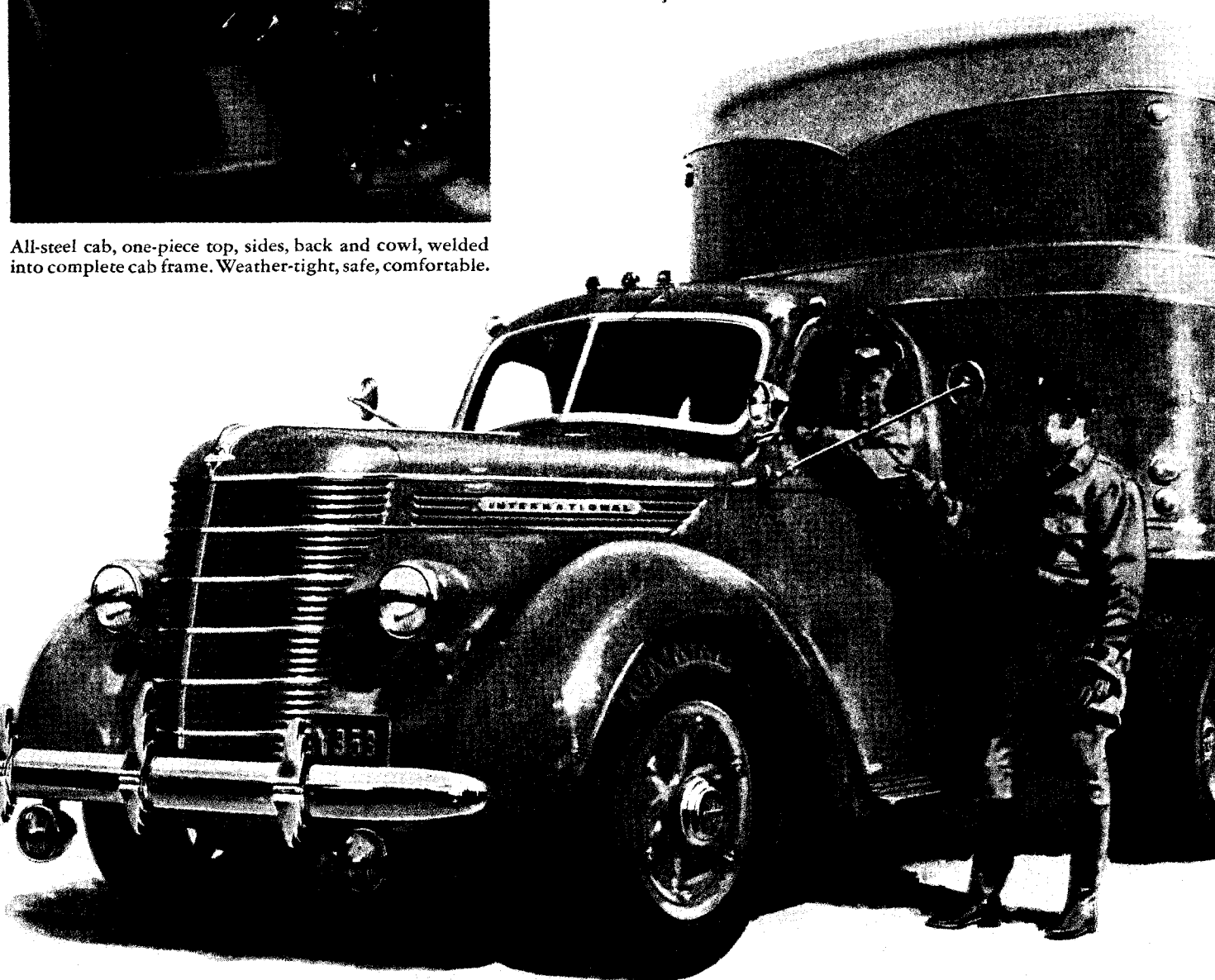
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THE HORMEL MEAT OF MANY USES

Someone to Love

Continued from page 12

"But not in the country?" he said. "I can't."

"Can't? Who's going to stop you? Aw, come on, Janey."

"I'll drive downtown with you, Frank. If you'd just as soon."

He rose slowly, and stretched. "Well—gettin' late. I better be movin' on."

"Oh, no—don't leave. Please. Look, Frank, it isn't you..."

With a shrug, he had reached for his hat. "You're a big puzzle to me, lady, and I don't like puzzles." He had gone away whistling!

Darkest gloom descended on her, at the memory of it all. You had to be so careful, with boys. If you once made them mad, it was a lot of trouble to get them to come back. And it was no use even trying, with girls. She had found that out a long time ago. Even Maylene Griggs, who was an older girl, and had been so nice to her—always taking her part when the others made fun of her clothes, the fancy rosettes in her hair, the red kid slippers that Mamma had chosen. . . . "Leave her alone. Janey's my friend!"

"Then why didn't you have her to your birthday party?"

"Because she's younger, that's why!"

"So's Mary Ellen younger."

"Oh, hush, Edith! I wouldn't be so mean!"

BUT that was a long time ago. The next year, Maylene had gone to a private school. Now, her name was always in the paper. She was beautiful and popular, and when she passed Janey on the street she looked like all the rest—as though she had never seen Janey before in her life. Well, it was all right. You couldn't blame girls if they didn't like you—you couldn't blame anybody. Only it was lonely sitting on the porch every night—hearing the radios and pianos

up and down the street—watching the people go by. . . . She tiptoed through the dark hall to the telephone, and called up Earl Hanlon. "Hel-lo? Is this you, Earl? Look, this is—guess who. Oh, you do? I bet you don't."

"Oh, sure. It's Janey." Earl sounded tired. "Now, what?"

Her low voice fell to a whisper: "What's the matter, Earl? Are you mad about the other night?"

"No, I'm not mad. But listen, I'll give you a tip. Take down your sign, see?"

"My sign? What? Earl? Hello? Hello! . . . Oh." She hung up, and put the telephone back on the trunk. Then, she walked slowly to her room and closed the door.

AFTER a while, it began to rain. For a long time, she sat on the edge of her bed, listening to Papa and Mamma—the wind banging the empty swing against the porch rail, the steady swish of rain. Finally she went to bed and buried her face against the pillow. If she held her hands tight over her ears, she couldn't hear anything, and it wasn't so bad.

When she opened her eyes, it was still raining. All morning long, she lay on her unmade bed, staring at the mildewed ceiling, and biting her short, ridged nails. Papa and Mamma didn't get up, either, and she had an apple and some crackers for her lunch. By three o'clock, the rain had stopped, but there was a chilly mist, and water dripped loudly from the chinaberry tree just outside her window. Still, you could go walking without having to carry a black cotton umbrella. . . . She jumped up.

Outside, the air smelled fresh and clean. Janey drew in great mouthfuls of it, picking her way carefully over the muddy bricks. The sun was trying to come out; by the time she got to town,



"There goes Bill with Anne, after I gave him the best weeks of my life..."

A. L. CHANIN

people would be standing on all the corners—boys she knew, maybe. They might even laugh at her. But she couldn't go back home. The very thought of that sent her rushing ahead as if something nipped at her heels. . . .

And after all, it began to pour down rain before she got to the post office. In half a block, she was soaked to the skin. Water ran down the back of her neck, and out through the soles of her slippers. If only she knew somebody in one of these houses! But she didn't—not a soul. There was nothing for it, but to close her eyes and fly. . . .

Then a wonderful thing happened. Suddenly an automobile drew up ahead of her, and a man called out: "Want a lift?"

Janey stopped, panting. Martin Vincent! Of course, it was because he couldn't see who she was. He had even lifted his hat! She dropped her head, and ran toward him. "Get in," he said, opening the big, shiny door. "I didn't know whether it was a girl, or a drowned sparrow."

She sat on the very edge of the seat. She was afraid to lean back, she couldn't speak. She felt so shy, she couldn't even look to see whether anybody was watching them. "You're the little Williams girl, aren't you?" he asked, with a funny smile.

"Yes." Then he had known her! She glanced quickly at him. Oh, he was the handsomest man! Never had she seen eyes like his—so blue, in his dark face, that it hurt her to look. "I know who you are, too," she said in a small voice.

He laughed lazily. He seemed to take it for granted that she knew who he was. "What's your first name?"

"It's Janey."

"Janey," he said. "That's right—Janey Williams. Well, Janey, where were you going in this flood?"

"No place special," she said. "I just got so tired of the house. Look, were you going downtown anyway?"

Martin pulled his felt hat low over his eyes. "Yes, but you aren't. I'm taking you home to get some dry clothes," he said. "I don't want a little thing like you to catch cold."

SHE loved him from that moment. Oh, he was wonderful to her! His father owned the Strand Theater—Martin even gave her a season pass. Nearly every afternoon, now, she went to the picture show, hoping that he would come and sit with her. He did come often, too—especially on rainy days. They sat close together in a dark, empty part of the theater, and held each other's hands. The thing that worried him, Martin told her, was that she was such an infant.

"I'm very small for my age," she said. "I'll be sixteen, next month."

"But, Janey—you don't understand. I'm twenty-four years old!"

"Oh, Martin," she whispered, "but I love you." It was bold of her, but she couldn't help it. "I—I'm just wild about you, Martin."

"Are you, Janey?" he said, smiling. "Well, suppose we have a regular date. How about Wednesday night?"

"Wednesday? Yes—that's all right." She wanted Martin to think she was used to making dates ahead of time, but it was hard to keep her voice steady. Clinging to his big, warm hand, she sat there, pretending to watch the picture, but really planning how it would be. She would wear something pretty—something new. They would drive downtown with their heads drawn close. Maybe they'd even go in Xaver's drug-store, after the show, and she would let the screen door fall after her with a bang that would make everybody look up. . . . Two more days—how could she wait.

That afternoon it was she who slipped away first. At Marks-Rothensbergs, she

found just what she wanted—a lovely pale pink organdy. Though it took nearly all the money she had saved, she bought five yards, and a pattern that couldn't fail. That's what it said, and it was true—she made the dress all by herself, sitting cross-legged on the bed, not paying any attention to Mamma when she stopped in the doorway, and frowned. "What's that for?"

"I've got a date Wednesday night."

"Oh, a date!" Mamma's black eyes were sharp. "Must be somebody mighty important, ain't it?"

"He's—nice," Janey said, and noticed that her stitches were big and clumsy. Well, it was a lovely color, anyway, and who would notice the stitches at night?

ON WEDNESDAY night, Martin came up the walk with a cigarette in his hand. She got up from the swing, and suddenly she was in his arms and the new dress was flattened against his tall, lean body. "Come on, Janey," he said in a husky voice, "we're going for a ride."

Without a word, she followed him out to the car. He took her arm, and carefully helped her in. It was like she had always dreamed—herself, in a pretty pink dress, and Martin beside her, so tall and dark. There was a full moon, and the wind rushed through her hair with a little singing noise.

They came to a side road, and turned down there. Moonlight poured through the trees in long, silver ribbons, and the air was sweet with pine. Martin switched off the lights. "Janey," he said, "I'm crazy about you. You know that, don't you? Look at me, Janey."

She turned her head stiffly, and slid into his arms.

"Janey, darling—you're trembling. What's the matter—are you afraid of me?"

She couldn't look at him. "No, Martin."

"Don't be afraid of me, Janey. I wouldn't do anything to hurt you. I couldn't. You like me, don't you?"

She raised her eyes to his. "Oh, I do! I love you, Martin."

It was late when he brought her home. She stood still on the porch steps and watched him drive away. At the corner, he waved his hand—she was alone. The house was dark and empty behind her, but she wasn't afraid. Because Martin loved her, everything was different, everything was wonderful. Even the moonflower vines had begun to bloom. Now, against the thick green leaves, a dozen flowers had opened their eyes and their faces. They seemed to bow and nod to her—to Janey. It was as if they had bloomed especially for this night.

Inside, she took off the pink dress and hung it carefully in the closet. It was Martin's dress, now—she would never wear it with any other. Thinking of this, she took down all the pictures in her room, and the pennants. She put them in the bottom dresser drawer, and closed it so tight that nobody could ever open it.

She stopped calling up boys, too, and Martin took her riding almost every night, but not downtown. Time after time, she thought he was going to ask her. She would keep hoping, until they came to the corner where they turned onto the side road. Once, she actually asked him: "Look, Martin. Couldn't we go downtown for a soda, or something? It's such a hot night."

Martin took his arm away, and lit a cigarette. He looked embarrassed. "Not tonight, Janey."

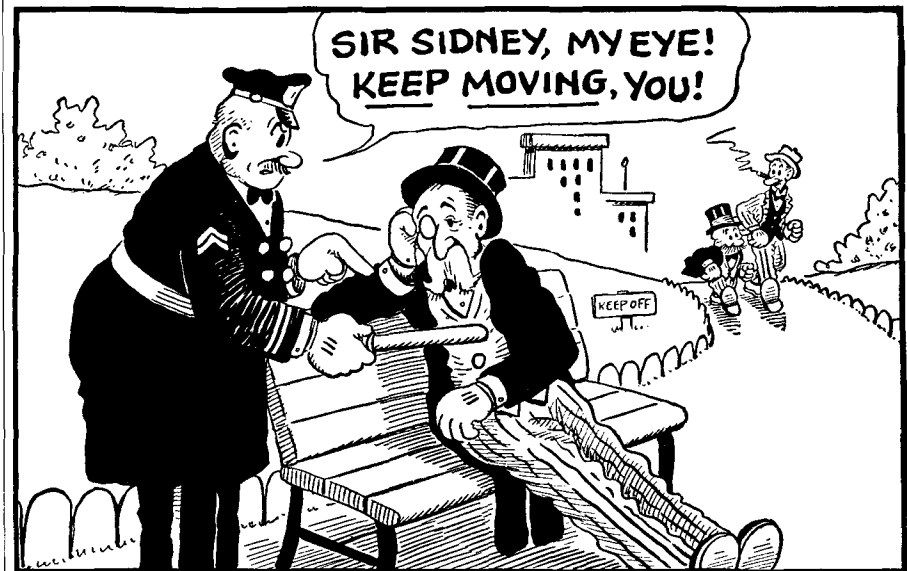
It hurt so bad she couldn't help showing it. "You never take me any place," she said in a shaky voice, "and I know why. It's because you're 'shamed.'"

He pulled her close, then.

"Don't say things like that, Janey. Oh, if you weren't such a baby! You're

MUTT AND JEFF

—by Bud Fisher





IS there a better way to correct constipation than just bearing it first and trying to cure it later? There is, if it's the common kind due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. Get at the cause and prevent the trouble, with that crisp, crunchy, bulk-rich cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and see if the world isn't brighter!

Sold by
all grocers



**Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**

sweet, Janey—just the sweetest little kid!"

She forgot about the soda.

Long after he was gone, she sat in the swing, going over and over the things Martin said and did—the way he looked, in his fresh white linen suits . . . the light from his cigarette shining in his eyes, and his funny, twisted smile. He was always so sweet to her, so thoughtful. If he was ashamed, it was because she was so young—such a kid, he thought. Whatever Martin decided was right.

THE summer months went flying by, and suddenly—Janey never knew how it happened—there was something not so perfect about their love. Now, there were many nights when he didn't come at all. She would sit in the swing, watching and listening. Sometimes she sat there until almost midnight. "Why didn't you come last night, Martin?" she'd say. "I waited for you the longest time."

"Do I have to account for every minute I'm away from you? I worked, that's why."

At his sullen tone, her eyes were filled with tears. But she never actually cried. Martin hated a crybaby, she knew that. She would just sit there, until she could make her chin stop trembling. . . . "Martin, I didn't mean it that way. I just love you too much, I guess."

She even tried to make him jealous, telling him about other boys she had known, and how they had begged her to go riding with them. All the time, she kept watching his face. But he only looked bored. "Janey," he said, "what makes you think you have to tell me all this? Have I ever made any demands on you?"

It was like ice water in her face. She was dumb before the coldness in Martin's eyes.

"Listen, Janey," he said, studying the end of his cigarette, "there is something I've got to tell you. You know, you're just a child. I'm way too old for you." With a suddenness that took her breath, he laid his hand on her throat and tipped her chin. "You're sweet, Janey, but I've got to quit coming out here like this. For one thing—" He stopped short and, jumping to his feet, cried: "Oh, what's the use trying to explain?" Before she could put out her hands to stop him, he was gone.

She dressed very carefully the next afternoon. Although the sky was a blinding blue, it was Monday—there never was much of a crowd at the picture show, on Monday. And if he came, he would see how nice she could look—how she loved him. Martin couldn't help loving her, if only he understood what he meant to her.

LEAVING the house around three o'clock, she had to keep to the shady side of Eighth Street. Out of habit, she began to count the bricks as she walked.

At that moment, an automobile slid around the corner of Twenty-sixth. Janey raised her head—she stopped. It was Martin! Martin, with his face turned toward a blond girl on the seat beside him. . . . *Martin and Maylene Griggs!*

The blood drained away from her head in one long, sickening wave. She stood, staring after them while the car disappeared over the hill. Then, in the strangest way—as if they didn't belong to her at all—her knees bent, she went on walking toward town.

Tom Baskin and Billy Nelson were standing on the post-office corner. They raised their eyebrows. "Unh, unh—look what's comin'."

Tom whistled softly. "Hello, Mrs. Vincent." Nobody could have told he was speaking to her, and he didn't raise his hat. "How's Martin?"

Billy Nelson laughed. "Martin's got a new girl, and I'm having my phone taken out!"

Janey drew in her breath, and walked past as though she hadn't heard them. She climbed the post-office steps. Usually, she pretended she was expecting a letter in the afternoon mail. It gave her something to do. But today, she walked in one door and out the other, her heels scraping loud against the gritty marble floor.

From the post office, she crossed the street, and started on her regular round. Her feet felt heavy. Now, she was passing the cigar store, and somebody in the crowd out front gave a long, slow whistle. "Oh, boy!"

"Hello, central, give me heaven!"

A salty taste came up in her mouth, it hurt when she breathed. At the end of the street, when she couldn't see anybody looking, she bent over and started running toward home. . . .

For a whole week, she called Martin two or three times a day. Finally one rainy afternoon, she got him at the picture show. "Martin, listen. This is Janey."

"Yes?" His voice was low and cool.



"It's wonderful here—you'd never know you were in the country!"

DOROTHY MC KAY

"Listen, Martin—I've got to see you." "Now, you listen, Janey. You mustn't call me all the time. You'll get me in trouble with my father."

"Martin," she said, "I miss you so. Is it anything I've done?"

"Of course not," he said. "Look here, Janey, I'll try to get out to see you one night soon. I've been awfully busy."

"I know what's the matter." She was horrified to hear herself speaking the words, but she couldn't seem to stop them. "It's that Maylene Griggs. I saw you the other afternoon!"

"Janey, keep her name out of this!"

"Oh." She leaned hard against the telephone. "I'm sorry, Martin. Honest, I am. Do you think you can come to-night?"

"I don't know. I'll try. But please don't call me again."

She hung up and dropped her head in her arms.

SUMMER dragged itself out like a loathsome worm. The sun beat down, harsh as brass, and in Janey's room, even the iron bedposts felt warm. There was no longer any relief in pressing her hot forehead against the rough, paint-chipped metal.

One morning, early in September, Mamma said: "Ain't that Vincent boy the one used to hang around here so much?"

They were eating breakfast at the kitchen table. Janey put down her fork. "He used to come over sometimes."

Mamma yawned. "I see he's engaged to some society girl—Maylene Griggs." She opened her mouth, but no sound came.

"What's the matter with you?" Mamma said. "You look white as a ghost. Are you sick?"

"No, I'm not sick." She picked up her fork and went on, taking small bites.

AFTER breakfast she found a soiled, gilt-edged correspondence card. First, she practiced on lined paper until she decided what was right to say. Then she cleaned the fancy card with an eraser and wrote Martin a note:

"Dear Martin:

"Mamma told me today you are engaged, so I thought I would send you a line to say I am glad you are happy. I wish I could see you once, to tell you how glad I am. That would be all right,

A voice not hers at all said: "I can't. I'm sorry."

"Why not, Janey?"

"Frank, I've told you before. I don't want to, that's all."

"Okay, lady—maybe I'm wrong."

"Maybe you are."

She hung up and sat blinking in the dark hall. Lots of times lately, she'd thought that if Frank or anybody called, she'd go riding with them. But what was the use? It would only make things worse. Since that afternoon—the last time she had seen Martin—she hadn't even gone walking again. Several times she'd dressed and started out. Then, she'd remembered the whispering—the winking and nudging . . . she couldn't stand it. It was the same with telephoning, or going riding. No, it was better to stay at home, even if she had to be alone forever. Only—what could she do?

She asked herself this question every day for a week. Then she began to work around the house.

First she straightened her dresser drawers, making a little bonfire of all the boys' pictures and the pennants. She never wanted to see them again. Then she started on the kitchen. How could she have eaten here this long and done nothing about the dirt? It was filthy. She scalded the slimy drainpipe in the icebox and emptied every moldy dish. She scrubbed the walls and floor with hot soapsuds, grinding the brush until her shoulders ached. Next, she cleaned the sitting room, where there were rolls of black lint under the chairs, and the windows were greasy to the touch. She polished the smeared glass to shining, biting her lower lip hard—dropping her eyes when the light made mirrors of the windows, and she saw how thin she was, and white. . . .

IT WAS an accident that she found out about Martin's wedding. She just happened to be cleaning the front porch—straightening the morning paper, in fact, when her eyes fell right on the announcement. . . . "Maylene Griggs and Martin Vincent will speak vows. . . ." Janey went on folding the paper, making it smaller and smaller. Tuesday, it said. Why, this was Tuesday! Then, this was—Tuesday, like any other day. Hot, for October. . . .

When she finished sweeping the steps, she went in the house, and washed her hair. She raised the shades to the top of the windows, and let in the sunlight. It was a beautiful day—nice for washing out things. The pink dress, for instance—she hadn't worn it for weeks and weeks. With her cheeks burning, she walked to the closet and took it out. It was creased and soiled. Flinging it over her arm, she went in the kitchen and filled a pan with warm water, sloshing the dress up and down until the wrinkles smoothed out, and dirt turned the water a dingy gray. She hadn't remembered it was such a pretty color—like strawberry ice cream. Oh, if she could put it on tonight, and walk downtown! If there was *somebody* who would take her. . . . She let her hands fall in the dirty water, and stood still, thinking. Yes, anybody at all. What was the difference, now?

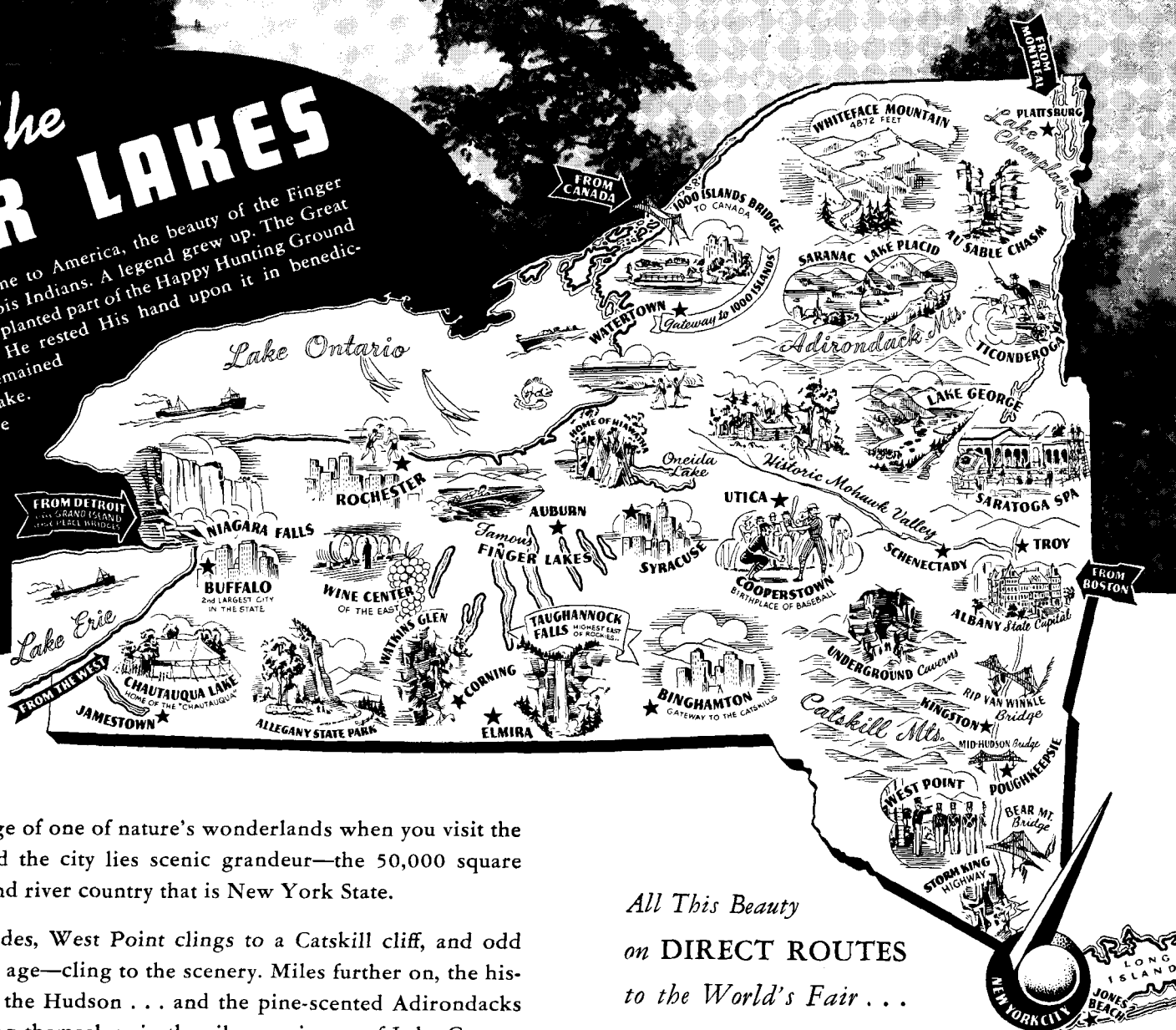
Though she tried hard, it took her a long time to iron the pink dress. She hung it in the front of her closet, found her white dress and pressed it. . . . At four she was ready—she was walking downtown. But not in the old way. Instead of going by the post office and around, she walked straight to the Great Southern Hotel. Maybe if she hadn't borrowed this red hat of Mamma's, she wouldn't have the nerve. But the big red straw hat made her look better—older. Before she had crossed the lobby, a dark, heavy man was rising from his black leather chair, and strolling toward

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Years before Columbus came to America, the beauty of the Finger Lakes fascinated the Iroquois Indians. A legend grew up. The Great Spirit, they said, had transplanted part of the Happy Hunting Ground to become a heavenly lake. Every fingerprint remained to become a heavenly lake. White men who gaze upon the beauty of the lakes today agree it is truly an earthly paradise.



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Or turn west from the Sleepy Hollow country into the rugged Leatherstocking land. See the headlong plunge of Taughannock, highest straight falls east of the Rockies. Lose yourself in beauty among the vineyards, cascades, gorges and blue waters of the Finger Lakes—a fitting prologue to

the thundering majesty of Niagara Falls.

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STATE OF



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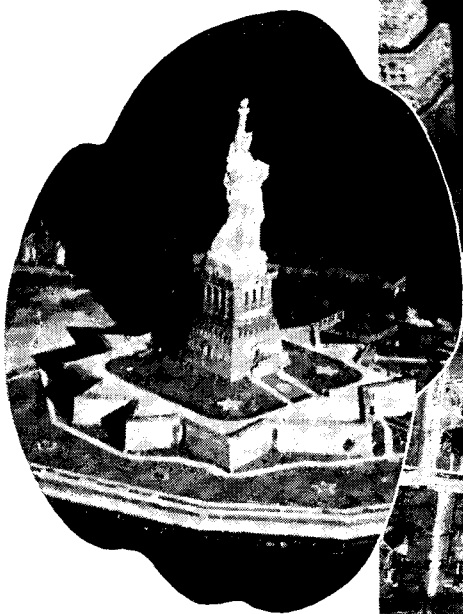
*The "low-down" on the "high-up"
by a veteran aerial photographer*



Capt. Robert A. Smith, the "Daniel Boone" of the flying camera, began experimenting with aerial photography before the World War. An R. F. C. flier on the western front, he helped found this new profession, is today one of its leading exponents.

Daytime view of New York City, looking south. Traffic-flow problems are easily visualized in this type of aerial picture.

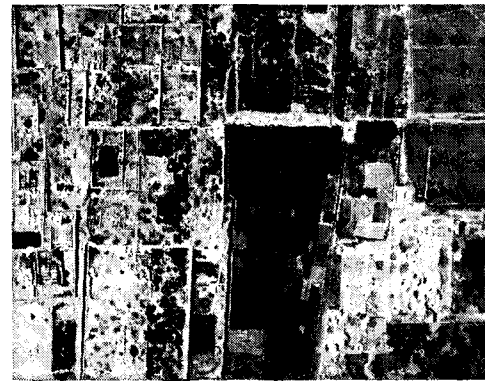
The flashlight bomb used in making this experimental night air view of lower Manhattan generated 3 billion candlepower.



The Statue of Liberty looms up brilliantly against the blackness of the bay in this superb night aerial photograph, taken with a powerful flash bomb.



Aerial camera tax maps like this enable assessors to check construction changes, halt complaints about inequitable levies.



Ruins of Chan-Chan, ancient Peruvian city, lost for four centuries until identified from air photo showing shadows cast by its foundations.



Boulder Dam — from 6½ miles straight up. Made with 9-lens aerial camera (actually 9 pictures in one), it shows

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE

Pictures

turned to barnstorming, but aerial photography provided a meal-ticket for peace-time aviation.

The challenge of the flying camera, demanding greater and greater altitudes, inspired the whole air fraternity, resulted in some of its most brilliant triumphs.

In the early days of aerial photography, any old camera would do. Today there are specialized cameras, several hundred times as sensitive as the human eye, regularly taking pictures at a ceiling of 20,000 feet and higher—four miles up.

Detroit can be photographed from Dayton, Ohio. Mt. Shasta, California, showed up nicely in an aerial photograph taken 331 miles away. Engineers in New York, without leaving their desks, have designed a dam in Mexico, calculating vertical elevations and water levels by studying air photographs. With new flash equipment generating billions of candlepower, pictures

can be taken on the darkest night. A strip-map covering an area five miles wide and 100 miles long can be photographed in half an hour.

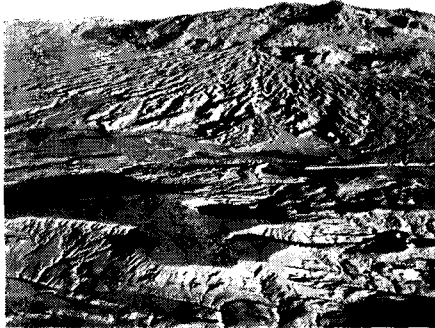
The modern aerial camera may weigh almost half a ton, require a derrick to lower it into its plane, have as many as nine lenses operating simultaneously, contain as high as 5,000 parts put together as precisely as a fine watch. It may be fully automatic and electrically controlled. It's not surprising that some of these mechanical marvels with lenses the size of din-

ner plates cost as high as \$17,000 apiece. It may interest candid camera fans to learn that films as large

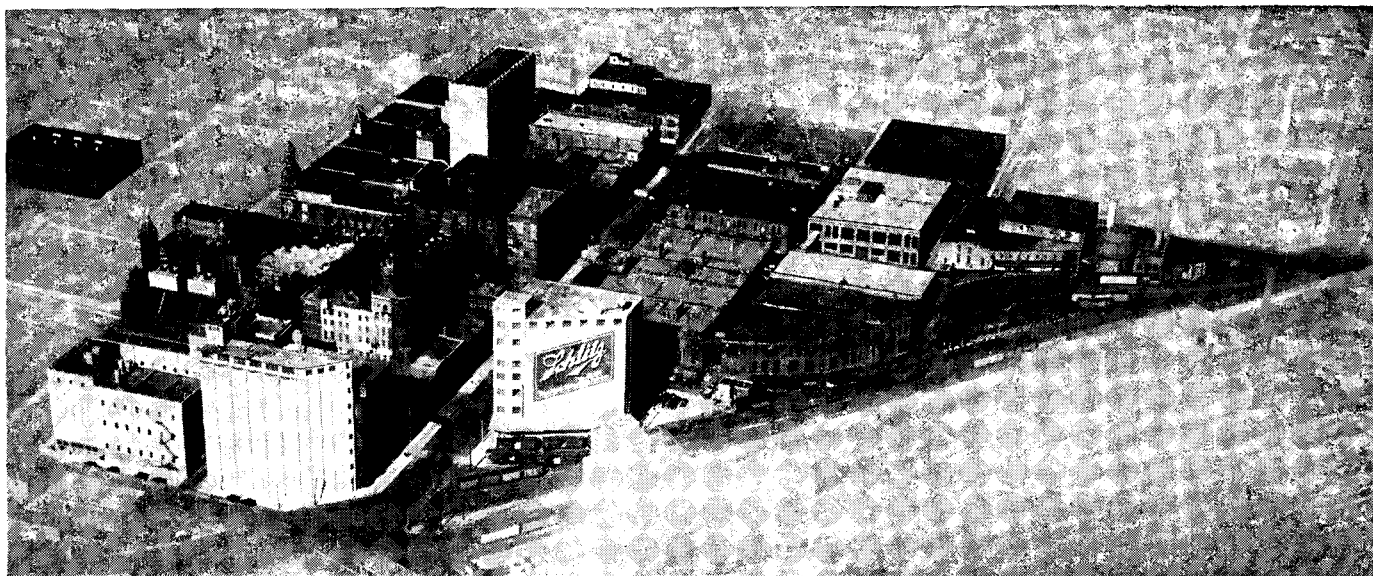
as 18 inches wide and 1,000 feet long are sometimes used.

High-altitude photographic ships are practically flying refrigerators. Their heavily reinforced and thickly insulated cabins are built to withstand the intense Arctic cold of the surrounding sub-stratosphere. Even so, temperatures in the oxygen-charged cabins often drop below zero.

The beer that made Milwaukee famous salutes the pioneers who have made America famous in the conquest of man's last frontier—the upper air.



High-altitude pictures enable experts to study and minimize floods, dust-bowl storms, droughts and soil erosion.



Aerial photo of the World's Greatest Brewery—home of the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous.

Above all... that Famous Flavor found only in Schlitz

Dry...

NOT SWEET...

NOT BITTER!

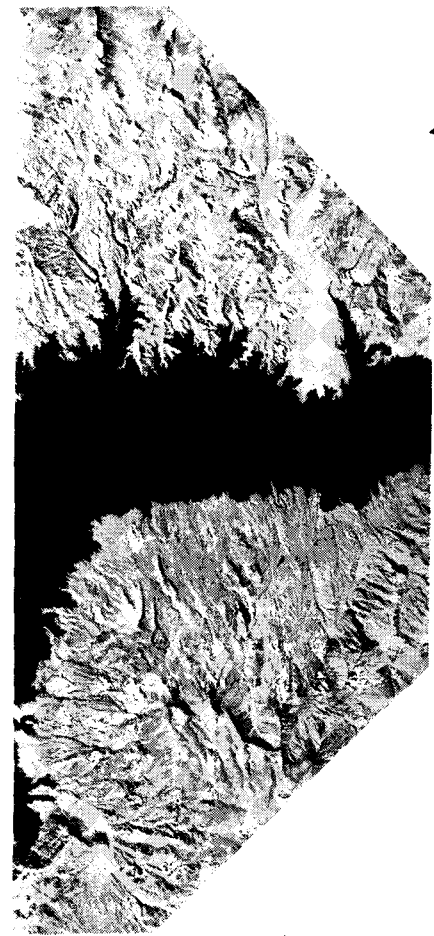
That famous flavor of Schlitz comes to you intact in every bottle. *Here's why:* The air that sustains life can destroy the flavor of the beer if sealed in the bottle. SO—WE TAKE THE AIR OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN INSTANT BEFORE WE PUT THE BEER IN. An amazing new method that assures you brewery-fresh goodness always. Schlitz pioneers again!



The demand for Schlitz has soared to record-breaking heights as new millions discover what the epicures of the earth have known for almost a century. That famous flavor of Schlitz is dry, not sweet, neither is it bitter. The secret is in the blending of the malt and the hops.



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5 miles of the storage lake and 220 square miles of earth. The "wrinkles" are actually mountains 6,000 feet high.

FAMOUS



her. He said: "Hello, good-lookin'." The hot blood came up in her face, she had to lean against a palm tub to keep from falling. "Really, I—"

He grinned knowingly. "What's the name?"

"Wha-what's yours?" She tried to make her voice bold, but it came out in a whisper.

"Jones to you, baby."

"Oh." She looked down at her feet. "My name's Janey Williams, and I'm not a baby. I'm sixteen."

Mr. Jones laughed softly. "Oh, I like 'em young! How about a date tonight—what do you say?"

She opened and closed her pocket-book. "Well—there's a movie I want to see." She was afraid to look up. "If you'd just as soon?"

"Sure, you're the doctor."

She said she'd meet him at eight o'clock in front of the Strand.

When she came out of the hotel, the sun had gone down behind a bank of lavender clouds. She crossed the street quickly, and paused in front of Shuman's Bakery, staring at a fly-specked wedding cake in the window. A little sugar bride and groom stood hand-in-hand on the brittle white mound. . . . Shuman's had tea cakes on special today—ten cents a dozen. She went in and bought a dozen, because Tom Baskin was coming down the street and might be wondering why she was standing here so long. The cakes would be nice for supper, anyway.

But even if the house hadn't been empty—if Papa hadn't been in Montgomery, and Mamma gone, she was still too excited to eat any supper. Something inside of her was churning—she felt actually sick. She couldn't wait to begin dressing for her date, yet by seven o'clock, her hands were shaking so, she was afraid she'd never get the pink dress buttoned. Suppose the telephone should ring?—Mr. Jones, saying he couldn't meet her, after all! Her heart rose, and sank. Oh, she must hurry, hurry. . . .

THOUGH it was getting dark when she stepped out on the porch, the moonflowers were still hiding behind their leaves. There wasn't a sign of a flower—not a face to be seen. It was as if they had closed tight, with shame. . . .

Drawing her arms close, she ran down the steps, and all the way to Fifth Street. A whole block away, she could see the red neon sign, over the Strand, and, yes—beneath it, Mr. Jones, waiting!

Janey took a deep breath and, ran faster. Now she was on the corner, where the bright glare of automobile and street lights fell full in her face, and three boys stood by the lamppost, talking. She didn't even look up to see who they were. Instead, she turned her head away, and waited for a string of automobiles to pass.

And then, an unbelievable thing happened. In a clear, friendly voice, somebody spoke her name: "Hello, Janey!"

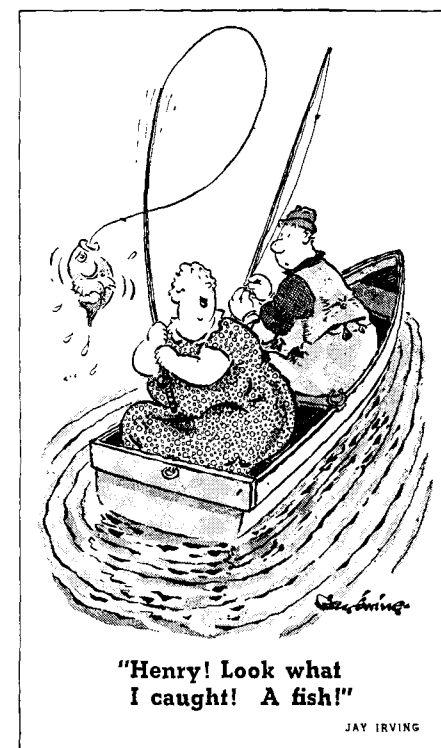
With one foot over the curbing, she looked back. It was Frank Mercer, and—could she believe her eyes?—he was lifting his hat! The others, too—Earl Hanlon and Walter Parks—they only hesitated a second! Standing in this bright light where everybody could see them, they were raising their hats to her! For a second, she couldn't get her mouth closed. Then, ducking her head, she gasped: "Hello!" and rushed blindly forward.

But once across the street, and only half a block from the Strand, Janey stopped dead. It was as if her feet were rooted to the ground, she couldn't move. Back of her, she could feel Frank Mercer and the others, watching. Ahead, in the circle of red light, stood her date. He hadn't seen her yet. He was swinging a glittering chain around his fingers,

and whistling. . . . Mr. Jones, a dark, swollen man, wearing a light brown suit, and a tan hat turned down all around. And she, Janey Williams, going to meet him, when for the first time in her life three boys had just lifted their hats to her—Frank Mercer among them. Now they were waiting. They would see her walk into the glaring light, and they would know what it meant—that she was having a date with a stranger, a traveling man, a . . . a pickup! Like that Mrs. Sykes, or . . . or Daisy Hopper. . . .

With a smothered sob, she wheeled, and looking straight ahead, crossed the street in the opposite direction. Away from town, and back toward Eighth Street, she flew—over the new steel bridge that crossed Souwashee Creek, and along Thirty-first to the street she lived on, the block. Now, she could see her house—the vines so dark against the porch, and the white flowers waving!

At the first sight of them, something came to Janey. Suddenly, she knew what they meant—she understood. It wasn't a thing she could put into words,



but she could feel it in her bones, and in her heart, like strength. It was so strange, so wonderful, that she had to close her eyes to keep the tears from falling. Oh, it wasn't too late! She was only sixteen—she could still do something, be something! What did it matter about Papa and Mamma . . . the silly things she had done . . . even Martin? Tonight wasn't the end. It was really the beginning, for her, and she wasn't afraid any more.

Up the front steps she walked, and over to the swing. For a long time, she sat there with her eyelids pressed close, while the three boys raised their hats to her, over and over again. They were not three boys, but fifty, and because she had changed forever, they were old people, too, and girls . . . Oh, she would show them! She would stay at home where she belonged. She would keep the house clean as a pin. She would cook little things for Papa and Mamma, and she would sew. She would even go back to school, and study how to be a stenographer, maybe. Yes, she would make her own place in the world—either here, or somewhere. . . .

As if for the first time in all her life, Janey opened her eyes. They fell on the moonflowers, clinging white and stubborn to the vine. Tonight, more than ever before, they seemed like shining faces, and they nodded to her with pride.

Pitchers I Have Hit

Continued from page 17

fast his change of pace is very effective.

It has been Feller's lack of control that has been his downfall at times. I've never had much trouble hitting him, yet he's shown me as much stuff as any twirler I've ever faced. I can recall a ball game when the Yankees weren't doing very well against Feller. In the eighth inning with two men on, two out and the game tied, I came to bat.

I can remember this very well because I think it stuck in my mind as a day when I had Feller at my mercy. It illustrates a personal duel between a pitcher and a batter. Feller was particularly fast, and a bit wild.

I've had a creed about hitting and I took it up to the plate this day. The creed says: You're the hitter. The burden is on the pitcher. He has to get you out. He has to throw a ball three times over a 17-inch-wide space, or give you a ball you can't hit with force and timing. The pitcher has to bring that ball across the plate and when he does you can hit it.

It's a nice creed, but unfortunately it's not as easy as it sounds. However, it does give me confidence.

Feller stood out there this day on a rubber 60 feet 6 inches from the box where I stood gripping my bat, my feet spread squarely in what the hitting experts call a flat-footed stance. I stood there relaxed, my eyes watching every move he made. I was thinking about what I was going to do to the ball. I didn't care what he was thinking. The pressure was on him.

Some batters try to guess what's coming. But generally I just stand there, controlling the plate with my bat. I have a comparatively short stride when I step forward to hit, and I base my swing on wrist action. This short stride and quick snapping of the wrists makes it possible for me to hit the ball as I see it. I watch the ball come up and watch it break and then hit at it or stop my bat depending on whether it's to my liking.

Feller starts his pitch from 60 feet 6 inches away but by the time he strides he's somewhere around 55 feet from the plate. I am told it takes four tenths of a second for a fast ball to travel that distance. You can see there's no time for dillydallying.

A Pitcher's Worst Dilemma

With a couple of men on the bases and Feller a bit wild the percentage was to look at the first ball pitched. A ball would put the pressure on the pitcher from the start. Feller delivered a fast one that sailed above my shoulder for ball one. Now the advantage was more clearly mine.

The next pitch was a beautiful curve, and I almost offered at it, but I let it go by at the last possible moment. Two balls and no strikes. The pressure on Feller had doubled.

I knew, he knew, the crowd knew that Bob had to come in there with the next pitch. The chances were that it would be a fast one. Bob has a beautiful curve, but to date he's never been able to use it as a controlled pitch. Bob looked a little fidgety out there.

Feller pitched and, just as I thought, it came in. I connected squarely, pulling the ball into left field for a double to drive home the two runs that meant the ball game.

The point is that Feller, in a hole, had to come in with a pitch. And not being a control artist he had to come in with it the best he knew how.

Fast balls don't worry most hitters. I know I'm not afraid of Feller's fast

one, nor the fireball tossed by Emil Leonard, a Washington youngster who is nearly as fast.

The younger pitchers often have the most stuff. The veterans rely on control and experience. Jim Bagby of the Red Sox has a world of stuff. He's almost as fast as Feller and has a fine assortment of other stuff. Technically measured on the status of stuff on the ball I believe Bagby with Feller and Emil Leonard have as much stuff as anybody. But they didn't give me a great deal of trouble. My bad days, aside from a couple of slumps when all pitchers looked tough, are when some control pitcher is having one of his better days. You can't seem to get your bat on anything he offers you.

Ty Cobb Had the Answer

I once visited the immortal Tyrus Raymond Cobb in his home 30 miles from San Francisco. There are a lot of pictures on the wall of his den. Walter Johnson, Smoky Joe Wood and other titans. I said to Cobb, "Gosh, Ty, that Johnson, Wood, Walsh and Bender must have been pretty tough with that nicked ball, huh?"

Ty got up and put his finger on the framed photograph of the great Walter and said:

"I've seen this guy when he was so fast the ball was actually a streak. And that goes for the smoke on Wood's swift one. Chief Bender here was a cool, cagey Indian, and he, like all the better pitchers, had his days when I wished I was back in Georgia, whittling on a stick. But on other days I hit all of them. Joe, when a good hitter is going good, none of them are tough. Remember that."

The files show Christy Mathewson pitched some of his greatest baseball after he was thirty. So did Walter Johnson, Cy Young, Herb Pennock and Grover Cleveland Alexander.

And look at Old Mose Grove of the Red Sox. He always gives me a tough battle. His fast ball isn't swift but he keeps sliding it into your bat handle, and it also has a high, low and middle gear on it. By this I mean it has several speeds designed to spoil a batter's timing. His curve is sharp, nipping the corners, and it, too, has its variations of pace.

Carl Hubbell is another one of the spot tantalizers. King Carl is a master of control. I've faced him 15 times and collected three singles. The first few times I said to myself, "This guy hasn't a thing. I'll murder him." But later it dawned on me that the ball was seldom at a place where you could lay the wood against it squarely.

Dinky stuff, as we call the slow brand of pitching, is probably the hardest for a batter to hit, particularly a free swinger. Show a hard swinger a couple of fast ones just out of hitting range and the gentleman is always ready to murder the next one.

A change of pace is then thrown to catch him off stride. If that slow pitch is a knuckler or a screwball, tough ones to hit even when in stride, then you know why some batters throw their bat into the dirt and mumble terrible oaths.

One reason this kid from Washington, Emil Leonard, can worry the hitters is because of a beautiful knuckle ball. The kid is fast, but he uses his knuckler as a change of pace and as a money pitch. A knuckle ball jumps, twists and does a dozen or so tricks, but until controlled it's a menace to the pitcher in a tight spot just as much as to the hitter. A knuckler can very easily slip and end up as a wild pitch. Leonard made 11



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1 Should the mint be crushed in making a Gin Julep?



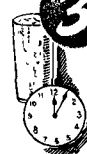
This is the question that has launched thousands of arguments, but the answer is "Yes"—if you want the soul-satisfying julep that transforms men into poets!

2 Do I need a silver julep cup to make a perfect Gin Julep?



No—a tall glass will do, but you must use a perfectly smooth, balanced-flavor gin. Better use Hiram Walker's and take no chances!

3 How do you frost the glass?



By filling it with shaved ice, then setting it in an open window before pouring in

the liquid. The julep should stand five minutes.



4 When was the "Gin Revolution"?

300 years after the discovery of gin, Hiram Walker revolutionized distilling with a new discovery that, for the first time in history, produced a perfectly uniform gin with a perfectly "harmonized" flavor.



5 How is "Harmonized" Flavor attained?

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How to make a GIN JULEP

Half-fill a silver julep cup or tall glass with finely-cracked ice. Add 6 leaves of mint lightly dusted with powdered sugar. Crush lightly with spoon; then add more cracked ice. Fill with Hiram Walker's Gin and add two sprigs of lightly sugar-dusted mint.



Hiram Walker Gins

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wild pitches last season to top the league in this informal department.

I guess a fighting heart has something to do with facing a firing row of batters, too. Sometimes a pitcher loses some of his stuff and still has the poise and brains to carry on. I am thinking of Dizzy Dean.

When I saw Dizzy out there in the 1938 World Series, pitching his heart out for the Chicago Cubs, I thought back to the first day I'd ever faced him. It was in the All-Star game of 1937. Dizzy was then in his prime. He served me a couple of fast ones that were fit to pop the eye and stop the breath. Then I knew why they called it his fog ball.

In the World Series game last year the Yanks kept going up to the plate and coming back to mutter: "All Diz has is his noodle." Well, that noodle did all right for seven innings. Dizzy knew how to tantalize a hitter, and he had control that kept the batters from getting a good bite at the ball.

Going into the first half of the eighth inning Dean had us stopped, 3 to 2. With two out and a man on first, Frankie Crosetti, our shortstop, came up.

Frankie worked Dizzy to the 3 and 2 stage. On the next pitch Crosetti parked the ball in the left-field bleachers for a home run to give us the lead, 4 to 3. I think that blow broke Diz's heart, and that's saying a lot, for the guy has one as big as a basketball. Crosetti told me later Dizzy tried to fog one in there and it just wasn't the same Dean fast ball.

I found it to be true in the ninth. Henrich had singled and I figured Dean would try to get me on his curve or slow stuff around the corners. I expected a

curve on the first pitch, but in it came—a fast one that wasn't. I wasn't ready for a true fast one, but this one was just slow enough for me to hit. If it had been his true fast one I would probably have been fooled, but I hit that ball as hard as I ever hit one in my life, and it landed somewhere in Chicago, far over the left-field wall of Wrigley Field.

The only other ball I can remember hitting any better was in the World Series of 1937 at the Polo Grounds. It was in the fifth game, and Cliff Melton, the big Giant southpaw, was going great guns. He had plenty of stuff and was mixing them up nicely.

It was in my mind that Melton would probably show me a fast one, probably trying to break it low down on the outside corner, which is considered a neat pitch for a southpaw against a right-handed hitter. This first one was just what I expected.

I figured the next one would be a curve against the bat handle. I decided to meet it by standing just a trifle farther away from the plate.

In came the next pitch, a sweet hook that was designed to run right into my handle. The ball sailed over the left-center tier in the Polo Grounds and was still rising when I last saw it.

I know how Melton must have felt. He had served a pretty fair country pitch, but I had offset it by shifting my stance unnoticed. Stuff on the ball, careful strategy and all that from the Giant battery duo didn't work in that case.

And that's why, I guess, they say around the ball yards: "Anything can happen in the game of baseball."

Renegade

Continued from page 14

He shifted uneasily where he lay on the bare ground. He prayed that it had been a chief getting on in years, and jealous of the rising, younger bucks. A man like that would keep Elizabeth for his own property, useful as a dog is useful and not otherwise.

HIS thoughts ran on, and he couldn't get to sleep. One thought, in particular, he had tried to put out of his mind, and he approached it now only by indirection. He didn't know what Indians had taken his wife. They might have come a long way from their own hunting grounds, and be doubling back to them now. But he did know that he had to get Elizabeth back, and there was but one way. He had to go after her himself, and alone.

For one thing, the settlements were busy, with harvest coming on, and couldn't spare the men or the time to go after one woman. For another, a body big enough to beat the Indians would be too big to catch up with them. Hard-pressed, the varmints would murder Elizabeth off, and vanish. No, Thomas had to go after her himself. He faced the thought that had been haunting him, and faced it now without quailing. He had turned renegade, like Simon Girty.

The word, and the thing, were abomination. The sweat came out on Thomas Houghton's forehead, though the night was cool and he was lying still. But there wasn't any other way! He had to throw in his lot with the redskins, get the freedom of their camps.

He began with the trail the Indians had left when they took Elizabeth, and followed it as far as he could. After it faded, following heavy rain, he trusted to chance. Sometimes he was lucky. Not very far from the settlements, he happened on an Indian, alone, and killed him. The brave had two scalps at his

belt, a red-haired man's and a brown-haired man's. The brown hair had a piece of black ribbon tied about its short pigtail. Houghton fastened a big stone to the Indian's feet and dropped him in a deep pool of the river.

He kept the scalps. He had to dress his new part. Going westward the way he was, he was bound to fall in with a band of Indians sooner or later. They had sharp eyes, and the scalps would please them. For the rest of his disguise, life in the woods quickly turned him wild-looking. You couldn't tell that he had ever farmed his own land.

He had thought of something else—he was going to pretend madness. The Indians had a superstitious awe of madmen, and, more important to Thomas Houghton, they wouldn't expect much help from him if they were planning a raid on the settlements. He practiced a little, to get the hang of lunacy. Sometimes, mostly at night, he wasn't sure that it was all pretense.

THE first band he met were weak, no-account Indians. They accepted him at the value he had put upon himself, indifferently, as the Indians accepted all things. Because he had a rifle and proved himself a good hunter, the chief even offered him a wife. The girl wasn't bad-looking, either, but Thomas wanted none of her. As soon as he could, he left that band for another.

All the rest of the summer, and into autumn, he moved from one band to another. After six months, in the winter, he heard of his wife. At least, it might be she. The white woman mentioned was with Big Beaver's band, and Thomas set out to make his way to her.

By then, his lean frame was attuned to the woods. He had a short, tangled beard, and his hair grew long. He had the fixed look of a man with one ruling

idea, and only one. The Indians he met took him for granted, a silent, unsmiling wanderer who brought in game to the camp when the best of their own hunters came back empty-handed. He got on pretty well with them, by minding his own business and never interfering with theirs. But now he had Big Beaver to deal with, and Big Beaver was another matter entirely.

Thomas Houghton had heard of him, even in the settlements. He had ninety braves in his band—and devilment in his mind, if Thomas knew Indians. It wouldn't be easy to impose on him.

There was Elizabeth, too. What would she do when she saw her husband? He had to risk that, and risk what she might think of the scalps at his belt—white men's scalps, one with a pitiful scrap of black ribbon tied about its pigtail. Thomas Houghton had to face these thoughts, but he didn't let them stop him. He went off to join Big Beaver's band.

HE FOUND them fifty miles west of Cable's blockhouse, in a half-permanent camp, the kind the Indians made in winter. Thomas Houghton walked in boldly and sat down by the fire. There was an ordeal ahead of him, and he steeled himself to meet it. The braves looked insolent, and Thomas knew they were bound to try him. He sat there putting tobacco in his pipe, giving a casual hitch to his belt that made the scalps swing. Big Beaver himself would be watching this.

At first he didn't see his tormentors. A wild screech behind him and a tomahawk flourished in front of his face, the point of a knife just grazing his cheek—Thomas Houghton endured that without turning his head. When they tired of it, the braves paraded in front of him. Their eyes were alight and the whole camp was watching them. They brushed past Thomas, and he had the fetid smell of their unwashed bodies in his nostrils. He knew what was expected of him, and he singled out the biggest, ugliest brave. The others he rigidly ignored, but he let his eyes follow the big warrior back and forth. When they saw that, the rest of them drew back slowly. Thomas stirred, and put his rifle down. He loosened the knife in its sheath. When at last he stood up, the Indian was waiting for him.

It didn't take long, but he needed all his skill. The nick on his temple might have been the death of him, if he hadn't ducked just in time. He had a cut on his hand, from trying to grab the brave's knife. But his own chance came when the Indian lunged with his left hand, to plant a thumb in Thomas Houghton's eyeball. He jerked his head aside, and stabbed hard at the exposed left side. The knife wrenched in his grip, but he thrust forward with all his strength. The blood spouted out over his hand, and he heard the brave's gurgling death whoop. Thomas sat down again. He'd been lucky.

There was a big powwow, which he carefully disregarded. They were making up their minds what to do with him, and he weighed his own chances. Big Beaver must be the one with least to say, the thickset one with the marks of smallpox on his broad face. Thomas judged that he might not be sorry to be rid of a possible rival in the dead brave.

The older Indians did most of the talking, addressing their remarks to the chief or to the air directly above his head. Flowery speeches, Thomas thought them, that might mean one thing and might mean another. But the decision lay with Big Beaver, and when he stood up and turned away from the circle, it meant that Thomas Houghton's life was spared. Now he was one of the tribe.

But his difficulties and dangers were

multiplied. The desperate risk of his first meeting with Elizabeth passed off. She didn't fail him. She looked at him incuriously and went back to her task of scraping a deer skin. They didn't exchange a word, but seeing her like that left Thomas weak and shaken. For a minute he couldn't see. Elizabeth looked well enough, only pinched and pale. She had her hair in braids down her back, like the Indian women. But evidently they hadn't ill-treated her, beyond casual blows. Thomas didn't dare try talking to her yet. Big Beaver watched him too closely.

And Big Beaver was a smart Indian. If he let Thomas stay with the tribe, it was because he foresaw a use for him, some task that an Indian, no matter how smart, couldn't do. Big Beaver had something in mind, and Thomas suspected that it was Cable's blockhouse. When the chief sent for him, he had been thinking of what answer to make.

But when the parley got started at last, after long silence, the substance of it took Thomas Houghton by surprise. Big Beaver had his plans laid and, from his viewpoint, the plans were good. "They will take you in, if you come to the blockhouse alone. Say that you are a trader, robbed of your furs. Then, on the night of the new moon, open the gate to us. We will take many scalps. With the muskets we find there, all our enemies will fear us. You will be a great man in the tribe."

The Indian's level voice stopped. Thomas Houghton reminded himself that this was not a nightmare but perilous fact. He sat and discussed the murder of whites with a redskin! But there was a gleam of hope in it. He said, "To make sure of getting in when I come to the blockhouse, they must believe my story. Traders go farther west and north. These are not good woods for furs. They would suspect me if I told them that."

He let that sink in. The chief knew what the whites thought of renegades. knew that they would take no chances. And Thomas Houghton said, "Better to say that I am a settler whose cabin has burned. Only—"

The Indian looked at him, waiting. "Only, a settler would have a wife. That is something a renegade, a man like me, never has. A white man coming with a white woman would be let in at once."

After a long pause, Big Beaver said, "There is a white woman in the tribe now, a slave. Have you seen her?"

Thomas nodded. It would have looked suspicious to deny it.

"You can take her. When will you go?"

Thomas considered. "It is a week to the night of the new moon. I will go tomorrow."

But it seemed to him an age before Big Beaver nodded.

IN THE woods, alone, they had almost nothing to say, as shy of each other as children. "Was you all right?" Thomas brought out, the sound of his own tongue strange to his ears now. "Was you all right, Elizabeth?"

His use of her name brought color to her thin cheeks. "Yes," she said. "And you, Thomas?"

"Oh, me! Did they—well, did they beat you?"

She shook her head. "I had to work real hard. Sometimes the women scratched me, or cuffed at me. That was all."

Thomas Houghton could feel the tears coming. Ashamed of that, he said gruffly, "We'd best hurry on. We ain't to the blockhouse yet." But when they stopped for the night, he built a lean-to for his wife, out of pine boughs. Maybe, the way it was between them, that was as good a way as any of telling Elizabeth he was glad to have her back. He didn't

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believe he could do any better with the few words at his command.

Cable's blockhouse was bigger than most. It had an upper story projecting on all sides above the lower. There was a stockade of sharpened logs set upright, pierced by loopholes for men firing from the rifle pits behind. The rifle pits were especially strong just at the gate. The spring would be inside the blockhouse itself. Thomas Houghton judged that it was a strong position.

The place was crowded with thirty men and half as many women. A Captain Turner held Thomas in talk in the open space just inside the gate. The gate was closed, and the wall was manned by riflemen. A spare, stiff man, with cheeks like leather and eyes as sharp as gimlets, Captain Turner asked a great many questions. When Thomas had told his story, the captain said, "We've been looking for something like this, but not just in this form. I'll admit there's a little doubt in my mind."

Thomas didn't understand him and said so.

"Don't you?" the captain grunted. "You tell me, the Indians stole your wife in August, and kept her alive all this time? And you went after her, alone, and brought her back. You must think me a great fool!"

Thomas Houghton shrank with a worse fear than any he had known in the woods. "But, Captain—"

"We've had scouts out. We know all about Big Beaver, and we expected an attack."

"On the night of the new moon."

"And what's your part in it, hey? Why did Big Beaver let you go unharmed, if not to do his devil's business here? Answer me!"

Thomas recoiled as from a blow. Behind them, a dry voice said: "You, Turner!"

The captain spun about. "Well, Amelia?"

"What makes you so mighty toward the poor man? Ain't you read in Scripture about the Cities o' Refuge?"

"His story won't hold water. It'd need a miracle to be true."

"Don't sound so to me! I talked with his wife. Trouble with you, because you wouldn't stir out to fetch me back, suppose the savages took me off, you won't believe any other man would do it. Now ain't that it? I'll allow, it makes you look small, but that ain't this man's fault. It ought to be a lesson to you."

"I tell you, Big Beaver sent him here!"

"He made Big Beaver think he did. There's some difference." The woman put her arms akimbo. "Anyways, what are you going to do? The savages will come on the night of the new moon. You haven't got so many that you can afford to send a man away."

"I can't afford to let him stay and let the Indians in on us!"

"Rubbish!" said his wife equably.

A SMALL crowd had gathered about them. One of the men said, "Mrs. Turner's right, Cap'n. We'll need every rifle. We can watch him. Anyhow, his story might be true."

Thomas Houghton began to take courage. He said, "Captain, I've got a spite against the savages. All I want's the chance to settle a part of it. They call me a pretty good shot."

A murmur of approval ran through the bystanders. Captain Turner said grudgingly, "Well, then, you can stay. Remember, you'll be watched. Get your musket now, and go to the stockade. They may wait till the new moon, and then, again, they may not."

But they did. Thomas Houghton knew they would, and had laid his plans. The blockhouse boasted two brass cannon, short in the barrel, wide in the

mouth. At each corner of the stockade, a projecting bastion of logs gave opportunity for cross fire to sweep the approach to the gate. Thomas studied the ground, and went to the captain. The plan was not only sound in itself but evidence of his good faith to boot.

"They'll look for me to open the gate, and they'll be huddled along the wall. Load the cannon full—with stones, if you can't spare the bullets. Wait till you hear me pretend to draw the bars on the gate—then blaze away! And, Captain!"

"Well?"

"Spike the bars on the gate. Set a man to watch me, and tell him to shoot if I make a wrong move."

THE new moon had to be taken on faith, that night. It was cloudy, with not even starlight to see by. Besides, it was bitterly cold, and Thomas Houghton shivered, waiting at the gate. The stockade was only a deeper darkness. For the third time he pulled himself up to look over, and heard the click as, for the third time, Captain Turner drew back the hammer of his musket. Thomas dropped back. "Nothing," he whispered. "Ain't it near midnight?"

"Yes. Mind, now, you're to powwow with them long enough to get word to the gunners."

"I won't forget." He took Captain Turner by the arm. "Listen!" he said.

The ghost of sound was repeated—the delicate shuffling of moccasins in new snow. Behind the stockade, two men stole off to warn the gunners. Thomas Houghton put his head over the top and whispered, "Is all ready?"

Back came the murmur: "Let us in!"

Then he dropped back and fumbled clumsily with the heavy bars. Just for that moment his hands shook and he set his jaws to keep his teeth from chattering. What were they waiting for? The Indians would suspect something, directly. He'd told them to use a short fuse, hadn't he? Suddenly the night split dreadfully asunder a few feet from where Thomas Houghton stood.

The blast from two sides spewed death in a wide and bloody swath across the whole front of the stockade. But that was only the beginning. The rest of the Indians scattered, and the fire arrows sprang up from the edge of the woods. The blockhouse roof was deep in snow, but the arrows that stuck in the stockade burned fiercely enough to give a little light. A scattering rifle fire began, to cover the first wild assault. The whole tribe must have come. Six or seven of them got inside the stockade, and died there in the trodden snow.

At once another attack broke against the gate, and was beaten back only after hard fighting. The Indians came on like demons, maddened by the dashing of their first hopes. Thomas Houghton was in the thickest part of that night's work. Once a face that looked down on him might have been Big Beaver's. Thomas didn't know, but he drove the butt of his musket, hard, against the bared teeth and went on fighting. It has to be set down that he was happy.

It ended just at dawn, with the last and hardest attack of all. The thin, first daylight fell on a furious hand-to-hand fight inside the stockade. It ended then because there were no Indians left, and the women were attending to a good half of the whites. Thomas Houghton leaned on his long musket and took deep breaths of the sharp air. He felt better. He didn't feel like a renegade any more. Maybe, now, as soon as the trails were open, he could go back to farming his own land.

Just now they didn't seem to need him here any more. Some of the men were talking about breakfast. But he guessed he would go in and see Elizabeth first.

Things I Couldn't Tell till Now

Continued from page 21

Nobody was seriously trying to stop the game, but the cops made a few arrests every day, and that made the business in our court. When a collector was arrested his banker had to bail him out and pay his fine and lawyer's fee. That was where I came in. It was my job to get a defendant discharged, instead of being held for trial in the bigger court downtown.

I knew almost nothing about the law and less about court procedure, but I had a loud mouth and an easy flow of words and soon found these an effective substitute. An arrest for policy is not a very serious matter, but for the prisoner it is a big event and he likes to have it handled with proper style and flourish. When I cross-examined a cop, or flung big words around extolling the virtues of my defendant, it was something to make his friends and relatives on the back benches sit up and enjoy themselves.

Even if my client went to jail, he felt he was doing so in a fitting atmosphere of drama and excitement. Pretty soon prisoners began telling their bankers they wanted to be defended by the kid mouthpiece, and I was doing a very nice business.

The "Fix" Goes In

Before long some of the bankers began bringing cases direct to me, cutting around the bondsmen. Then my friend Ike, the bondsman, initiated me into a secret rite of the system. He was sad to disillusion me, but my legal talents had little to do with my success in the court. The really important part was the money that he had been spreading around for the fix. This was good news to me, you may be sure. From this time on I collected the fix money myself and kept a modest fifty per cent commission.

The process of the fix was simple. It was made possible by the loose way in which the complaints were drawn, so wide-open that a cop could give any kind of testimony he pleased. For instance, a cop might find a man with eighty policy slips in his pocket. That would be a perfect case, but the clerk would put in the complaint merely: "Eighty slips found in defendant's possession."

So there was nothing to prevent the cop, if he so desired, from testifying that he found the slips on a counter and saw the defendant standing there with three or four other men. Then the possession would not be exclusive and the case would go out the window.

For a policy collector, who might get sixty or ninety days if convicted, we always went after a fix. There had to

be some defendants held for trial, of course, but they were usually players found with a single slip in their pockets. They were generally sent downtown for trial, found guilty and given suspended sentences.

After learning about the fix, I was really making dough. One of my best clients was Alexander Pompez, a Cuban who had been very successful in promoting a Negro baseball club and a sports arena known as the Dyckman Oval, and had then branched out into policy.

Henry Miro, a Puerto Rican banker, resented this competition, and every day he was putting cops on Pompez's men. Pompez had a long string of arrests. I charged him a \$15 or \$25 legal fee for each case, and what the traffic would bear for the fix, varying the amount from \$200 to \$500 so he wouldn't get wise. It was over a month before he caught on.

"You know, Arthur," said Pompez to Dutch Schultz one day much later, "this kid Dick Davis gyped me out of \$30,000, all in one month, but I still like the little son of a gun."

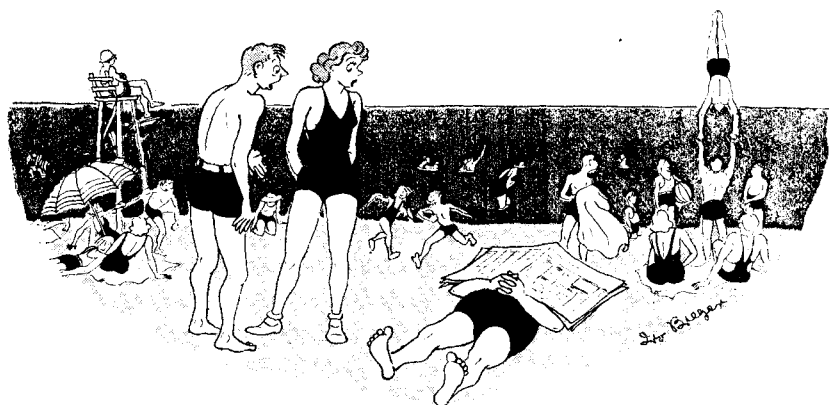
Pompez exaggerated, but still those were my happiest days. I was prosperous and wearing a \$65 suit—I hadn't started wearing \$165 suits yet. I had a little trap door made in the floor of my mother's closet, and in there I had more cash saved up than I ever had at one time before or since.

Ethics? No, I hadn't studied ethics in law school. If there was any such course, I certainly missed it. Every lawyer I knew who was making a living was doing the same sort of things I was doing, only I was doing them smarter and faster.

I suppose you might say I was polluting the stream of justice, but that was something that had been done by experts long before I came along. When I was breaking into the system, Judge Seabury was starting to expose part of it and making such a sensation that he eventually turned the whole city upside down. But in spite of all the excitement, business went on as usual, as far as I could see.

You understand that, up to this point, I had no contact with the real underworld or important organized crime. The policy bankers were not mobsters. They were merely gamblers running an illegal business, on a very peaceful, non-violent basis. There is a distinction, very real, between ordinary law violators and the public enemies of the organized underworld.

There is no better example of the difference than the two Weinberg brothers, George and Bo. George was the fellow



"Think we should investigate? After all, that's last Monday's paper on him!"

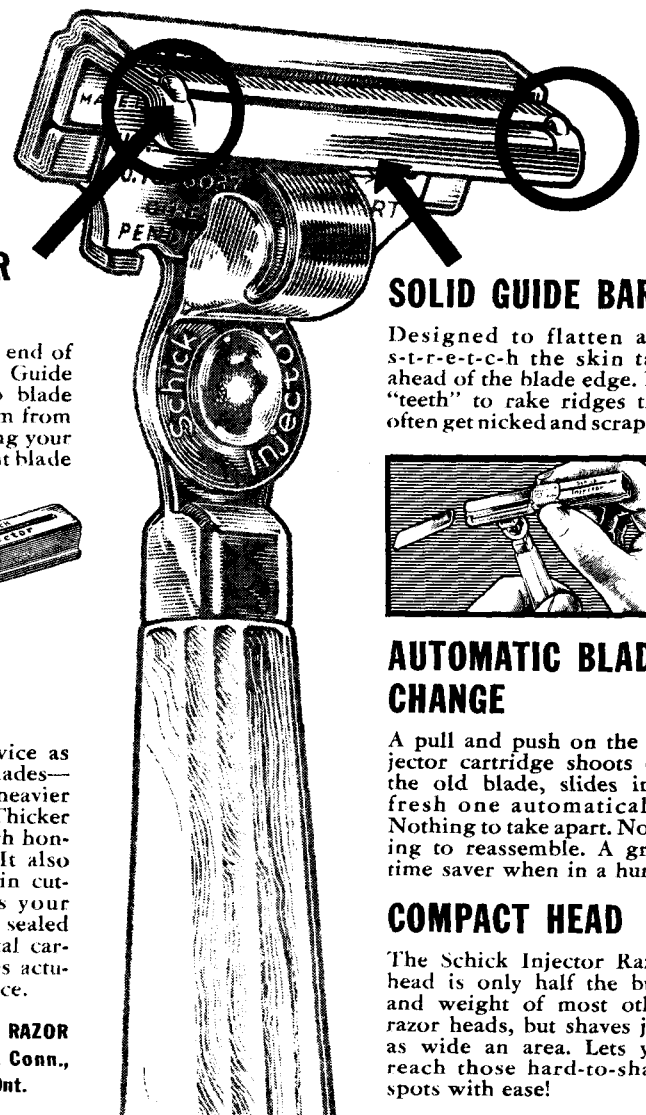
IRV BREGER

NO MORE NICKS!...thanks to Protected Blade Corners

Another reason why more than ~~2,000,000~~ ^{3,000,000} men have switched to the SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

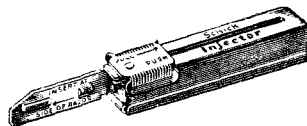
Unprotected blade corners are the cause of many nicks you get in shaving. It does little good to guard the blade edge, if its sharp corners are not shielded—left exposed to nick your face. The picture below shows how Schick Injector Blade corners are protected—explains why you may safely speed up or hear down and shave "against the grain."

Only the Schick Injector Razor gives you such a combination for fast, COMFORTABLE shaving... plus all the other advantages shown below. When you study these advantages you'll realize why more than 3,000,000 men have already switched to the Schick Injector Razor—and why it is fast becoming America's most popular razor.



BLADE CORNER GUARDS

These guards at each end of the Schick Injector Guide Bar cover the sharp blade corners... keep them from nicking and scratching your face. Also help prevent blade vibration.



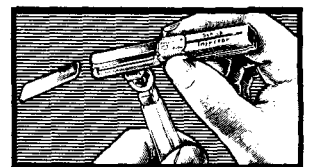
DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

Schick Blades are twice as thick as most other blades—more than 3 times heavier than tissue thin ones. Thicker steel permits thorough honing and stropping. It also eliminates vibration in cutting edge as it hits your whiskers. Blades are sealed in bath of oil in metal cartridge... their edges actually suspended in space.

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn., and Niagara Falls, Ont.

SOLID GUIDE BAR

Designed to flatten and stretch the skin taut ahead of the blade edge. No "teeth" to rake ridges that often get nicked and scraped.



AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

A pull and push on the Injector cartridge shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one automatically. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble. A great time saver when in a hurry.

COMPACT HEAD

The Schick Injector Razor head is only half the bulk and weight of most other razor heads, but shaves just as wide an area. Lets you reach those hard-to-shave spots with ease!



Only \$1.00

(Same prices now prevail in Canada)

THE "POPULARITY" KIT

A value that's the result of record demand by more than 3,000,000 men. Genuine Schick Injector Razor with cartridge of 12 blades in trim pigskin-grain case. At your druggist's now.

20 YEAR GUARANTEE (1939)

This Schick Injector Razor is intended to give at least 20 years shaving service to the purchaser. If it gets out of order within that time, no matter what the cause may be, it will be reconditioned or replaced free of charge when returned to the manufacturer.

When you buy Schick Blades you get a whole magazine of blades... 20 or 12 at a time. No running out of blades every few days. Cost per blade is less than other brands.



who was arrested with me last year, and who persuaded me to turn state's evidence in District Attorney Dewey's prosecution of Jimmy Hines. He was a sensitive, moody person who always dreaded jail with a fierce intensity. That is why he killed himself last winter.

George held legitimate jobs when he was a youngster, but through his big brother Bo he got in a jam, being caught with burglars' tools, and did a bit in the penitentiary. After that George's whole life was twisted. He always was on the wrong side of the law, but no more harmful than a lot of decent fellows who ran speakeasies during prohibition. He was a family man, true to his wife. He never did anything violent and was entirely unlike the fellows in the mob.

Bo Weinberg was a rough, tough mug and a fighter from the ground up, and became Schultz's chief lieutenant. Bo used to reminisce with sentimental delight about his days in prison, and he was as unmoral and elemental as any person I have even known.

Bo was a typical mobster except that he lacked entirely that mean streak that you find in so many criminals. I became very fond of Bo, and when he took his hair down over a bottle of Scotch and yarned about his murders it was like reading about the pirates in Treasure Island. Bo had committed more murders than any other man I ever knew, but even when he was drunk there never seemed to be an ounce of malice in him.

He was always shooting people who were out to pot him first. The only exception I know is the murder I will tell you about next week, and he did that one as a favor to his friends. Bo would do anything for a friend.

A Favor for a Friend

George Weinberg ran a policy bank for a while and we got to be pretty good friends. Then his bank folded up. One day in the spring of 1931 I got a hurry call from George and I found him in the Harlem cigar store where he hung out. He said he needed \$1,000 right away. His kid was sick, nearly dying, needed a mastoid operation that very night, and the doctor demanded cash. So I went up to my mother's and got George the \$1,000. The kid had the operation and got well.

Believe it or not, that incident started me with the organized underworld. For a few days later I thought of George when a client came to me with a new kind of trouble.

Among my clients was Big Joe Ison, at this time the biggest policy banker in Harlem. Joe's former boss, Brunder, and their big competitor, Henry Miro, had recently ducked out when Judge Seabury got after them. Joe had taken over their business and was succeeding in a big way.

Joe Ison told me he had been taken out and threatened by some gangsters. They were trying to shake him down.

"Joe," I said, "I've been thinking something like this might happen. Policy has been making lots of money, and so far it has not been bothered, but some mob is likely to move in. Now, it might be a good idea to get some strong mob to protect you and pay for it, so nobody will bother you."

"How much would it cost?" he asked.

"Well, I'd guess you could get protection for \$500 a week," I said. He thought it a good idea, so I arranged for us to meet George and Bo Weinberg.

Bo wanted \$1,000 a week, but finally agreed to take \$500 for protection by the Schultz mob. It was all very nice and pleasant and I took a liking to Bo from that time on.

Ison got along all right under Bo's protection for a few months. Then Henry Miro came back to start banking

again. Ison didn't want this competition and asked me if we could get the mob to deal with it. So I got the Weinbergs to arrange a meeting with Schultz himself.

I had never met the Dutchman, so this was as big an event for me as it was for Ison. If I could get in with the Dutchman it would mean plenty of juicy law business. I had Ison and Miro waiting in my apartment in East 98th Street and finally George arrived with Schultz.

The Dutchman walked right across the room and took me by the hand.

"Hello, Dick," he said cordially. "How are you?"

He came up to me and acted just as if we were old pals. That was to give me a build-up with my client, Ison. I could see Ison was impressed by the way I seemed to stand in with the big shot.

As Schultz took my hand that night his greeting seemed to make us co-conspirators. And there was a calm, assured sense of power in his handshake that made me uneasy. It was as if he had said, "We're going to do big things together." Later I told myself that it was fated we should meet, especially when I found out that we had been

reasonable, and he should go along with it. But Miro, who had known Schultz for a long time, put up an argument, started protesting about percentages and one thing and another.

The Dutchman spoke quietly and pretty soon he went out in the kitchen with Miro and George Weinberg. They were gone only a minute or two and then Miro came back into the room ahead of them, all smiles.

Mr. Schultz is Persuasive

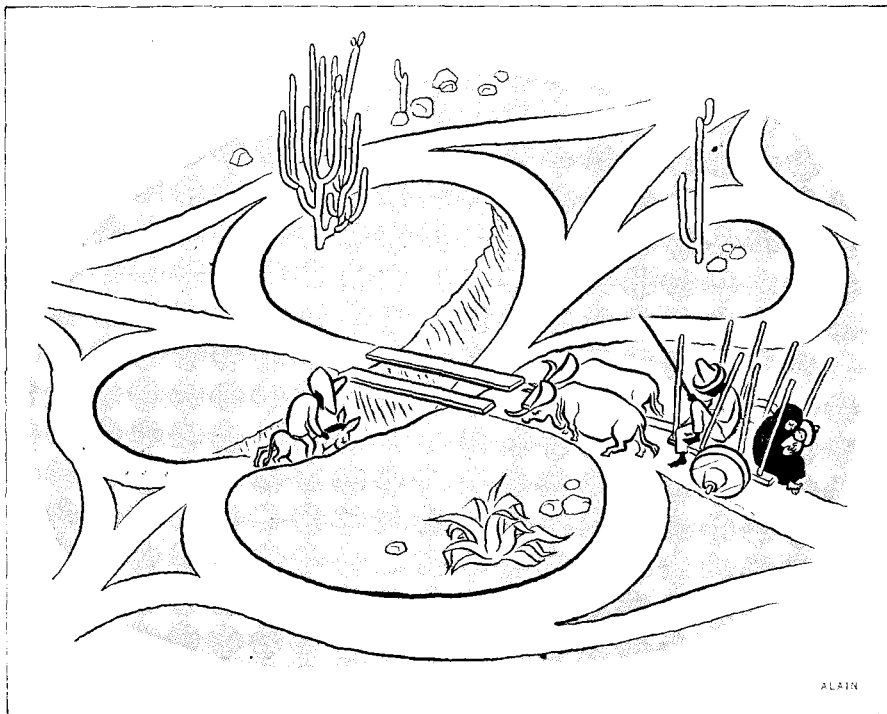
"Okay, Joe," said Miro to Ison in a cheerful tone. "When do we start?"

Gosh, I thought to myself, what a personality this man Schultz has! Miro had calmed down in an instant. Two years later Henry and George told me what the Dutchman said there in the kitchen. It had been very simple.

"Henry, you do what I say," said the Dutchman, "or I will kill you."

"Why, Arthur," said Henry, "you know I always do what you say."

Schultz was then at the height of his efficiency, absolute master of a cut-throat mob and top man in the underworld of Harlem and the Bronx. Power had not yet begun to work on him its



living in the same apartment building all along.

His murderous reputation had led me to expect a ruffian, but he was not at all that way. He was a small but well-set man, with good features. The girls used to say he looked like Bing Crosby with his nose bashed in. With his mob, I was to learn, Schultz could be boisterous and noisy, and talk a rough thieves' argot, but this night he was polite, well-spoken, amiable.

There was something incongruous about his appearance and not until later did I realize what it was: he was wearing splendid silk haberdashery with a nondescript, ill-fitting gray suit. Sycophants used to give him presents of \$25 shirts and \$10 neckties, but he bought his own suits, ready-made, and never paid more than \$35 for them. There was a bulge at his waistline, where he had his pistol under his vest.

Joe Ison came quickly to the point. He told Schultz that if Miro was coming back he wanted to supervise Miro's bank.

It was the old story—the way a racket usually starts. The businessman calls in the gangster to take care of labor trouble or competition, and then pretty soon he finds himself taking orders from the gangster.

Schultz told Miro that Ison's idea was

inevitable ingrowing corrosion of the ego, which was to turn him in a few years into a homicidal ogre, one step from madness.

Dutch Schultz, born Arthur Flegenheimer, had been a roughneck boy, son of a respectable family in the Bronx. He got into trouble for stealing, and after the law had briefly undertaken to reform him he went downtown and worked as a shooter in the mob of Legs Diamond.

Diamond was the organizer of the first really modern mob in New York. As distinguished from the old loosely knit gangs, the mob was a compact business organization, with a pay roll of gunmen who worked for a boss.

Diamond was backed by the brains, money and influence of the gambler Arnold Rothstein, who was a sort of banker for the underworld. The mob did labor slugging, preliminary to the highly developed industrial rackets of later years. They robbed silk trucks and aspirin trucks—there was a lot of money in stolen aspirin. They did bootlegging, hijacking and narcotics smuggling. Most of the men who later became important in the mobs worked for Diamond at one time or another, but they soon quit. Legs could not hold their loyalty. He was always unpopular. He would kill a friend.

Schultz went back to the Bronx after a brief apprenticeship and worked for the Rock brothers, who were bootleggers. Soon he had gathered a few tough fellows around him, for he had qualities of leadership, and they kidnaped the boss, Joe Rock. That was hardly a gentle interlude, for Rock lost the sight of one eye as a result, but it ended with Schultz being cut in for a partnership. The Rocks kept the liquor end of the business and Schultz took the beer.

Schultz and his partner, Joe Noe, had their headquarters in a speakeasy generally known as the Hub Social Club, but called by its intimates the Tub of Blood. There was good reason, for few joints ever saw more murders. There must have been two dozen men, and some girls, knocked off there, and their bodies were later found in the gutter or the Harlem River.

A fellow who had been quarreling with Schultz saw him one day and ironed out their troubles, then went right around to the Hub to renew old acquaintances. Fats McCarthy, since murdered, was behind the bar. He had not yet heard about the reconciliation, so he just picked up a pistol and shot the visitor in the face without a word.

Schultz and Noe did very well in the Bronx. For one thing, they were in solid with the law, being law-enforcement officers themselves, sworn in as deputies by Sheriff Edward J. Flynn. Flynn at that time was just a local character, but later he was to attain eminence as secretary of state, New York's leading New Deal politician, United States Commissioner to the World's Fair and host to their Britannic Majesties. Schultz was all right on home grounds, but when he expanded his territory downtown he ran into trouble with Legs Diamond.

One day Schultz and Joe Noe were doing beer business with Big Bill Dwyer in his office in West 54th Street when Noe decided to go across the street to Diamond's hotel to see if he could not straighten things out. Schultz protested he should not trust Legs, but Noe went and had hardly gone out the door when a volley of shots came from the street. Diamond men had been waiting outside, and Noe was knocked right over.

Schultz leaped to Dwyer's window balcony, saw what was happening, took careful aim and fired. He caught one of the Diamond men on the run and killed him. The other jumped in a car and got away.

Despite all they used to say about Schultz being yellow, he was a fighter in his own right. Take that night Chink Sherman shot him in the Club Abbey. Schultz had only a .28 caliber pistol with him and quickly emptied it. Then, while the lights were out, he grabbed a heavy ice bowl, smashed it on the table, and with a broken chunk of glass went after the Chink and slashed him to ribbons.

The time when I was meeting the Dutchman, and everything was so nice and polite, was really the most violent part of his career, the period of the Vincent Coll war.

Vincent Coll, the Mick, had been one of Schultz's leading gunmen, but in the spring of 1931 he decided he could make more money on his own. Strangely enough, the Dutchman gave his consent, but he sent around word to the other mobs that he was no longer responsible for anything Coll did. For he knew the Mick was a vicious dog who needed a strong hand to hold him in leash. Coll soon started hijacking liquor trucks that belonged to the Italian mobs, and the war was on.

Coll was receiving directions from Legs Diamond, whom the underworld had exiled to the Catskills and Albany. Legs had been wounded so many times that the newspapers were calling him the clay pigeon of the underworld. He did not dare come back to New York.



**SURE IT'S A GOOD TRUCK, JIM,
BUT I'D CERTAINLY SEE THAT
DODGE BEFORE
I BOUGHT**



ONE TRUCK USER TELLS ANOTHER

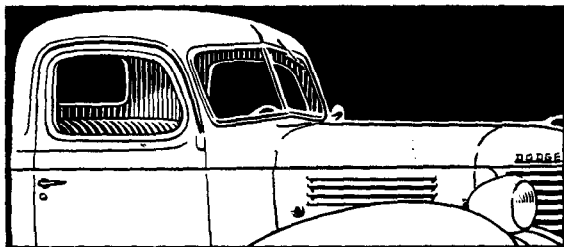
"LOOK AT DODGE AND THE 'OTHER 2'

LOWEST-PRICED TRUCKS-AND YOU'LL BUY DODGE!"

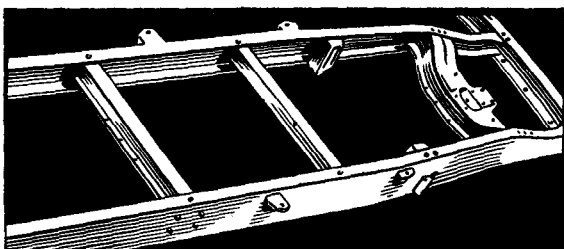
**HERE'S SOME OF
THE EXTRA VALUE
YOU GET IN A DODGE**



AMOLA STEEL AXLE SHAFTS AND SPRINGS. To prevent costly break-downs and repairs. This amazing, shock-resistant alloy combines hardness and strength far in excess of ordinary steels.



100% RUSTPROOFING. Dodges are the only trucks with fully Bond-ized cabs, bodies, fenders, hoods, radiator shells, etc., to give you most modern protection against rust damage.



EXTRA-BRACED CHASSIS FRAMES. Dodge chassis frames are the strongest type, with alligator-jaw cross members and a special box-section member at front to minimize weaving, prolong body life.

"I have never owned a truck that has been as economical and dependable as Dodge," says a Pennsylvania hauler. And here is a typical comment from California: "I can safely say that when it comes to sturdiness and economy of operation my 1939 Dodge outperforms them all!" A Massachusetts contract hauler reports: "After carefully checking the cost of operation, I found that Dodge cost far less than any other truck I had ever operated!"

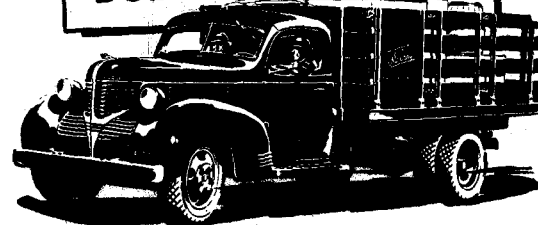
It's easy to see why truck users across America are so enthusiastic about Dodges. Although these great trucks are priced right down with the lowest, their engineering and dependability save you money even over trucks that cost you hundreds more!

See and drive a Dodge Truck. Then put it alongside the "other 2" lowest-priced trucks and COMPARE. Check the features that mean real money-saving value. AND YOU'LL BUY DODGE.

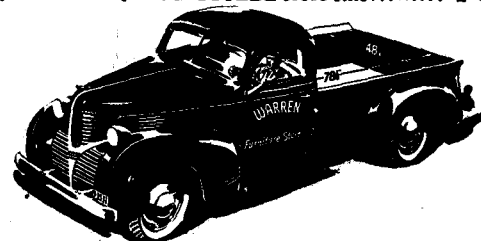
7 DIFFERENT ENGINES, including sensational new 3-ton Diesel! Each Dodge Truck, from 1/2-ton to 3-ton, is powered just right for maximum performance and economy.

DODGE TRUCKS

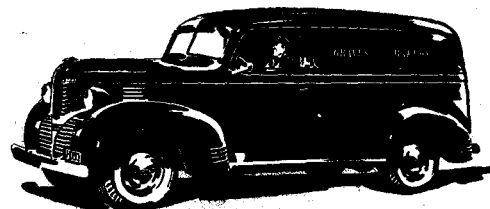
**LOOK AT THESE
DODGE PRICE TAGS**



1 1/2-TON STANDARD STAKE, 133' W. B. Dependable Dodge \$780 body has STEEL posts and STEEL cross sills.....



1/2-TON PICKUP, 116' W. B. Wider, longer Dodge body. \$590 Why pay more for smaller pickups?.....



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Above are Detroit delivered prices, including Fed. tax and standard equipment. Transportation, dual wheels on 1 1/2-ton trucks, and State and local taxes (if any), extra.

DAISY WILL TELL



HOW SHE LIKES A BARBASOL FACE

It's really something to rave about—a smoother, cleaner, fresher-looking Barbasol Face.

Why go on with old-fashioned methods that tend to bite and burn, may coarsen and age the skin?

Try modern Barbasol. See for yourself how much more efficient and pleasant it is.

See how much quicker and cleaner your shaves—how much smoother and softer your skin,

after you've shaved

[Certainly, no half-cut stubble—a shave that lasts all day.]

That's because Barbasol contains no harsh irritants. Only gentle ingredients, beneficial oils, for which your face will be most grateful.

Barbasol is sold at all drug stores. Large tube, 25¢. Giant tube, 50¢. Family-size jar, 75¢. Five scalpel sharp Barbasol Blades, 15¢.



but through Coll he was trying to regain his power.

One day Coll went machine-gunning for Joey Rao in an East Harlem street and shot down five small children who were playing there, killing one of them. From then on he was known as "the baby-killer." Probably no one in mob history had ever done so much to make bootlegging unpopular. That was serious for the whole underworld.

For six months Coll went his outlaw way, kidnaping gangsters for ransom, knocking off others indiscriminately. All the mobs in town were gunning for him. The cops tried to get him with a murder case, but their star witness, who claimed to have seen Coll kill the baby, turned out to be a phony. Schultz felt a certain sense of responsibility about this, since Coll had been his man. Besides, he had knocked off several Schultz mobsters. So Bo Weinberg himself went into action, and then they got results.

First they took care of Legs Diamond. Legs was acquitted one day in an extortion trial and got himself drunk to celebrate. Bo was in Albany with a squad. He told me all about it. They took no chances on marksmanship. They had a duplicate key made for the room Diamond had rented. With Diamond sleeping, drunk, it was a simple matter to go in and finish him off.

Putting Coll on the spot was much more difficult. Once the Schultz mob thought they had him. He was pinched and they had someone bail him out. Outside the prison a carload of gunners waited, ready to blast him. But Coll's sister met him at the jail, with her baby, and he came out with the child in his arms, got in a car and rode away. The Schultz shooters couldn't shoot the baby-killer without being baby-killers themselves.

Schultz got some stool pigeons into the Coll mob to send him word where the maverick mobster might be found. One night, on a hot tip, a band of gunmen burst into Patsy del Greco's apartment in the Bronx, shooting as they came. Ten men and women were there, and two children. Seven were shot, three of them killed. But not Vincent Coll. He arrived a half-hour late.

The End of the Mick

They got him a week later. One clue they had was that Coll sometimes got in touch with Ownie Madden, one of the biggest mobsters in town. Coll had once shaken down Ownie for \$35,000 by kidnaping his partner, Big Frenchie, and he still held some unknown power over him and could shake him down for money. The mob found out Ownie was expecting a phone call from Coll and the gunmen got ready.

Madden was in his Harlem place, the Cotton Club, which was a hangout for the big shots, and he was called to the telephone in his little private back office. He heard Coll's voice over the wire, and then he felt a nudge at his ribs. It was a shooter standing there with a gun against him.

"Keep talking to him," said the shooter. "Don't let him hang up."

The call was traced to a phone booth in a drugstore in 23d Street, near London Terrace, the world's largest apartment house, where Madden lived in a penthouse. Within a few seconds the gunmen's car was racing there from a point near by. Bo told me it was a cop who got the call traced.

The shooter stood there with his gun jabbed into Ownie Madden's ribs until the machine-gun rattle came through the receiver. A gunman had calmly walked into the drugstore and riddled the phone booth while Coll was talking.

That is the story told me by Bo Weinberg, who drove the murder car. After the shooting, he tore up the street and

around the corner into Eighth Avenue. A cop came behind on the running board of a taxi, with his gun out, shooting. Bo's car outdistanced him within a mile.

With Coll dead, peace reigned in the underworld and Schultz was able to proceed methodically with his business of the moment, which was to round up all the policy banks into one big Schultz combination. The Dutchman had foresight, and he not only saw the prospect of rich winnings in policy but he wanted insurance against the repeal of prohibition.

After the meeting with Miro and Ison in the summer, Schultz raised Ison's protection fee to \$1,000 a week. Within a few months Joe's resources were so depleted that at Thanksgiving time, when he was hit by a series of bad numbers, his bank was busted. He went to Schultz to borrow \$12,000 to pay off. As security, Schultz took over a two-third share of Ison's business, and put George Weinberg in to run the bank.

Schultz then started rounding up Pompey and other bankers, getting them to join his combination. There was no violence. None was needed.

Enter Jimmy Hines

The last banker to come in was a fellow named Maloney, for when he heard Schultz was forming the combination he got in touch with Jimmy Hines and got Hines' protection. It is interesting that the fellow who got in touch with Hines for Maloney was George McManus, the gambler who was arrested and indicted for the killing of Arnold Rothstein in the Park Central Hotel back in 1928.

McManus was a very good friend of Hines'. Hines has told me more than once how he went to bat for McManus, did everything he could to get him out of that jam, and finally McManus was brought to trial and the case was so weak that the judge directed the jury to acquit him.

Well, Schultz could not take over Maloney's bank until Hines came back from a trip to Hot Springs in the spring of 1932 and gave the okay.

Then Schultz got Hines on his own pay roll to give political protection to the combination, and that was a master stroke, for we soon found that what Hines could do was plenty. He could, and did, have cops transferred when they bothered the numbers. He had magistrates throw out good cases that honest cops had made against George Weinberg and Lulu Rosenkrantz. He gave his support to a district attorney who didn't bother us much.

When it got around that Schultz and Hines were behind the numbers, the game boomed.

I'll tell you how wide open it was. In the summer of 1933, at a time when Schultz himself was in hiding as a fugitive from the federal government, he tried to cut the percentage of the collectors from thirty to twenty per cent. They hired a hall in Harlem and held a mass meeting, more than a thousand of them, and 2,000 numbers collectors went on strike against Schultz.

Neither the police nor the newspapers even noticed that meeting. The collectors, by the way, won the strike. They were the only people I ever knew who had the nerve to stand up and fight the Dutchman.

With his numbers combination operating, the Dutchman was sitting on top of the world, except for two things: the federal government was after him, and the downtown mobs had formed a combination in which he had no part, and it threatened to overshadow his power. Finally it killed him.

The third article of this series will appear in next week's Collier's.

Continued from page 19

her if he had known where to look. It occurred to him that he knew almost nothing about her at all. He didn't know where she was stopping, or what town she lived in when she was home. But now that she was gone he was lonely and discouraged, unwilling to work any more, little time as he had left. He didn't care much whether he made the take-off or not.

He began putting away his tools.

Then his eye dropped upon the newspaper Ellen had laid on the box; and a face in half tone arrested his glance.

Justine Pryor was beautiful in newsprint again, in helmet and raised goggles. Joe's eye ran down the adjacent interview, and his own name jumped out at him. They had not forgotten to ask Justine about that old joke—the duel between the crack racer, Manosky, and the unknown kid, Joe Sebring, who had beaten him.

It always gave Joe an unpleasant shock to see his name in print; and now he winced, even before he had read the paragraph.

"Sebring doesn't figure in this," Justine Pryor was quoted. "Probably he doesn't even mean to take off. I don't believe you could get him into a race with Frank if you chloroformed him."

JOE'S brow cleared, and he smiled. Meticulously he laid the newspaper back on the box. Then he got out his tools again, and worked until after midnight.

He looked for Ellen all the next day, but she didn't show. It was the eve of the race, and he hardly had time to get in his tuning flights; but at noon he took half an hour he could not spare, and went down the hangar line trying to find out how he could reach her. But the wrong people had gone to lunch, and he didn't learn anything.

It was starting time, and his ship was warming up on the apron in a murky drizzle before he saw her. She was in a group of people who stood close inside the ropes that held the spectators back; she hadn't come forward to speak to

him. The loud-speakers were already roaring his name, warning him to get out on the line, but he went to her and she walked to his plane with him.

"Look," he said. "I want you to know this. I think you're swell. I think you're great. And you can have anything I've got, any time, ever."

She smiled then, and lifted her face. "By, Joe." As he kissed her a flash bulb blazed against the gray day, and Ellen grinned. "I got my picture taken after all. Good luck, mister!"

Then, presently, he was on the line. The roar of big engines beyond his own, all over the place, blanketed the world with uproar. His hands were sweating, and there was a taut-drawn strain in his left cheek to the point of pain. . . .

He took off muddily, but shook free of the field at last, and the earth fell away, wheeling slowly eastward under him as it fell. Then he got his ship's tail up, and flight relapsed into the alert monotony of cross-country, his eyes flicking through a familiar routine of instruments and horizons.

He had time to think a little bit then, and began thinking about the first time he had seen Ellen Scott. She had made a last-minute entry in a minor trophy race for women, and was trying to get away without her family knowing about it. She didn't have any money with her, and didn't know anybody or any of the ropes, and her tachometer drive had washed out. She was looking like a scared lost kid, who probably ought to be spanked and sent home, when Joe took her under his wing, and got her to the line.

Later, more people knew her name, for she took second to Justine Pryor. She had written to him after that; it was a nice letter, warm and grateful. Sometimes he thought he ought to have answered it.

She was changed a good deal now. She didn't look lost or scared any more—an improvement. She had something, and now that he was away from her he realized that it was something he needed.

During the second hour, though, his

oil temperature was rising, and it seemed to him that a new note was coming into the voice of his motor; and after that he had no time for anything but his worries. By the time he refueled at Kansas City, first of his two refuelings, he knew that he was in all the trouble he had ever expected; and he hung his gloves over the temperature indicators, in hopes the ground crew would not recognize what serious shape he was in.

He took off from there in fifth place, and somehow coaxed and cussed his airplane the length of Oklahoma, boring stubbornly into the eye of the sinking sun; and even nursed her over the continental divide, mainly by the power of prayer. But it was no good, and he knew it. As the coast ranges began to rise from the desert's rim he watched his oil pressure flutter weakly, and smelled the engine's incandescent heat, and admitted that Ellen had been right.

BY THE time he sloped down upon Encampment he knew that he was lucky even to make the field. He managed to wheel within a few hundred feet of the pumps before he stopped rolling, and a crew ran out to push him in. As he climbed down stiffly an assistant dispatcher was rattling in his ear:

"You're twenty minutes ahead of Tex Campbell, nobody leading you. Frank Manosky is close onto Tex; he's pulled up fast in the last couple of hours. It'll be you and him. If you can hold your pace—"

"Listen," Sebring said. "Listen. I can't—"

Then he saw who else was there. With his mind full of engine failures, Joe had forgotten that Justine Pryor had flown ahead to set up Manosky's crew. She was standing by the pumps, her mouth drawn, her eyes hard; she looked cross.

"Wasn't looking for you here," she said. "You certainly aren't going to try to go on—are you?"

His hand shook as he held the match. "What do you think?"

She must have taken that for a negative, for she looked relieved. "Tough going, my boy. Better luck next time!"

Joe Sebring bit the cigarette he had been smoking in two, and spat out the pieces. He knew he ought to tell the crew to turn off their pumps and roll his ship out of the way, to make room for other planes that would be going on. But he just walked along the edge of the field by himself, looking at the mountains. They looked dead, ugly and desolate, with the last of the daylight behind them. When he went back to his plane he was polishing his goggles.

JUSTINE PRYOR was still there, and she was looking dumfounded. "If you take that thing up you ought to be grounded for life—and I'll see to it!"

"I have to go back and look for Frank," he answered. "I think he's lost again."

The slanted eyes blazed at him greenly. "Smart guy, huh? Well, you remember this—I've seen a hundred like you! I've seen them come and go!"

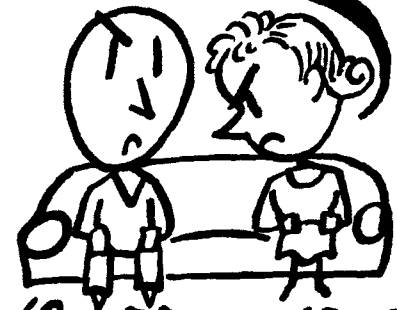
He climbed into the cockpit. "Tell Frank Manosky you just now saw me come and go. Frank will be interested. Prop clear!"

Nobody who heard Joe Sebring's engine at Encampment was surprised that he did not finish ahead of Frank Manosky. As flyer after flyer checked in at Glendale, Sebring was not second; he was not third; he was no place.

Frank Manosky, and some of the

BLACK THOUGHT—

I'd like to sue him for that aura



Non Herod ADMITS

They can't arrest you for NOT using MUM

It's no legal offense to go places with a perspiration aura.

(Maybe it ought to be. Women would like to have a lot of men arrested. And there are many sillier laws than that.)

It's social offense, however. It's poor sportsmanship. It's not cricket. It's not fair to the fair sex. And it's not fair to yourself.

There's nothing that will set you back like broadcasting the unpleasant short waves of unfresh perspiration.

In kindness to the world or as a smart social or business precaution, use Mum to guard against the blunder of underarm offensiveness.

Thousands of men now have the habit of using dabs of Mum underarm after their daily bath and again before evenings out. Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh. Mum is a pleasant cream, harmless to skin and clothes, which definitely annuls perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration itself.



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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



"He's too fast for you, Bud—you're out!"

JACK FARR

other racers, flew back to Encampment to develop a search, as soon as their airplanes were checked over; and within twenty-four hours a number of flyers were gathered there. They got in a few hours' search. Then a nasty stretch of fog and rain came into the mountains, and the search stopped.

Ellen Scott appeared on the evening of the second day. She had started from Encampment by air liner, for her own airplane was in overhaul; and then came on by rail when the liner was grounded by X-weather. She cornered the boss mechanic.

"Harry, I have to have a plane."

"Gosh, Miss Scott, everything's booked. You'll have to—"

"I suppose that's Justine Pryor's plane they're polishing up, over there?"

"Yeah—she has a standing order it has to be rolled out and warmed up by daylight. Then when it's all splattered up she says, 'Roll her back.'"

"Harry, what was the matter with Joe Sebring's engine?"

"Gosh, Miss Scott, plenty. I says to him, 'Joe, this kettle is fixing to throw an armful of rods right in your puss.'"

"What did he say?"

"He says, 'Jerk them blocks!' It wasn't like Joe."

Ellen went back to town.

IT WAS still dark the next morning, and nobody was around but the radio operator and one mechanic, when the two girls met. Ellen Scott was standing at the teletype in the radio room, running the tape through her fingers when Justine Pryor came in. Justine's quick step checked a little as she saw Ellen, but for the moment neither girl gave any other sign.

"Miss Pryor," the mechanic said, "your plane is warming on the—"

"Well," Justine snapped, "I can hear it." She turned on Ellen. "Are you flying? Because if you're not, I'd like a look at that tape."

Ellen relinquished it. "I can tell you what's on it."

"I'll see for myself." Justine tossed a newspaper on the table. "Your picture's on the back page of this one, if you want to admire it."

Ellen didn't. "I don't suppose," she said, "you'd care to put a price on chartering your plane to me?"

Justine Pryor said, "Oh, Lord," and picked up the tape.

"It isn't as if you were using it yourself. Everybody knows you don't take off in weather like this."

Justine let the tape dangle, and looked at her coolly. "Just what do you think you would do with it?"

"It's going to clear up a little to the west. And I have an instrument ticket. An hour or two west on Joe's course I ought to get some visibility; and I want to be out there ready to accomplish something. Because the boys have already combed the country close in."

"Forget it," Justine said shortly. "I'll fly that plane when there's flying to be done. You see any chance of getting up out of this, Mac?"

"We'll know a whole lot more in a couple of hours, Miss Pryor."

"This thing gets me down," Justine fumed. "There are a dozen good pilots here, wasting their valuable time. Before they're through some of them will have risked their lives and their planes. And why? Because Joe Sebring sold himself the idea he was a smart guy!"

"Justine," Ellen said, "who do you think sent him on?"

"You should know! The whole country has seen that picture of you mugging him at the take-off. If you're going to encourage these short-hour experts to fly way out of their class, this sort of thing is bound to happen. They ought to ground you both!"

"Justine, it was you sent Joe Sebring

over the mountains in that ruined ship."

"I? I told him not to fly. I all but begged him not to fly!"

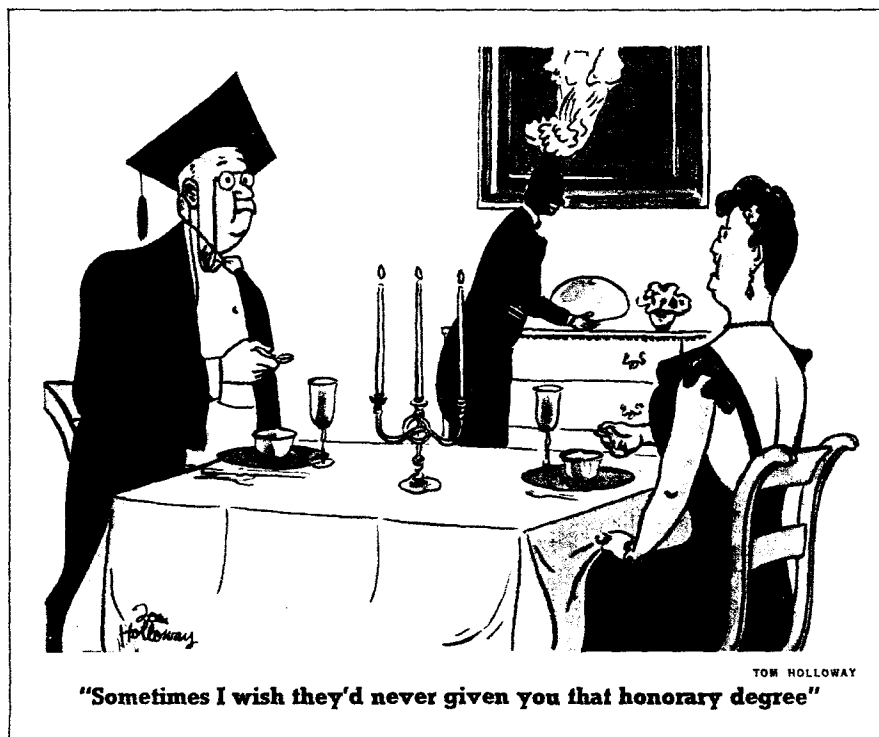
"I saw that in the papers," Ellen said. "But I'm no more fooled than you. It burned you up when he beat Frank, because it gummed up your publicity. So you set out to ride Joe Sebring out of the air. You know what you've done; you've ridden him and taunted him, and bedeviled him at every turn; and you could do that, because you're a picture-paper flyer."

Justine Pryor appealed to the radioman: "Do I have to stand for this? What right has she to come in here and—"

"A picture-paper flyer," Ellen said again. "That's all you are, and that's all you ever will be. So you put him in a place where he had to fly, equipped or not. If Joe Sebring is dead you'll be marked with it all of your life."

Justine Pryor stepped forward and slashed Ellen across the face with her gloves.

"Hey, wait!" the mechanic broke in. "Listen, you dames—"



The radioman said, "Easy now—easy—" They got Justine to sit down. In the quiet they could hear Justine's engine, warming futilely in the fog.

"Phony," Ellen said, her voice flat. "As phony as they come. So now the real pilots have to clean up after you." She felt of her lips with her fingers, and studied the lipstick on them. "You can't even read a weather report; and if Joe is dead, you killed him."

She walked out then; and as she passed the table she tossed her hat upon it, and picked up the helmet that lay there.

They gave Justine Pryor a cigarette, and it seemed to steady her.

"She's nervous," the mechanic said soothingly.

"Look here," Justine demanded, "does she have a plane?"

"No, ma'am! I haven't got any order to let anything out, or warm anything, except your own ship."

Justine was still worrying about a possible publicity scoop. "Then, at least she can't—"

She stopped. Out on the apron the pulsing undertone rose to a snarling thunder, then definitely pulled away.

"That—that's my plane!"

The mechanic looked sheepish. "I guess she must've stole it," he offered.

IF JOE SEBRING had been near Encampment they would have found him before the weather closed; he was down on the line of his course, and its check

points were bold and obvious. It took no miracle to find him. The only reason Ellen Scott found him instead of someone else was that when she met visibility she was out there where he was.

Joe Sebring had wrecked an ankle when he bailed out. It wasn't broken; he could hobble on it a little bit. But he had decided he would do better to camp by his cracked ship, where he could easily be found, rather than to attempt a hike.

BY THE third day he was out of cigarettes, dripping wet, and so hungry he had forgotten what was the matter with him. When a little plane passed over him, flying very high, he went into a brief panic for fear he would not be seen.

He ran limping and stumbling out to a pile of fuel he had laid, but found it too wet to catch. He tore off his shirt, and waved it frantically. Nobody got any good out of that—it was a khaki shirt, invisible from the air. The searcher apparently saw his crack-up,

"I'm the fool," he said at last. "You were right, and I was wrong. You don't know how wrong I was. All my life I've hated to see my name in print. A news camera gives me jitters. And here I've been trying to throw away everything I had—and succeeding—trying to get something I don't like and don't want. Ellen, I'm glad I didn't beat him."

She pushed away from him a little and stared at him oddly.

"Think I'm nuts?" he asked her.

"No; not exactly. You look pretty tough, with red whiskers, but you're not nuts. But, Joe—something has happened to us that you don't know about yet."

He waited.

"It's my fault, partly. . . . Joe, we're suddenly famous."

"Who? You? Me? For what?"

"Do you remember that flash bulb going off when you kissed me, at the take-off? Well, after that I broke down and told the reporters what you were flying. I said you were racing a patched-up, pretty nearly homemade crate with hardly any engine at all. And they played that up. The picture came out pretty well."

"Oh, my," said Joe.

THEN—you were fifth at Kansas City, running very hot, and not reported again; everybody thought you had probably trailed out of the race. Then, suddenly you scorched into Encampment like a bat out of nowhere, way out in front. We all went wild. The newspapers said: 'Flying Wreck Blazes Way into Mountains Two States in the Lead,' and all such junk. Then they found out how rotten your engine sounded at Encampment, and everybody was holding his breath for you; and, sure enough, you were never reported—and that was the most popular sensation of all."

"Popular? But—I didn't even finish!"

"Finish? Nuts. Anybody can finish. Getting lost, after all that build-up, was the most sensational thing you could have done. Winning would have been nothing beside it."

Joe said nothing.

"And the search for you—special bulletins on national hookups—front page every day—you're just a flock of headlines, and I'm not much better off."

"I guess," Joe said, "everything has happened to us."

"That isn't all. That's Justine Pryor's ship. I stole it. I thought I might need help, and there wasn't anybody I could turn to but a couple of reporters. They were crazy about the idea and—I was just plain crazy. A couple of them were standing by ready to jerk the blocks, before Justine even had a chance to refuse me charter. Can you imagine what kind of a story they'll make of all that now?"

"No," Joe admitted. "It staggers the mind."

"So now we're both notorious. To all intents and purposes, I'm Justine Pryor, and you're Frank Manosky—only more so. Everybody wants to give you a job, and give you an engine, and build you a ship. You're rich as hell, and we're both just public property." She began to cry again. "But I don't care. I'm so darned relieved."

He thought it over.

"Tell me just one thing," he said finally. "Did you bring any grub?"

"Enough for a week. I sneaked it into Justine's ship before—"

"Then," he grinned, "everything's all right. Maybe we can manage to stand prosperity, until it blows over, if we stick together. And maybe"—inspiration lighted his dark-circled eyes—"maybe they won't find us for a while—maybe not until the grub gives out, even!"

She blew her nose, and brightened enough to smile. "That would suit me," she said.

Red Gardenias

Continued from page 24

"Carmel shouldn't have told," Peter said after a long while.

"Did you kill Richard?" Crane asked softly.

"My God! No!" His black eyes were startled. "He was killed by . . . you know that." His eyes became angry. "And if he weren't, why should I?"

"I don't know . . . maybe for Carmel." Crane watched his hands, his fluttering fingers. "You didn't tell Simeon March you killed all these people, did you?" Peter's face was pale. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Crane went on: "Simeon March didn't fake this attack to provide you with an alibi, to throw suspicion off you, did he?" "You must be crazy."

Crane himself couldn't see old man March doing a thing like that to protect Peter. He'd be more likely to turn his son over to the police. "Maybe I am crazy," he said. "I get funny ideas."

Some of the anger left Peter's face. "What makes you think Richard and John and Talmadge were murdered?"

"Three deaths in the same family by carbon monoxide are stretching it a bit."

"I don't mind telling you about Richard," Peter said. "I didn't do anything to be ashamed of."

He said he had noticed a growing intimacy between Carmel and Richard. He was alarmed about it for John. So when they both disappeared at the Country Club dance, he went out and found them in Richard's car. He'd told Carmel to go inside, intending to give Richard a good tongue-lashing, but Richard promptly passed out. So he had gone back to the dance.

CRANE asked, "Peter, did you ever tell John?"

"No."

"But didn't Carmel tell you she thought it was John, not you, who caught her in the car with Richard?"

"You mean John never came out there at all?"

"I don't think so."

"Then the suicide note was forged?"

"I think so."

"Poor John! . . ." He started for the door. "I'll have to talk to Judge Dornbush about this." He paused in the hall. "Give my regards to Ann."

"I will."

Williams appeared, and they had a drink.

"I'm scared about Ann," Crane said.

"Oh, she'll be back," Williams said.

"It isn't noon yet."

Crane telephoned City Hospital to inquire about Simeon March. He asked for Dr. Woodrin, but got Dr. Rutledge. He told the doctor he was a city detective. In reply to Crane's questions, the doctor said there were no bruises on Simeon March's body. There were no signs of a struggle. It was obviously an accident.

"Will he recover consciousness?"

Crane asked.

"If he lives."

"Will he?"

"It's a fifty-fifty chance."

Crane asked him if he knew where the clothes the millionaire was wearing were. They were in the next room. Crane asked him to smell them.

"Anything funny?" he asked when the doctor returned to the telephone.

"No."

"You can't smell an odor of gardenias?"

"No," Dr. Rutledge said. "I can't smell anything."

Ann had been gone five hours, and now even Williams was terribly upset.

With serious black eyes, he watched Crane walk a frustrated diamond-shaped figure on the blue-and-white Aubusson. They knew for certain that Ann was in trouble. Unexpressed, but strong within them, was a fear she had been murdered. They had searched Marchton for her and now they were trying to think of something more to do.

THEY had entered the Crimson Cat together, had walked into the taproom. The barman's face was held together by gauze. He saw them, reached under the bar.

"No," Williams said, producing a revolver.

The bartender's hands rose; he looked as though he intended to chin himself on an imaginary bar above his head. "When Slat comes back to the city," he said, "he'll handle you guys."

"Too bad he ain't here now, pal," Williams said.

Crane asked, "Where is he, pal?"

"I don't know," the bartender said sullenly.

"Do you know where Dolly Wilson is?"

"What's that to you?"

Williams leaned over the bar, grasped a bottle of Canadian rye. "Do we have to open up your head again, pal?" he asked.

The bartender said, "She lives at Elm and Fourth, in a boardinghouse."

Perspiration made half-moons under the armholes of Mrs. Grady's brown dress. She was a massive woman.

"You just missed her, boys," she said. "She left for New York at one-thirty."

A blond girl had talked to Dolly, Mrs. Grady admitted. No, the blonde hadn't gone with her.

Miss Wilson had left no forwarding address, but she was going to write as soon as she was located in New York. She'd better, too, Mrs. Grady added, because there was that little matter of nine dollars. Maybe the gentlemen . . . ?

On a sofa under a peach-colored quilt, Alice March was eating bonbons and reading a paper-backed French novel by somebody named Vercel. She didn't seem especially upset over Talmadge's death, or Simeon March's condition.

"Carmel and Peter just left for the hospital," she said. "Won't you sit down?"

Crane refused. "I just dropped in to see how you were."

He and Williams agreed it didn't seem likely she was holding Ann.

GLOOM filled the interior of Simeon March's big garage. The German gardener showed them where the millionaire's body had been found on the cement floor beside the open left front door of his favorite sedan.

"He warms the engine and the gas comes," the gardener explained. "Then he falls the door out."

Crane thought this was possible. He found, as usual, rubber on the exhaust pipe. As they left the garage, he told Williams the hose could have been stuck through a back window, as it had probably been in Richard's and Talmadge's deaths.

Williams disagreed: "You'd smell the gas."

"Why didn't the others smell it?"

"Richard was drunk," Williams said.

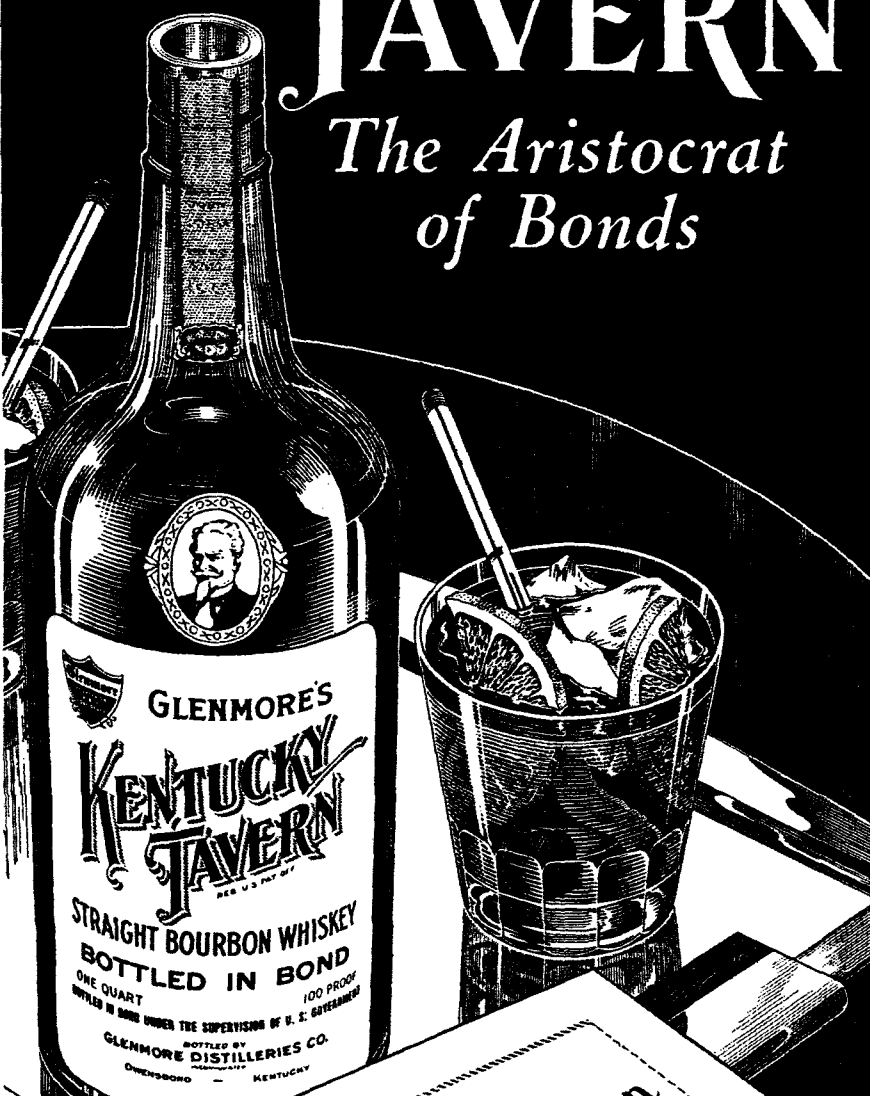
"And Talmadge had a bad cold."

This was something to think about.

Before returning home they dispatched a telegram to the agency in New

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York, suggesting Dolly Wilson be met by an operative at the station and asked what she had told Ann.

And now Crane was wearing the diamond-shaped trail in the Aubusson.

"We can't call in the police," he said, "because it would tip off the murderer that we're working on the case." He halted in the middle of a step. "And a big search would probably frighten the guy into killing her, if he hasn't . . ."

Williams said, "I don't like not doing anything."

Crane walked around the imaginary diamond. "Our agency'd be the laughingstock of the world if we had to ask the police to find one of our operatives."

"That's better than having Ann dead." "When she went to work, she took her chances." He looked at Williams. "A detective takes the risk of being knocked off."

Williams said, "We ought to do something."

CRANE walked twice around the diamond, then telephoned City Hospital and found there was no change in Simeon March's condition.

Williams said, "If he recovers, the murderer'll probably take another crack at him."

Crane's brown eyes narrowed; he stared at Williams.

"In fact, a smart murderer would find a way to crack him before he recovers," Williams said. "In case he should talk."

Crane said, "Right!" He telephoned the Marchton Globe, got the city editor on the wire. "This is Dr. Amos Crane of Chicago," he lied. "I have some news for you."

"What is it?"

"I have just completed an examination of Simeon March—my special field is gas poisoning—and I am confident he will recover. He should be conscious by morning."

"That's great!" The city editor was excited. "What hospital are you connected with, Dr. Crane?"

"The Presbyterian," Crane lied. "But I shouldn't like to be quoted. Ethics, you know. In fact, I wish you wouldn't mention my call to the local physicians. I prefer to co-operate with the newspapers in an anonymous manner."

"Well, that's very decent of you, Dr. Crane. You'll tip us off if anything new develops?"

"I should be glad to. If you wish to reach me, I am staying at the Richard March residence; with my cousin, William Crane. Goodbye."

Crane hung up, and got his hat and coat.

Williams had been watching him beetle-eyed. "Where are you going?"

"To March & Company . . . to get some guards for the hospital."

"And then . . . ?"

"I'm going to sit up all night with Simeon March."

"I'll go with you."

"No." Crane walked to the door. "You sit here until the first edition of the Globe comes out. And remember until then you're Doc Crane, the specialist from Chicago."

ONLY the night lamp, a wan bulb with a meager supply of honey-pale light, provided the illumination for the room. A circular puddle of light at the lamp's base showed a white table top, a glass half filled with water, a green thermos bottle. Gloom blurred the outlines of the room's other furniture, gave a weird quality to Simeon March's bed, two chairs, a dresser. Cold air seeped through a half-open window.

Crane, on a chair back of the screen in the corner of the room, waited for the murderer.

He had been waiting for six hours and he was not happy. His neck ached from the rigidity with which he had held him-

self in his chair. He wanted a drink to quiet nerves that fluttered with every unusual sound. He wanted someone to talk to. He was worried about Ann.

It was after midnight. Quiet, more nerve-racking than the early evening bustle, had descended upon City Hospital. There were no calls for doctors over the loud-speaker system. Few used the corridors; occasionally a nurse would pass his door on tiptoe. At long intervals he could hear the whine of the elevator's electric motor.

It had been necessary to tell Dr. Rutledge and Dr. Woodrin that he expected another attack on Simeon March. They had agreed to let him remain in the room, and had allowed him to place guards from the March & Company plant at the front and back entrances to the hospital. Neither doctor treated this plan seriously, but the night nurse, Miss Edens, a pretty dark-haired girl, was impressed. She was spending the night in a small anteroom connected by a door to Simeon March's room.

Dr. Rutledge had paid Crane visits at eight, ten and midnight. "Everything's ready," he whispered on his last appearance. "There are men at both back and front doors."

"I wish there was one under the bed," said Crane plaintively.

Grinning, Dr. Rutledge said Dr. Woodrin would take over at three. " . . . If you're still alive."

A clock somewhere outside uttered a single gonglike note. He wondered if it was one, or half past twelve. Or, hopefully, half past one. The shade rustled again and his heart jumped. The elevator motor whined; there was a clashing noise as its metal door was opened and closed; heavy feet passed along the corridor. The wind was blowing stronger and the curtains, ghostly in the dim light, were dancing. There was an odor of chloroform in the air. A blue globe in the corridor threw a curious shadow on the ceiling by the transom. It looked like the shadow of a man wearing a cloak.

Somebody was bending over the bed. He clawed for his revolver under his arm, then saw it was the nurse.

"Say!" he said, "don't scare me like that."

"You were asleep," she said.

"I couldn't have been."

Her voice was very small: "Do you want anything?"

"I'd like a drink."

"Dr. Rutledge said he'd send you some whisky."

"He'd better bring a lot."

"Not so loud." Her voice was soft. "Do you want anything else?"

"No, just whisky."

There was a slight tapping at the door to the anteroom in which Miss Edens had a cot. She left him. The curtains beside the open window were almost parallel to the floor; the wind was cold and steady. A door slammed somewhere down the corridor.

Miss Edens came back. "The floor nurse with a paper," she said.

"What's it say?"

SHE tilted the lamp so the light reached the screen. In the saffron light they read:

"SIMEON MARCH IS FOURTH VICTIM OF CARBON MONOXIDE

"Simeon March, first citizen of Marchton, was recovering in City Hospital last night from severe carbon-monoxide poisoning. He was overcome early Sunday in the garage back of his home at 1703 Park Street.

"He is the fourth member of the March family in less than a year to be the victim of accidental carbon-monoxide poisoning. The other three resulted fatally.

"However, Mr. March's chances of recovery, according to physicians at City Hospital, are good. It was said he might regain consciousness before morning.

"The millionaire was discovered by Mrs. Minnie Kruger, 55, of 904 E. Third Street, a cook in the March household. She said she became alarmed at her master's failure to emerge from the garage and had gone to—"

The remainder of the story, running all over the front page of the paper, was mostly of the discovery of the body and an account of the millionaire's career. Crane felt a little better. The newspaper had fallen for his story, and the murderer would probably fall for it, too, and be worried by what Simeon March would say when he regained consciousness.

Only the important thing was: What had happened to Ann?

Miss Edens took the paper, put the lamp in place, touched his shoulder



"The interior decorator advised blasting"

ROBERT DAY



HEAT WON'T SPOIL MY VACATION !

WHEN it gets beyond a certain point, even the sun's health-giving heat can be harmful!

So, too, in automobiles, many modern motors have now reached the point where they expose the oil to such heat that at times the engine is actually endangered.

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lightly and went into the anteroom. She was a nice girl, he thought.

The clock outside made a noise—bong-bong—and it was two o'clock.

Still coming through the window, the wind at intervals made a sound like a frightened horse blowing out breath. It was very cold. One of the curtains was stuck to something, but the other performed a macabre dance. It smelled as though snow were on the way.

He thought of the dead men in the case. There had been a lot—too many! And then there was Ann. . . .

It was a really lousy case. He wondered what Colonel Black, his boss and Ann's uncle, would say to him. Especially since Ann was gone. He wondered where Williams was.

He was glad, though, the window was open. Suppose someone tried to pump carbon monoxide into the room. The idea was farfetched, but it made him shiver.

In quick alarm he looked at the window. It was still open; both curtains were waving now. He decided he'd freeze rather than lower that window.

THERE was something horrible about dying of gas. Maybe it was just dying that was horrible, but it didn't seem so bad to die by gun, or by knife, or by hanging. Possibly those deaths seemed natural because people for a long time had been dying in those ways. But this gas, without odor, without color, like voodoo magic, crept upon its victim, left him to meet, gasping and blushing, an unnatural death.

Ann's face, young and frightened, came to mind. He opened his eyes and stared at the curtains.

Simeon March began to moan. With each exhalation he moaned, making a sort of *aaaaanaaaahaa* with his breath. The moans seemed to come from deep within his body; his chest gave them a resonant quality. It sounded as though he moaned, listened for an answer that didn't come, then moaned again.

Miss Edens came quietly into the room.

"Are you all right?"

"That's not me."

"I know. I thought I'd see if you were all right."

"I'm fine."

"I'm going to lie down for a little while."

"All right."

After a minute the light in her room went off. He settled down farther in his chair. It was getting very cold.

Simeon March was still moaning. In the corridor two nurses were whispering. Their hushed voices sounded foreign; so many s's and th's came to his ears. In the street someone was trying to start an automobile. The engine was cold; it would catch, splutter, cough, then die.

It must be three, he thought; he must have missed two-thirty. As he was debating this the clock made a single bong. The minutes were moving like snails.

The next half-hour seemed a night. He moved around, but he couldn't find a really comfortable position. At intervals he reached under his arm to make sure his revolver was still there. He had a feeling someone was watching him, but he knew this was impossible. The automobile engine had finally started, and the automobile had gone away with a noisy meshing of cold gears. Simeon March still moaned. He wondered why someone didn't do something about him.

He wondered what could possibly have happened to Ann. He remembered the fun he'd had with her in New York. He remembered a walk in soft rain through Central Park on an April morning, the gift of a straw-enclosed bottle of Chianti from a restaurant proprietor who thought they were newlyweds, watching Army play in the Polo Grounds

with Ann sharing his fur rug, a mad swing session with Stuff Smith at the Onyx Club, a brief, surprised kiss in a taxicab. . . .

At last three o'clock came, but he didn't feel any better. He knew ahead of him lay another night until three-thirty, and another until four, and another until four-thirty. By five he'd probably be mad, if he wasn't already. He hoped Ann was having an easier time. He'd welcome the arrival of the murderer. Anything was better than waiting. Why the hell didn't they shut up Simeon March?

The elevator whined, but it didn't stop at his floor. Like the veils of a classical dancer, the curtains quivered in the wind. There was light enough in the room to see their movements, sometimes languid, sometimes wild. The blue light in the corridor gave them a milky, diaphanous appearance, but it was strange; they cast no shadows. He watched them closely during an angry tarantella, but there were no shadows. It was like ghosts dancing.

A man was standing beside the bed. He must have come through the door on rubber-soled shoes, have tiptoed to the bed. Noiselessly, he put a black bag on the table under the shadow.

Hardly breathing, Crane remained motionless.

In the lime-colored rays from the lamp the hands were an unhealthy white. Sparse black hair grew from the wrists to the knuckles, sprouted in tufts from the fingers. The fingers were strong and supple. They opened the black case and withdrew an atomizer with a metal snout and an egg-size rubber bulb. This they put on the table, then returned to the bag. Without haste, but quickly, they emerged with a silver hypodermic syringe.

The right hand held the syringe between the first two fingers. The thumb pressed the plunger a fraction of an inch and fluid bubbled from the needle, fell in two drops to the table.

"*Aaaaaanaaaahaa*," moaned Simeon March.

The man in the room moved closer to the bed. He held the hypodermic syringe in his right hand; with his left hand he reached for Simeon March.

"No!" Crane flung himself off the chair, jerked out the revolver. "I've got you covered! Don't move!"

Simultaneously the lights flashed on. Crane aimed the revolver at the man. Miss Edens stood by the door, her left hand on the light switch.

HOLDING the hypodermic syringe, Dr. Woodrin blinked at them, his pink-and-white face astonished and alarmed. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "You gave me a start!" He bent over Simeon March and gave him an injection with the syringe. "I thought you were both in the anteroom."

Crane said, "I thought it was better to wait in the same room."

"How is he, Doctor?" Miss Edens asked.

Dr. Woodrin put the syringe and the atomizer in the black bag. "The next hour or two will tell. I think he'll live, but how the morning papers can be so sure is beyond me."

"Newspapers are that way," Crane said. "But maybe the murderer will believe them."

The white skin over the doctor's nose wrinkled in two V's when he thought. "If there is a murderer . . . you know I really think those deaths were accidental."

"Maybe you're right," Crane said. "We'll see. If there was a murderer, he won't want Simeon March to recover, particularly if the old man saw him."

"That's reasonable enough," Dr. Woodrin picked up the bag. "Good luck. If you need me I'll be downstairs with Peter and Carmel."

With the room dark, it didn't take Crane long to become thoroughly nervous again. The encounter with the doctor, although it was all right, hadn't been quieting. He shuddered when he thought of the weird effect made by the doctor's hands in the puddle of light from the night lamp. The effect was like that of those horror movies in which the hero is fastened to an operating table in a cathedral-size laboratory and a mad scientist gets ready to change him into an ape.

He decided he had never really appreciated the truth of those movies.

He had, he admitted, for a moment thought the doctor was planning to inject Simeon March with something to prevent his recovery. Yet the doctor, when the lights were on, had gone ahead with the injection. He wouldn't have dared kill the old man before witnesses. And besides, he was definitely not involved in the attempt upon Simeon March.

HE WAS still thinking about the case when the clock outside struck four. He had a feeling the solution was within reach of his brain if only he could get the facts in their correct perspective. What was the thing he'd been talking about earlier that day? Oh, yes; the relevant clue. The persistent odor of gardenias; how did they fit into the picture?

And Ann! What could he do about her?

He heard a faint noise in the corridor and held his breath. Somebody was whispering; a man said something, a woman replied, and then there was silence. Simeon March no longer moaned, but he was breathing hoarsely.

He thought about the attack at the Duck Club. Was it really on him? And if it was, why had it been made? He certainly had no information that would make it worth while for the murderer to kill him. Could the attack have been on Dr. Woodrin?

The wind had suddenly died, and the curtains hung limply beside the half-open window. From a switch engine, a long distance away, came two shrill toots. The room felt as though it had been packed with ice. It felt like a cold-storage vault.

The nurse came in and stood beside Crane's chair.

"I'm afraid it's a flop," she said.

"There's still two hours."

"I fixed you a drink." She handed him a glass. "A Mr. Williams sent it up."

"That was thoughtful of him."

The whisky, well diluted with water, was smooth. It warmed his throat, his stomach, made his mouth feel clean. He felt better immediately. She took the glass, returned to her room.

HE FELT a little sleepy. He was no longer scared; the whisky had fixed that, and there was only a mild feeling of excitement. He supposed that he had been overambitious in his plans for the murderer's capture; the murderer must have known about them. Yet who did know? He and Williams, Dr. Rutledge and Dr. Woodrin, and the nurse. That was all; not even the men guarding the hospital knew.

A dog two blocks away was barking at something. His barks came in bursts of threes, finishing up on an interrogative note, as though he weren't sure what he was barking about. The queer blue shadow of a man with a cloak was still on the ceiling by the transom.

Crane twisted his body so he was sitting on his left hip and thought: to hell with it all! To hell with the blue man in the cloak! To hell with all the various and sundry noises! A hospital was the last place he'd ever go for a rest.

He wondered, suddenly feeling sick to his stomach, about Ann. He knew she

was being held, or was dead. He knew he'd be through if she was dead. Never again, if he got out of this mess, would he work on a case with somebody he cared for terribly. What was it Delia Young had said? "I feel hollow inside." That was the way thinking about Ann made him feel.

Who could be holding her? He wondered if Williams was doing anything about her. He hadn't seen him all evening. He wondered what he would do when daylight came. He'd have to call in the police. Imagine a private detective asking help. . . .

A scream, so brief he hardly believed his ears, sounded in the corridor. The sound was not repeated. What the hell? He found his revolver and slid out of the chair.

At the same instant the door to the room opened. Sudden draft made the muslin curtains dance wildly. A bulky woman with a floppy hat and a fur coat tiptoed toward the bed, a pillow in her hands.

Crane said, "I've got you!" The woman dropped the pillow, fired two shots in his direction. The yellow flare of her gun blinded Crane. He crouched under the fluttering curtains and fired a shot at the door. His revolver made a deeper noise than the woman's. Acrid smoke stung his nose, his eyes. Together, making an enormous noise, he and the woman fired again.

"You—!" said the woman. Her voice was husky, like Delia Young's.

She let go one more shot, shattering the windowpane, and fled. Crane ran to the door, stepped out into the corridor. The woman was three quarters of the way down the corridor in the direction of the elevator. She was running and a blue skirt flared out under the brown fur coat. She was a big woman with muscular legs. Her hat hid the color of her hair.

Swinging down his revolver in a smooth arc, Crane took a careful shot at her. The revolver made a swell echo in the corridor. He didn't see that the shot had taken effect, though. Still running, the woman rounded the turn by the elevator.

MISS EDENS was behind Crane.

"Who was it?"

"I don't know."

He started to run along the corridor. She ran after him, said:

"It sounds like the fall of Shanghai."

Their progress was abruptly halted by the woman. She leaned suddenly around the corner, took a pot shot at Crane. Floppy hat, coat collar, shielded her face. Miss Edens ducked into her ante-room. Crane, further along, leaped for the door to Room 417, opened it, backed into the room.

The woman fired another shot and Crane went further into the room. Behind him a woman began to scream.

"For God's sake, lady!" he said. "I won't hurt you."

He stuck his head out the door; the woman was gone. He stepped into the corridor. Nothing happened. He heard the whine of the elevator. He ran down the corridor, almost tripped over the body of a woman in a nurse's uniform. She was lying on the cement floor beside a table with a telephone on it, her head in a pool of blood. A chair had toppled across her feet.

The elevator was an automatic one. The golden arrow on the circle of Roman numerals above the glass doors was moving counterclockwise between III and II. Crane seized the phone.

"Hello. Hello! Damn it! Hello!" His thumb jiggled the hook. "Hello. Are there guards from March & Company in the lobby? . . . Well, tell 'em to stop whoever's coming down in the elevator. Quick!"

(To be concluded next week)

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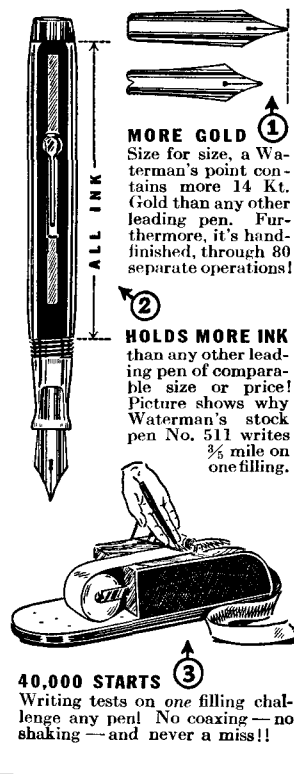
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Why Alcatraz is a Success

Continued from page 10

yards from shore was marked out with buoys. Beyond this line boats were not to approach the island. Automatic gun detectors were placed at the dock, and at the entrance to the cell blocks. Guard towers were erected that enabled the guards to view virtually every spot on the island. Floodlights were installed. The workshops were improved.

Gun galleries were installed controlling every inch of the interior of the cell block; and when the first contingent of prisoners was shipped to the island it was truly a place of maximum security.

On August 18, 1934, I left my hotel in San Francisco and boarded the launch McDowell, which was to take me across the bay for the first official inspection.

As I made the crossing, I was aware that in the dead of the previous night the "elect" had been taken from their cells at Atlanta Penitentiary and hurried to a special chartered train. The curtains were drawn tightly and when the travelers awoke they were, although they didn't know it, on the first leg of their journey to The Rock. When I arrived at the island the cell block was empty—almost. There were still about twenty-five military prisoners left. In fact, some are still there.

Ready for Business

As I made my way about the island, the conviction grew with me that here surely was a prison from which no man could escape, but as I reached the far end of the island, where are located the industrial shops and the laundry, I was not quite so sure.

If I were to make a break, I decided it would be from the shop area, which is on the crest of a tall cliff. Out the window—into the sea. That would be the plan, I felt sure. At my direction an extra tower was placed on the shop roof. It was also arranged that guards should constantly patrol the shop rooms. I went away satisfied. We were ready. Four days later at Portland, Oregon, a telegram was handed to me. It read:

"Fifty-three crates furniture from Atlanta received in good condition. No breakage. All installed."

I must confess I breathed a sigh of relief. My apprehension at the time was reflected in a memorandum I sent to Sanford Bates after the transfer had been made:

"As you know, I was very deeply concerned as to the manner in which the transfers were to be made to Alcatraz. The arrangements, under your direction, were admirably made and carried out perfectly. I am greatly pleased and congratulate you and those who aided you in this admirable performance. A slip-up or mistake, or even an unfortunate happening of some kind, would have entailed very unpleasant reactions and consequences. It was a difficult job. I do not believe that very many people realized how ticklish a job it was. You are entitled to the thanks and applause of all who know anything about the subject."

I might add that this was only one of many occasions when I was glad that a man of the caliber of Sanford Bates was in direct charge of our federal prisons. I first came to know him when in 1930 he was called in as an adviser to the Connecticut Prison Commission, of which I was a member. A career penologist of long experience, he is both a scholar and a realist, and in the Department of Justice he proved to be a loyal and able associate.

When Bates left the department to head the Boys' Clubs of America I ap-

pointed as his successor a highly qualified man in the person of James V. Bennett, then assistant director of the Bureau of Prisons. Mr. Bennett, likewise, is a career man, well-trained, indefatigable and a great humanitarian.

There is a popular misconception that a judge can sentence any defendant to Alcatraz. It can't be done. There are no direct commitments from the courts. Inmates are sent only by transfer from other federal prisons and upon the orders of the Attorney General.

It has been said that Alcatraz is not conducive to the good health of the inmates. The answer is that the prison pallor that is so common in most prisons is nonexistent there. The health

mates have access to certain magazines from which are deleted such matters as current stories on crime. There are no radios. A library is provided, as well as facilities for religious worship.

The statement is frequently made that a rule of silence is enforced. The fact is that in the shop prisoners may and do talk freely. Twice a day, once in the morning and once in the afternoon, a rest period is afforded in which the men can gather together, talk and smoke. Except for the few men who forfeit their privileges, all of the inmates are permitted in the yard Saturday afternoons and on Sunday mornings, and at that time they are free to talk.

There is plenty of opportunity to talk

like it or not started with a scenario writer who didn't have sufficient ingenuity to check the facts. The truth is simply this: Prisoners stand back of the containers and serve the food in the proportions requested by the prisoner who is being served—that is to say, they "go light" or "heavy." He must eat only what he takes, and he need not eat that if he is actually sick.

The line moves quickly from the steam table, each man carrying his tray to his table. The food is good and wholesome. The prisoners get plenty to eat, but if they attempt to waste food in any manner they are reported. If the offense is a flagrant one or if they persist in minor infractions following advice and warning, they are deprived of the next meal. It is not surprising, therefore, that the platters are so clean at Alcatraz Penitentiary.

All of the prisoners move on schedule, according to routine, from cell house to mess hall, mess hall to cell house, cell house to work area, work area to cell house, cell house to bathhouse, bathhouse back to cell house, cell house to chapel, chapel back to cell house, or whatever movement may be required; always under the supervision of officers.

No Time for Loafing

In the fiction inspired by Alcatraz there frequently appears the suggestion that the inmates spend the greater part of their time sitting idly in their cells. As a matter of fact, prisoners on the island are kept busy on maintenance work and in the industries, which include the mat shop, woodworking shop, tailor shop, the laundry, the carpenter shop and electric shop. Prisoners prepare meals, and work in the bake shop, butcher shop and vegetable room.

None of the office work is done by prisoners and no prisoners are employed at any place where they have access to records or confidential matters.

On the island there are three sets of metal detectors. These are ingenious devices that detect, and register by a green light, the presence of metal on those who pass by. One is located at the dock, one at the entrance to the administration building and one at the rear gate through which prisoners pass to and from shops to yard and cells.

Armed guards are stationed in towers at the wharf, as well as in towers overlooking the shop area, on the roadway overlooking the recreation yard and the stairways and roadways used by the prisoners going to and from shops, at the powerhouse, and at the rear of the laundry.

There are built-in tear-gas ducts in the mess hall and at the main entrance from the administration building to the cell block, but not in the individual cells.

All these mechanical devices are necessary but the greatest protection is in the force of well-organized and disciplined officers and guards who are trained to be vigilant and to adhere strictly to the routine established and to enforce the disciplinary policies.

Every violation of rules, every omission or disturbance or breakdown of routine is noted and guards are required to report. In some instances there is no punishment, the offender being given advice, caution or reprimand, according to his needs.

For minor offenses yard privileges are forfeited for one week, two weeks or a month as the case may warrant. In other instances more grave, all privileges including yard, correspondence and visits are forfeited. In cases of insubordina-



"For the first few days I seem fresh and new to my husband—then he gets used to me again!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

record will stand up well in comparison with any other prison.

You may have heard that at Alcatraz the prisoners can have no visitors, no reading matter and no mail. This again is untrue. Under the policy established at the beginning and maintained ever since, privileges are limited to the minimum. But they aren't abolished entirely.

The privilege of having visitors, for example, is earned; and during the first three months no prisoner is allowed visitors. But subsequently he may have one visitor per month. Ex-convicts are not permitted as visitors on the island. Group sight-seeing is taboo, but the warden, at his convenience, permits persons in official capacity to inspect the institution.

Lawyers employed by inmates must obtain written permission for visits from the director of the Bureau of Prisons. Mail privileges are limited, no original letters being delivered. The letters are typed in the warden's office and a copy given to the prisoner. No newspapers are permitted, although the in-

in the right places, but there is no opportunity to talk where it would be confusing and disturbing or threaten discipline. Prisoners are not allowed to ramble or loiter or go from cell tier to cell tier, or from one cell block to another, or from one shop to another, except under orders and with an escort. They are not permitted to talk in line or on the cell tiers, or from cell to cell, or in the mess hall, except for such conversation as may be necessary in connection with the passing of food and the eating of the meal.

For the breakfast meal the prisoners are marched from the cell block to the mess hall. For the noonday and evening meals they are marched from the shops to the yard and from the yard to the cell-block corridor and thence to the mess hall.

All prisoners, except those in the hospital, eat at the same time. Prisoners march into the mess hall in columns of twos, take their trays at the center of the steam table, one column going right, one column left. The yarn that all prisoners are forced to eat whether they

They came -
They saw -
They say:

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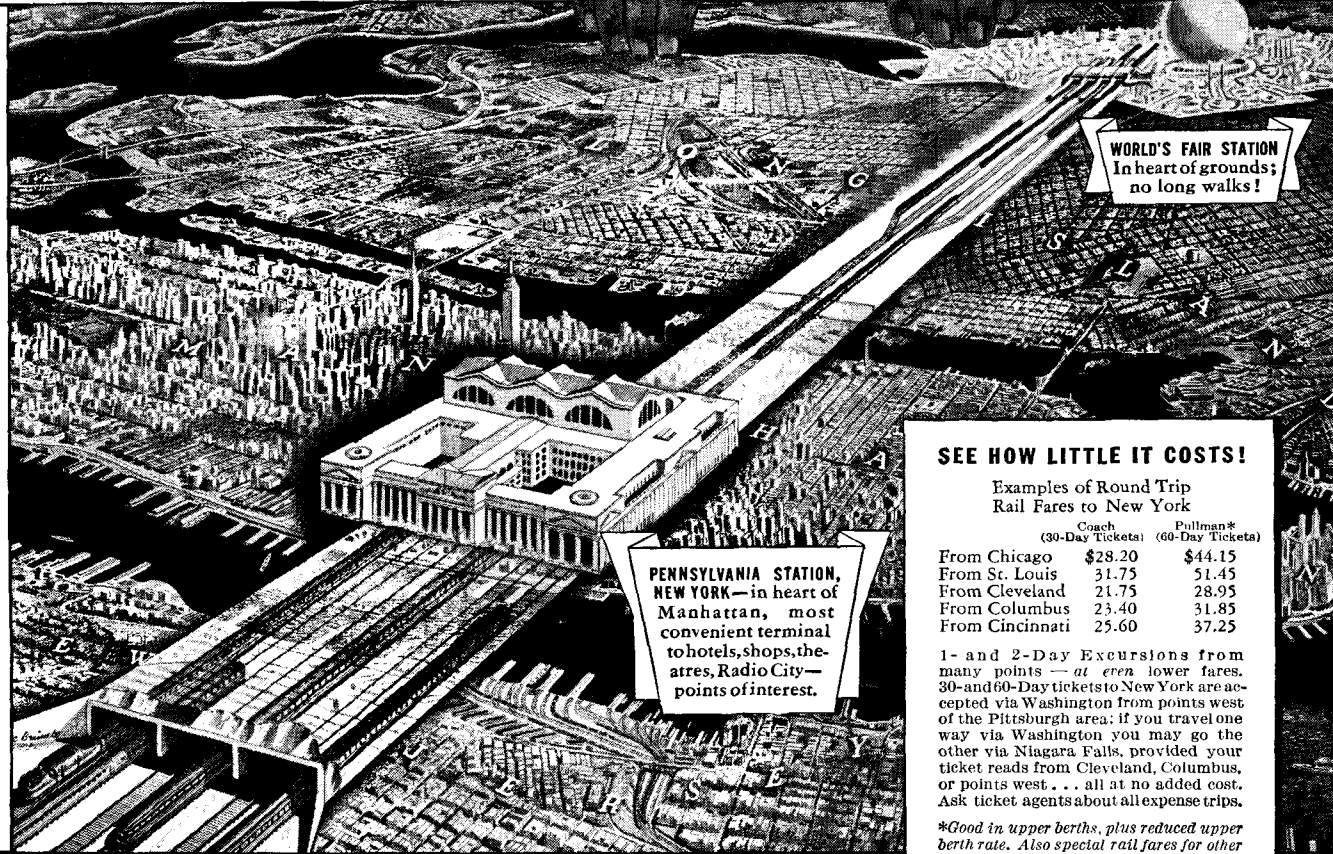


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I'd been at those fleas tooth and nail till I looked like last summer's bathing-suit. Finally the Boss caught on. "So sorry," he says, "we'll fix that right away."



It looked like just an excuse for a bath to me. But he brings on a soap called Sergeant's Improved SKIP-FLEA and, by golly — it really killed my fleas!



Since then I swear by SKIP-FLEA SOAP and POWDER. How it drops fleas in their tracks! You can get it at a drug or pet store — and ask for the free new Sergeant's DOG BOOK, or write for it to Sergeant's, Dept. GK7B, Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's

DOG MEDICINES



tion the offender is locked up and placed on a restricted diet. For repetition of offenses the prisoner may be locked up, he may be demoted in grade, and all his privileges may be forfeited.

For still more serious offenses there is the final resort to forfeiture of "good time." "Good time" is a definite "credit" given by law of so many days each month. It can, however, be forfeited for misconduct. "Good time" means more to a prisoner than anything else. It is a "piece of liberty" and is not to be lightly forfeited.

Exciting incidents have occasionally broken the monotony of prison routine during the past five years. On June 23, 1936, one of the inmates seized a pair of shears in the tailor shop and stabbed Al Capone. The wounds were superficial.

On February 16, 1938, it became necessary for the Department of Justice to release a newspaper item to the effect that Capone was suffering from intermittent mental disturbances and that it had been necessary to place him under medical care. That's all that was stated. The Department of Justice did not propose to elaborate by sending out up-to-the-minute flashes from the bedside, covering the details of the disorder or the state of the patient's health. The lid of silence was clamped down.

Many persons jumped to the conclusion that conditions at Alcatraz had driven Capone crazy. The truth is that his condition was not in any way due to his confinement there or at Atlanta Penitentiary. It grew out of circumstances arising many years prior to his incarceration.

Then there was the incident of February 15, 1936, when a group of inmates decided that they wouldn't take any food. Two days later the doctor thought they really ought to have some, and resorted to feeding them through a tube. Three days later the prisoners decided they were through hunger striking.

An Escape from Alcatraz

The biggest story to come out of Alcatraz concerned the disappearance of Ralph Roe and Theodore Cole. Roe was serving a term of ninety-nine years for robbery of a national bank and had a long criminal record. Cole was serving a sentence of fifty years for kidnapping. He likewise was a habitual criminal.

These two men, who were "working" in the mat shop, managed to slide down the cliff to the water's edge. I use the term "working" advisedly, for with the patience that only Job and prisoners can muster they had, over a period of time, cut through the metal sash of the shop window. No trace has been found of them.

The fog was probably thicker on that particular day than it had ever been since the Department of Justice took over the island. It was so thick that it was impossible for a guard at the top of the tower to see the water's edge, and when the Coast Guard responded to a radio signal from the warden's office, the guards in the tower could not see the Coast Guard boat when it poked its nose up to the island shore.

Did they get away? Frankly, I don't know. At any rate, the bodies haven't been found. Perhaps it was a grandiose way of committing suicide. Perhaps a boat or a raft, hidden by the fog, was waiting for them.

But there were other desperate men in that mat shop at the time of the break, including John Paul Chase, serving a life sentence for killing an agent of the F. B. I. Why didn't he go, too? He probably would have gone if there had been a boat waiting. Perhaps he knew that these two men didn't have a chance to escape and he decided that he would rather stay alive and serve his sentence than

scurry down the cliff to certain death.

On May 1, 1936, Joe Bowers "made a try" for it, scaled the wire fence near the workshop, and started his descent to the rocks below. He was repeatedly warned by the guards in the towers, but he wouldn't turn back and two shots ended his life.

The news that gave the Department of Justice the most concern was conveyed in a telephone conversation between the Deputy Warden and James V. Bennett, director of the Bureau of Prisons, on September 24, 1937. One of the prisoners stepped out of line in the mess hall and struck a vicious blow at Warden Johnston. The injuries, fortunately, were not serious and both inmates and guards quickly came to his rescue.

Murder on the Island

On May 23, 1938, Officer R. C. Cline was killed by an inmate who, with two other prisoners, attempted to make a break. Thomas R. Limerick, one of the prisoners, was killed. The second prisoner was injured, and the third quickly surrendered. This was the first and only death among the custodial force at the island.

There have been other times when the calm of the island routine has been disturbed, as when boats have ventured into the prohibited zone and it has become necessary for the guards in the towers to spray the waters with warning bullets.

There was a day in November, 1936, when the river steamer Delta King, which plies between San Francisco and Sacramento, went aground on the northeastern end of the island. A cutter immediately came to its assistance and the steamer was towed away after a twenty-minute stay. The warden wasn't uneasy. He just made sure that there were no landing parties and that none of his charges embarked.

One morning in January of this year, four dangerous men, who had been segregated for some time in the old part of the cell block where the soft steel bars had not been replaced with the tool-proof variety, somehow got through the bars and out of the cell house. They were caught at the water's edge.

One of them—Doc Barker, the kidnaper—resisted and was killed. Another was wounded. The venture cannot be chalked up as an "escape," because you're not "outside the wall" at Alcatraz until you've negotiated a mile and a half of water.

But getting out of the cell house was a feat that called for almost unbelievable ingenuity and patience on the part of that desperate quartet. How did they do it? I don't know. I had left the office of Attorney General only a few days before.

But, remember, you don't need a "saw" to saw through a soft steel bar. Put a little cement dust or other abrasive on a piece of string and work that string patiently across the bar, for days and weeks. Eventually you "saw" through. Incredible? Well, it has been done. At any rate, toolproof steel will soon replace the old soft steel throughout the entire cell block.

Perhaps no prison should ever be dubbed "escapeproof." But let's put it this way—Alcatraz is about as near to it as we can get.

It is amazing that there have not been more attempts at escape. The answer lies in the strict discipline on the island, the constant watchfulness of the guards and the shrewd manner in which the warden administers every phase of the institution. Every guard is qualified as a sharpshooter or as an expert pistol-man.

Alcatraz is a success. It is a secure place for desperate men. Discipline has been improved at the other institutions

from which we have culled out the troublemakers. Alcatraz has likewise served as a distinct deterrent to those who would be troublemakers if confinement on The Rock were not an ever-present threat.

And Alcatraz is in good hands. Warden James A. Johnston has devoted twenty-five years to the public service. He served the state of California as head of San Quentin Prison, Folsom Prison, as director of the State Department of Penology, as a member of the California Crime Commission and in many other capacities. He has the intelligence, the experience, the ingenuity and the humanity to see that nothing but the sentences of the court are executed at Alcatraz.

Generally speaking, the men at Alcatraz are not susceptible to ordinary rehabilitation procedure. They must be given specialized treatment because they are, in a sense, extraordinary criminals. Alcatraz was not created on impulse, but after long study. The site was chosen, not by whim, but after long considera-



"Two aspirins on toast"

tion and careful planning. Alcatraz is designed to handle a particular group of prisoners in a particular fashion, and, while it is regrettable that we need an Alcatraz, experience shows its existence to be essential for the protection of the public.

Eventual Parole Possible

It has been found necessary to confine only 300 of the 18,000 federal prisoners in this institution. The rest are taken care of through the diversified prison system with its twenty-two institutions, ranging from reformatories, jails and mountain camps to the larger penitentiaries of Atlanta and Leavenworth. It is in these twenty-two other institutions that more hopeful material is found for the important task of rehabilitation.

But even some of those in Alcatraz may sometime reform. If men can demonstrate that they don't need the discipline and the close custody that characterizes that prison, they may be retransferred to one of the other institutions—and occasionally this is done. They may even some day be considered for parole.

Discipline is rigorous and routine strict at Alcatraz, but both are tempered as much as circumstances allow by the humaneness that must characterize a civilized penal system.

Made-to-Order Punks

Continued from page 13

three years on the air in behalf of a breakfast food. His first stage part was as a gabby tenement kid in Street Scene and he is now doing parts alone in Hollywood. He was in a Slight Case of Murder with Edward G. Robinson and in My Bill with Kay Francis.

"Used to wear little Lord Fauntleroy suits," said Gabe sarcastically.

"I guess you picked out your own clothes when you were a kid," answered Bobby, unmoved.

But about Leo Gorcey, the missing, there was no difference of opinion. Leo was tough. Leo was a swell guy, Leo was also a softy at heart.

"Writes poetry," reported Huntz Hall. "That gooey stuff about sunsets and love. But don't ever kid him about it. He's liable to sock you. He got thrown out of practically every school in New York City. And, boy, can he drive that car!"

Gorcey comes of a theatrical family, his father Barney Gorcey having played the role of the father in Abie's Irish Rose for five years. Leo has been on his own in half a dozen Hollywood pictures, even turning up at M-G-M for a little something known as Mannequin. He is also on the older side, having turned twenty-two, but he will probably go on playing tough-kid roles as long as the demand lasts.

"He wanted to be a jockey," said Bobby Jordan. "His old man wouldn't let 'im."

"Whyn't you be a jockey or something and stop lousing up the screen?" asked Gabe.

"I'm goin' ta get a car and take out Ann Sheridan," replied Bobby with malicious intent.

"Yeh, you are!" they cried in unison.

Well, Not So Tough

Gabriel Dell, who is the Italian of the crowd, is the son of Dr. Marcello Del Vecchio, the name being changed for American consumption. He went to parochial school and then to DeWitt Clinton High in New York, doing Hamlet in a school production that is still regarded by the Board of Education as the all-time horrible for Shakespeare.

His mother got him a speaking part in the Theatre Guild production of The Good Earth. He was picked for Dead End without knowing any of the other menaces and struck up a friendship with Huntz Hall that is still very close. He is the sensitive member of the outfit, given to moods and sulks and hurt feelings. He would like to be a writer when he quits acting, but nobody quits acting when he's drawing down the sugar of a Dead End boy.

With Bernie Punsley, who had sat eating and grinning through the meal, the gang seemed to take a protective attitude. He is the pudgy representative and the others don't ride him too hard. His father has a men's store in New York and Bernie has his heart set on being a bacteriologist. He is taking lessons now in the science from a private tutor.

"Nuts to bugs," cried Mr. Halop, who had been too occupied with his food to bother about things. Bernie just smiled—an action that seemed to soften Billy. "He's all right," he explained to the room at large. "Bernie's all right."

About this time it became apparent that the Dead End kids weren't as tough as made out. When they got on the subject of sports, they sat around on the edge of their chairs shouting eagerly and forgetting about their smart cracks.

As for acting, they are all serious

about it and pretty sensitive over criticism. Billy Halop has ambitions which, if accomplished, will make him another Barrymore. Hollywood probably hasn't been too good for them because there is no place where successful kids can be as easily spoiled, but they invariably astonish casual observers by the good sense of their thinking.

Hollywood expected them to be tough brats, and they have lived up to it, but when you get them on a serious subject they sit down and discuss it with intelligence.

"We ought to have Leo here," says Bobby Jordan, trying to be casual about his admiration for the fabulous Gorcey.

"One punk less is one punk less," replies Gabe Dell, who prefers the sophisticated role.

Should Know Kid Psychology

And it is quite true that around the studios they have been punks of no mean order at intervals. Guys like Jimmy Cagney and John Garfield, who were tough punks in their own right, know how to smack them into place, but there was the situation when Dupont, the famous German director, was taken off a picture because he blew up and smacked Gabe Dell. They have been spoiled but they can be handled if the director knows the psychology of New York kids and coddles them one time and pushes their teeth in the next.

By the time the luncheon was over, they felt they had done enough in maintaining their reputation as thugs and had settled down to a discussion about the comparative merits of Sid Luckman and Davey O'Brien.

"If he'd had any team at all behind him," cried Billy Halop, "they'd never heard of anybody but Luckman."

"You goin' ta keep up that Brooklyn stuff all your life?" asked Huntz Hall sourly.

"Never you mind," answered Halop. "Wait'll you see them Dodgers at the end of this season!"

"I saw 'em two seasons ago," said Huntz. "I got sick."

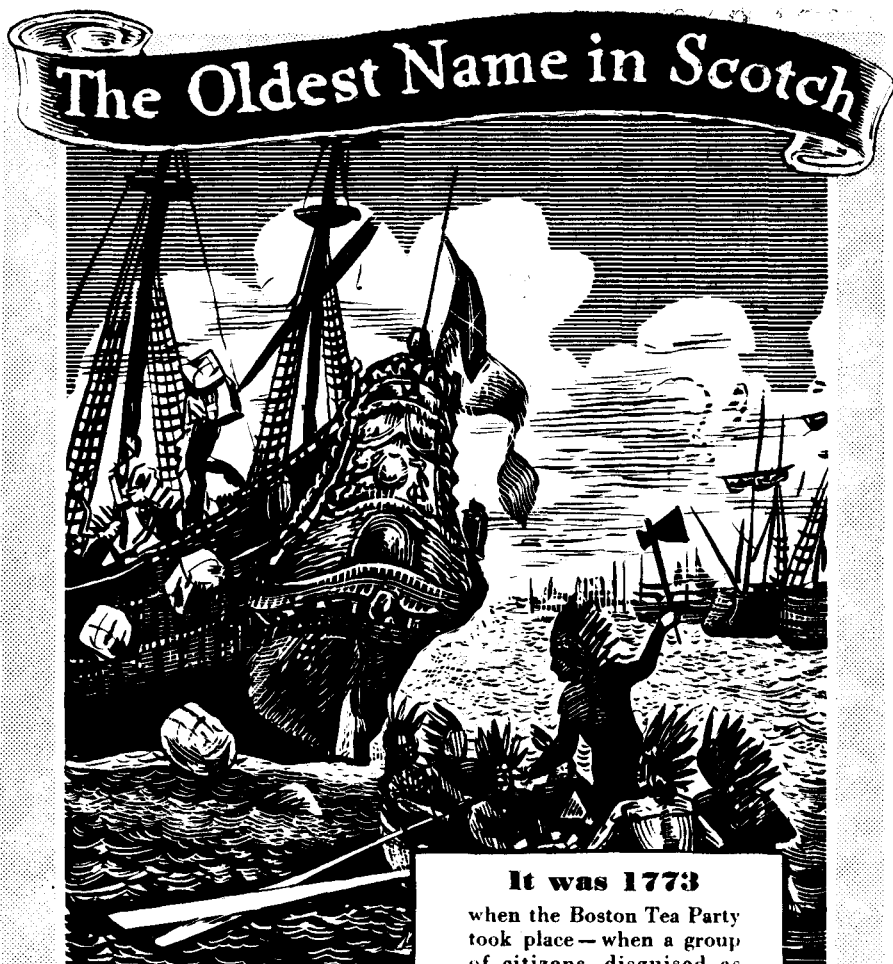
Just then the photographer came in and the place again became a bedlam. They reverted at once to the usual Hollywood gags. Billy Halop took up the flowers from the table and held them under his chin, daintily. Huntz Hall had his teeth bared like Teddy Roosevelt. Gabe leaned back in his chair and lifted his feet so they caught the camera full in the lens. Bernie grinned happily at the others. Bobby Jordan was posing with his side view to the camera.

"What Ann likes best about me is my profile," he said.

Since we saw them, the fabulous Gorcey has been married and is settled down in most demure connubial bliss. The others have stuck with the Dead-End legend, but Warners' have shown signs of distress, thinking it impossible to continue finding parts tough enough and still appealing enough for these worthies. There is a chance that if they continue to exist at all as a unit, they will remain as a legend.

We will always remember them as we left them, with Miss Wood speaking in a pleading voice and the photographer going back and forth with the same phony grin and apprehensive air that characterized the waiter earlier. But for the fact that there were more of them, they might have been the Ritz brothers, replete with smart chatter, wise gags and buffoonery.

In brief, Hollywood.



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Summer Frost

Continued from page 16

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"All right, Mrs. Allen," she said. "You won't sell it. But will you let me take it and show it to my father?"

Mary looked at her son. Amos nodded. "That might be a good idea, Mother. It might be a good thing for folks like Miss Brust's father to learn firsthand that there are some things that can't be bought." He smiled at Letty. "And I'd sort of like to be the one to tell him." The girl's lips drew back. She was thinking of her father in his bed, all his heart on tiptoe.

"And you called me cruel," she cried; and then her hand came up, beckoning the challenge. "All right—come on—my father's not afraid—neither am I."

With which she was out of the room and the kitchen door slammed.

"My soul," said Mary, her eyes shining. "She's got spunk."

The Allen smile was crooked on Amos. "People like that need spanking. Coming into our house to—you wait."

He reached for the Ming celadon, wrapped it in the dish towel and after him the screen door slammed again.

Mary watched him pass the window and then, part of her creed, pulled down the shade to save the carpet from the sun.

"That Amos!" she complained to the forgiving darkness of the room. And this also was part of her creed. "I love him so much it's all I can do to keep from telling him."

WHEN the car stopped at the terrace of the great house Letty Brust was punctiliously impersonal. Amos was neither a friend nor an enemy.

"I hope you won't mind coming up to father's room."

Amos nodded and followed her through the lush hallway and up the stairs.

Through the doorway to the sea chamber he saw Jacob Brust, small among the large pillows, the Sung wine-cup in one hand, the fingers of the other stroking the ineffable glaze of the cup's lip in a rhythm of subtle ecstasy.

They entered and Jacob's sparrow eyes brightened. He was really a beardless Kobold from the root cave under the big oak.

"Poppa, this is Mr. Allen."

The old man laid the cup aside and put up both hands. He held Amos' hand for a long minute, his fingers moving lightly over the hard slenderness of the Allen fingers. And then he smiled, suddenly, as though he'd found something completely delightful.

"It is a good hand, Mr. Allen. You will go far—you will do more than your share. Feel, Letty—feel the quality in his hand."

The daughter leaned over the bed.

"It should have quality, Poppa, one of his ancestors was the great governor and another the general we read that book about."

The little man reared back, dropping Amos' hand as though it was something he must not touch.

"Ahhh—soo—" And there was worship in him. "It is a privilege, Mr. Allen. You should be proud." He rocked a little among the pillows. "Think of it—when my grandfather was lucky to have a cabbage—your people were fixing all this—all this—" his hand came up in a spiral gesture to intimate an old heaven and a new earth—"all this for Letty and me." There was a sweetness in his little comic face that went deep. "Mamma and Letty and me. And we are grateful."

The room was quiet, thick with gratitude and embarrassment.

"And what do you do, Mr. Allen?" Jacob was pleasantly uninhibited by silly customs of the beau monde.

Letty started to explain but Amos came in ahead of her.

"I sell clams," he said, very flatly.

The old man nodded earnest approval. "Clams!" he said. "Clams is nice. I make beer. Beer is nice too. It is nice to have business in nice things like clams and beer." His eyes shifted abruptly to his daughter.

"Why do you do that, Letty? Why do you stop smiling that way when you look at this young man—maybe you have something in your mind?"

The girl went red. "Please, Poppa."

"But why not, Letty—he is so beautiful."

Letty breathed relief when she saw the butler in the doorway.

"New York is calling. Mr. Ames of the Chilton Foundation."

Letty went to the bed table.

"Thank you," she nodded to the man. "I'll take it here."

Amos went out into the hall to get beyond earshot, but the girl's clear voice made that impossible.

"Yes, Mr. Ames," and then the listening minute. "Yes, Mr. Ames—I'm with him now—I'll ask him."

Amos could hear her voice shift to her father.

"It's about your letter, Poppa. Mr. Ames wonders whether you've decided yet about increasing the endowment."

And then the shrill little voice:

"It'll come out of you, Letty."

"Darling, you know that makes no difference. You started it in memory of Mother and she'd want us to do all we possibly can."

In spite of himself Amos looked down the length of the hall and saw them. The old hand in the young hand; the shared love that held them close; the girl taking the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand and lifting the telephone with a gay gesture.

"Father says to go ahead, Mr. Ames. He'll write the office today about the funds."

And then she came, graceful and immaculate, into the doorway.

"I'm sorry we were interrupted, Mr. Allen. Won't you come in?"

Amos didn't hear her. He was back six years in the sun of that moment when

the miracle happened, when word had come that he could go to college.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Allen?"

Amos lifted his head and looked at her.

"Yes," he said and walked to Jacob's bed, the Ming celadon in the dish towel still in his left hand. He unwrapped the vase and held its rosy fire toward the old man. Jacob, his eyes transfixed, leaned forward weakly.

"Dear Gott," he whispered. "Was there ever another such—even before I touch it I know."

His hands went out. Parsifal at long last reaching for the Grail.

But even in this hypnosis Jacob had fears.

"I will buy it, Mr. Allen. Any price you say—it makes no difference."

"No," said Amos, almost harshly. "You will not buy it."

Letty snapped straight, face hard, her defensive lightnings played along the cornice.

"But it's yours," Amos said, no graciousness in his voice. "My mother would want you to have it."

IT WAS hard breathing in the room. It is also hard to breathe in the dead center of a hurricane.

"You give this thing to me?" whistled the old man. "You give it?"

"Yes," Amos said, turning so he should not be plagued with seeing gratitude if there was such. "It won't square things but it'll help."

No one spoke and Amos went on:

"I went through college and I'm having my law school"—he faced them and it was plain that his eyes were begging the tears not to come and shame him. "All—all of it on scholarships from the Chilton Foundation."

Old Jacob sat up slowly in the Napoleon bed. Beyond the window he could see the wheeling gulls in the free grace of the unfenced sky and in the room he could not only see, he could feel the rush of complete and precious understanding between his daughter and Amos Allen.

He straightened himself, flexed his arms, the surge of the most vital interest in all the world boiling life back into him on a spring tide.

"That will be nice." He glowed with the divine indecency of old wisdom. "Grandchildren will be nice."



"I didn't get the part between 'Dear Sir' and 'Yours Faithfully' "

LEONARD DOVE

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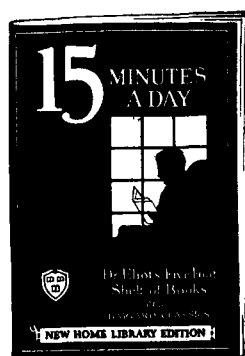
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time. He looked after him, wide-eyed, till he was out of sight.

He went back to the terrace full of a strangely empty feeling. Marill was still sitting there reading his paper with an expression of loathing and contempt. Strange, Kern thought, how fast something can fall to pieces—in the time someone else spends quietly reading the newspaper. Orphan, fifty years old—his face twitched in bitter amusement—an orphan, as if one couldn't be that without one's father and mother being dead. . . .

THREE days later Ruth Holland prepared to leave for Vienna. Her passport was good only for a short time longer and she had to cross the border before it ran out. She had a friend in Vienna with whom she could stay and she planned to try to get work and attend lectures at the university.

On the evening of her departure she went with Kern to the Black Pig restaurant. Hitherto they had both eaten regularly at the soup kitchen; but for their last evening Kern had arranged a special celebration.

The Black Pig was a smoky little place where the food was cheap but very good. Marill had told Kern about it. He had also told him the exact prices and had particularly recommended the specialty of the house, veal goulash. Kern had counted his money and decided it would be enough to include cheesecake afterward. Ruth had once told him she was very fond of it.

But an unpleasant surprise awaited them on their arrival. They had come too late; there was no more goulash. Kern studied the bill of fare apprehensively. Most of the other dishes were more expensive. The waiter, standing beside him, ran through the list in a singsong voice: "Smoked meat with sauerkraut, pork chops and green salad, chicken paprika, fresh pâté de foie gras—"

Pâté de foie gras, thought Kern—the fool seems to think we're multimillionaires. He handed the menu to Ruth. "What would you like instead of goulash?" he asked. He had calculated that if he ordered chops, the cheesecake would be out of the question.

Ruth merely glanced at the menu. "Sausage and potato salad," she said. It was the cheapest item.

"Nonsense," Kern declared, "that's not the thing for a farewell dinner."

"I'm very fond of it. After what we've been eating at the soup kitchen it will be a feast."

"And how would you like to make your feast of pork chops?"

"They're too expensive."

"**WAITER,**" Kern said decisively, "two pork chops and see that they're big ones."

"They're all the same size," the waiter replied indifferently. "What do you wish first? Soup, hors d'oeuvres, relishes?"

"Nothing," Ruth said before Kern could consult her.

They ordered a carafe of cheap wine, and the waiter moved off scornfully—as though he knew by intuition that Kern had already spent a half crown of the money that was to have been his tip.

The place was almost empty. A single guest sat at a table in the corner. He had a broad, red face marked by dueling scars and he was wearing a monocle. He sat with a glass of beer in front of him and watched Kern and Ruth.

"Too bad he's sitting there," Kern said.

Ruth nodded. "If it were only someone else. But he—he reminds you of all—"

"Yes, you can be sure he's no exile," Kern said. "The contrary, rather."

"We'll just pay no attention—"

But Kern couldn't help it. He noticed that the man continued to stare at them uninterruptedly.

"I can't make out what he wants," he said angrily. "He keeps right on looking at me."

"Perhaps he's an agent of the Gestapo. I've heard this town is crawling with spies."

"Shall I go over and ask him what he wants?"

"No!" Ruth laid her hand on Kern's arm in terror.

The chops were served. They were crisp and tender and fresh green salad came with them. But Ruth and Kern did not enjoy them as much as they had expected; they were too nervous.

"He can't be here on our account," Kern said. "No one knew that we were coming here."

"That couldn't have been it," Ruth

you? Well, my friend, there's just one prescription for you—the police!"

"I can pay for what I've eaten!" Kern said, angrily tossing his money on the table.

"Count it carefully," the proprietor said to the waiter. "Pack up your trash," he snapped at Kern. "What are you trying to get away with anyway? Are you a guest or a peddler?"

"For the time being I'm a guest," Kern declared with more fury than logic, "and you are—"

"One moment!" said a voice behind him.

KERN spun around. The stranger with the monocle was standing directly behind him. "May I ask you a question?" he said.

The man moved a few steps away from the counter. Kern followed him. His heart was beating wildly.

"You're German exiles, aren't you?" the man asked.

Kern stared at him, full of fear and hatred. "What's that to you?"

"Nothing," the man replied calmly.



agreed. "He may just have been here by accident. There's no doubt, though, that he's watching us—"

The waiter carried out the dishes. Kern looked after him disconsolately. He had planned this meal as a treat for Ruth, and now the fellow with the monocle had spoiled it. Angrily he got up; he had made up his mind. "One moment, Ruth—"

"What are you going to do?" she asked anxiously. "Stay here!"

"No, no, this has nothing to do with the man over there. I'm just going to speak to the proprietor."

As a precaution he had put two small bottles of perfume in his pocket before he left the hotel. Now he meant to see if he could arrange with the proprietor to trade one of them for two pieces of cheesecake. They were worth a good deal more, but that didn't matter. After the failure of the chops, Ruth should at least have the dessert she liked best. Perhaps he could arrange for a demitasse as well.

He went out and made his proposal to the proprietor. The latter immediately got red in the face. "Aha, trying to run out without paying your check! Think you can eat here and not pay for it, do

"Only I happened to hear what you were just talking about. Will you sell me the perfume?"

Kern thought he knew now what the man wanted. If he sold him the perfume then he would be guilty of peddling without a license and could immediately be arrested and deported.

"No," he said.

"Why not?"

"I have nothing to sell. I'm not a peddler."

"Then let's trade. I shall give you what the proprietor refused to give—cheesecake and coffee."

"I don't understand what you're talking about," Kern said in refusal.

THE man smiled. "I know you're suspicious. But let me explain. I live in Berlin and in an hour I'm going back there. For years I have seen what is going on in Germany. With much of it I am in agreement. But I am ashamed of what they are doing to you—well, what they are doing to you. I am ashamed that the helpless should be so treated. It is a strange thing, but one possesses something like a social conscience. For this reason it would please me to be able to help you in this small

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"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES
... AND AT HOME TOO"

matter. It would unburden me a little. I am Captain von Barnekrog. One of the bravest men in my company was a Jew. Now give me the bottle."

Kern handed it to him. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I thought something quite different about you."

"I can well imagine." The captain laughed. "And now you must not leave the young lady alone any longer. Very likely she is frightened already. I wish the best of luck to you both." He shook hands with Kern.

"Thanks. Thanks a lot."

Kern picked up his money and went back, bewildered. "Ruth," he said, "either this is Christmas or I'm crazy."

The waiter appeared immediately. He was carrying a tray with coffee and a three-tiered silver stand piled with pastries.

"What's this?" Ruth asked in amazement.

"These are the wonders of Kern's Perfume."

Kern beamed and poured out the coffee.

"Now we have the right to our choice of pastries. What would you like, Ruth?"

"A piece of cheesecake."

"Here's your cheesecake. I shall have a chocolate cream puff."

"Shall I pack up the rest for you?" asked the waiter.

"What do you mean?"

The waiter indicated the three tiers with a sweep of his hand. "This has all been ordered for you."

KERN looked at him in complete amazement.

"All this for us? Where is the—isn't the gentleman coming?"

"He has gone. Everything has been taken care of. So now—"

"Wait," Kern said hastily, "for heaven's sake wait. Ruth, have an éclair? Or one of these flaky ones? Or a seedcake?"

He filled her plate and took a few more for himself. "There," he said, sighing with contentment, "please put up the rest in two packages. You're to take one with you, Ruth. My, it's nice to be able to do something for you for once."

"The champagne is already on ice," said the waiter, picking up the silver stand.

"Champagne, that's a good joke!" Kern laughed.

"It isn't a joke." The waiter pointed toward the door where the proprietor himself had appeared, carrying an ice-filled cooler from which protruded the neck of a champagne bottle.

"You won't hold it against me," he smiled ingratiatingly, "of course I was only joking before—"

Kern leaned back in his chair, wide-eyed. The waiter nodded. "Yes, everything's been paid for."

"I'm dreaming," Kern said, rubbing his hand over his face. "Have you ever drunk champagne before, Ruth?"

"No. Up to now I've only seen it in the movies."

Kern with difficulty regained his composure. "My man," he addressed the proprietor in a dignified tone, "you see what a bargain I proposed to you, a bottle of the world-famous Kern Perfume in exchange for two miserable portions of cheesecake. Now you can see what a connoisseur is willing to pay for it."

"A man can't know everything," the proprietor apologized. "Drinks are more in my line."

"Ruth," Kern said, "from today on I believe in miracles. If a white dove were to fly in through the window this minute, carrying in its beak two passports for us good for five years, or an unrestricted work permit—it wouldn't astonish me a bit!"

They emptied the bottle. It would have seemed a sin to leave so much as a drop. They didn't especially like the taste, but they went on drinking and became merrier and merrier until at the end they were both a little drunk.

When they were ready to leave Kern picked up the packages containing the pastries and prepared to pay for the chops.

But the waiter waved him aside. "It's all been attended to—"

"Ruth," Kern stammered, "life is overwhelming us. Another day like this and I'd become a romantic."

The proprietor stopped them. "Have you any more of that perfume? I thought perhaps for my wife—"

Kern was alert at once. It just happens that I have one more bottle with me—the last." He pulled the second bottle out of his pocket. "But not on the same terms as before, my friend. You missed your chance. The price is twenty crowns"—he held his breath—"seeing it's you!"

THE proprietor made a lightning calculation. He had charged the captain thirty crowns too much for the champagne and pastry, so he would still be ten crowns to the good. "Fifteen," he offered.

"Twenty," Kern made a move to put the bottle away.

"All right, then," the proprietor brought a ragged bill out of his pocket. He determined to tell his beloved, the unbending Barbara, that the bottle had cost fifty. In that way he could avoid buying her the hat she had been begging for all week, which was priced at forty-five crowns. Two birds with one stone.

"Where is my Mercedes?" Kern called at the door. "I have a feeling that my Mercedes is bound to come around the corner."

Ruth laughed, a gay, young laugh.

"That's the first time I've heard you really laugh," Kern said.

"It's the first time I've been really happy."

Kern raised the two packages of pastry above his head. "With these things we'll open a pastry shop! You must stay here, Ruth! I've never had so much luck. Twenty crowns! I usually sell it for eight. Stay here and in a year we'll own a factory."

She laughed again. "How old are you anyway?"

"Twenty-two," Kern lied with great presence of mind.

"So young!"

"So old! This last year counts for ten."

He plucked up his courage and kissed her.

"What a way to behave!" An elderly man with a carefully trimmed beard was watching the two with disapproval. "This disregard of manners!" he exclaimed. "You never saw anything like that before the war."

"You never saw us before the war either," Kern said, and laughed.

THEY picked up Ruth's bag at the hotel and then went to the station. Ruth was very quiet.

"Don't be sad," Kern said. "I'll be following you soon. In ten days I'll have to leave here, I'm sure of that. Then I'll come to Vienna. Do you want me to come to Vienna?"

"Yes, come! But only if it's best for you."

"Why didn't you just say: yes, come?" She looked at him a little guiltily.

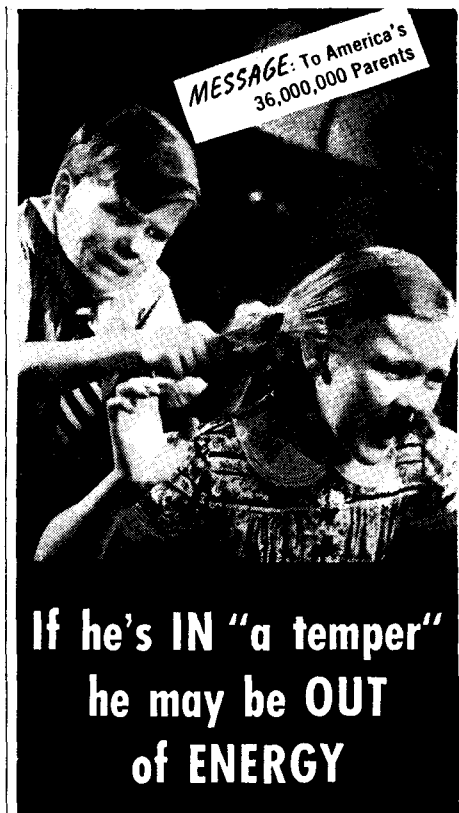
"Doesn't what I said mean more?"

"I don't know. It sounded cautious."

"Yes." She suddenly looked sad. "That's what it was—cautious."

"Don't be sad," Kern said. "A while ago you were so gay."

She looked at him helplessly. "Don't



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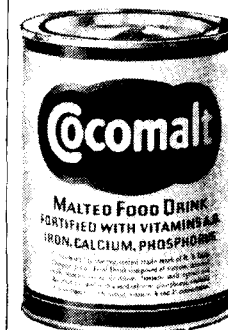
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pay any attention to me," she murmured. "Sometimes I don't make sense. Perhaps it's because of the wine. Pretend it's the wine anyway. Come along, we still have a few minutes."

They sat down on a bench in the park and Kern put his arm around her shoulders. "Be happy, Ruth. The other does no good. I know that sounds foolish, but it isn't foolish for us. We bitterly need what little gaiety we can get. We especially."

She looked straight ahead. "I'd like to be gay, Ludwig. I guess I'm serious by nature. I'd like so much to take things lightly and to make people happy. But what I say always turns out to be awkward and serious." She spoke the words angrily. And Kern suddenly noticed that tears were streaming down her cheeks. She wept without a sound, angry and helpless. "I don't know why I'm crying," she said. "I have no reason to, especially now. But perhaps that's why I'm crying. Don't look at me—don't look at me now."

"Darling, don't," Kern said. She leaned forward and put her hands on his shoulders. He drew her to him and kissed her. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was shut savagely and stubbornly as though to refuse him.

"Ah—" She became calmer. "Do you know—" Her head dropped against his shoulder; her eyes remained closed—"Do you know—" Her mouth opened and her lips became as soft as a fruit.

AT THE station Kern disappeared for a moment and returned with a bunch of roses, silently blessing the captain and the proprietor of the Black Pig.

Ruth was filled with confusion when he presented her with the flowers. She blushed, and all the sadness left her face. "Flowers," she said. "Roses! Why, I'm having a send-off like a movie star."

"You're having a send-off like the wife of an extremely successful businessman," Kern declared proudly.

"Businessmen don't give flowers, Ludwig."

"Yes, they do. The youngest generation has revived the custom."

He put her bag and the package of pastries in the luggage net. She got out with him. On the station platform she took his head in her hands and looked at him earnestly. "It was good that you were here." She kissed him. "Now go, go on while I'm getting into the train. I don't want you to see me cry again. Otherwise you'll think that's all I can do. Go—"

He didn't go. "I am not afraid of good-bys," he said. "There have been so many in my life. This is not goodby." The train began to move. Ruth waved. Kern stood where he was until the train was out of sight. Then he went back to the hotel.

Outside the door he met Rabe. "Good evening," Kern said, drawing out his package of cigarettes and offering them. Rabe recoiled and lifted his arm as though to ward off a blow. Kern looked at him in astonishment. "I beg your pardon," Rabe said, greatly embarrassed. "That's just a kind of—a sort of involuntary reaction—"

He took a cigarette.

TEN days later Kern said goodby to Marill. He had been ordered to leave; the authorities were not going to send him to the border under guard—he was simply given a railroad pass. He rode as far as Pressburg and from there went on to the customhouse.

"No papers?" asked the Czech official. "None."

"Go inside. There are a few others there already. In an hour will be the best time."

Kern went into the customs building. There were three people there—a very pale man, his wife and an elderly Jew.

Kern nodded to them. The others looked at him nervously and murmured an indistinct greeting. Kern put down his valise and took a seat.

"We'll get across all right, Anna," said the pale man. "You'll see. Then everything will be better."

His wife said nothing. "We're sure to get across. Absolutely sure. Why shouldn't they let us across? After all, we're human beings."

"Because they don't want us," his wife answered sharply.

"But we haven't done anything. We're sure to get across. Absolutely sure, Anna. They'll let us in."

You poor fool, Kern thought and tried to go to sleep.

"I have my son in Vienna," said the old Jew. "He has written me I should come. I have the letter with me."

Kern heard his indistinct mutterings roll on; then he fell asleep.

He awoke as soon as the official came to get them. It had grown dark. The official led them across a field and into leafy woods. Presently he stopped. "You go on from here. Keep to the right for a quarter of an hour; then turn left; go on till you come to a road. Good luck."

He disappeared into the darkness. The four stood hesitating. "I'll go first," Kern said.

The moon had not risen yet and they had to grope their way through the dark. Kern could hear the others breathing behind him. They had walked for a long time, when suddenly flashlights blazed in front of them. A harsh voice shouted: "Halt! Stay where you are!"

With a leap aside Kern got away. He plunged into the darkness, striking against trees and groping his way; he plowed through a blackberry thicket and left his valise there. There was the sound of running feet behind him and he turned. It was the woman. "Hide yourself!" he whispered. "I'm going to climb this tree."

"My husband—oh this—"

KERN hurriedly climbed a beech tree. Crouching in a fork, he could feel the soft, rustling foliage beneath him. The woman stood motionless below; he could not see her, he just felt her standing there.

"My son—" he heard the beseeching voice of the old Jew in the distance. "But please read the letter. I beg you, Herr Officer."

"Bosh!" answered the harsh voice. "Without a passport you don't get across."

"But my son, he will pay everything for me and I myself have money—"

"Stow it, Moses!"

Kern strained his ears. Now he could hear the low voice of the other man answering the policeman. So they had caught them both. At that instant there was a rustling under him. The woman was going back, muttering to herself. For a time everything was quiet. Then the beams of the flashlights began to sweep between the trees. Footsteps approached. Kern pressed himself against the trunk. He was well hidden by the thick leaves under him. Suddenly he heard the piercing, hysterical voice of the woman: "This is where he must be. He climbed this tree—"

The beam was directed upward. "Come down!" the harsh voice shouted. "Otherwise we'll shoot."

Kern considered the situation; escape was impossible. He climbed down. The blinding flashlights were thrust into his face. "Passport?"

He shook his head. "What do you think I was in that tree for?"

KERN looked at the woman who had betrayed him. She was disheveled and almost out of her mind. "You'd have liked that, wouldn't you?" she hissed at him. "Get away and leave us here! All of us are going to stay," she screamed, "all of us."

"Shut your mouth!" roared the coarse voice. "Pay attention now! We really ought to throw you into prison for unlawful entry. But what's the use of feeding you? About face! Back to Czechoslovakia! But make a note of this: next time we'll shoot!"

Kern got his valise out of the thicket. Then the four went back in single file, followed by the policemen with the flashlights. They could see nothing of their adversaries but the white circles of the flashlights; it gave them an eerie feeling as if voices and light had captured them and were now driving them back.

Presently the lights stopped moving. "March straight ahead," commanded the coarse voice. "Anyone who returns will be shot." Oily laughter rolled after them.

The four went on until they could no longer see the lights behind the trees. Kern heard behind him the gentle voice of the man whose wife had betrayed him:

"You must excuse her—she was beside herself—forgive her—I am certain she feels sorry already—"

"It's all the same to me," Kern said irritably over his shoulder.

"But you must understand," the man whispered; "the shock, the fear—"

"Sure, I understand." Kern turned



"I come over 'bout an hour ago for a drink an' I haven't been able to get back!"

JAY IRVING

around contemptuously. "Forgiving is too much trouble. And too intimate. I'd rather forget."

He stopped. They were in a little clearing and the others stopped too. Kern lay down on the grass and put his valise under his head. The others whispered together. Then the woman approached him. "Anna," her husband whispered.

"Aren't you going to show us the way back?" she asked sharply.

"No," Kern said.

"You louse! It's your fault they caught us."

"Anna!" her husband whispered, horrified.

"Leave her alone," Kern said. "It always helps to get it out of your system."

"Get up!" screamed the woman.

"I'm staying here. You can do what you like. Straight ahead and turn to the left beyond the woods; that'll take you to the Czech customhouse."

"You Jewish bum!" she screamed.

Kern laughed. "I thought that was coming."

He watched the pale man whispering to his hysterical wife and urging her to leave. "He's planning to go back," she sobbed. "I know he is planning to go back. And he'll get across. He must take us—it's his duty."

The man led her slowly away toward the woods. Kern was fumbling for a cigarette when something dark bobbed up two yards in front of him, like a gnome popping out of the earth. It was the old Jew who had been lying down too. He straightened up and shook his head. "These Christians!"

Presently he asked softly, "Going to spend the night here?"

"I'll stay till three. That's the best time. They are on the lookout now. If no one comes back they'll get tired."

"Waiting is something I can do too," the old Jew said contentedly.

"It's a long way and we'll have to crawl part of it," Kern said.

"It don't matter. I'll make myself into a Yiddish Indian in my old age."

They sat in silence. Gradually the sky cleared and the stars appeared. Kern recognized the Great Bear and the Pole star.

"Do you think they'll shoot?" asked the old man.

"I don't know. Probably not."

The old man rocked his head. "There's one thing about being sixty-five: you don't risk so much of your life any more."

THEY got through. A week later Kern was sitting in the Café Sperl. It was late and he was very tired. He didn't know where he was going to spend the night. In the boardinghouse where he had been staying they had told him that they would have to report him to the police; so he had taken his valise and left.

Suddenly someone slapped him on the shoulder.

"Why, it's—devil take it—Kern. Yes, of course, it's Kern."

Kern jumped up, beaming with joy. "Steiner!"

Steiner put a finger to his lips. Then he looked Kern over critically. "You've grown. You're broader. Or am I mistaken? Yes, yes, the hard bread of exile! And your bag—so you've no place to stay, eh?"

"That's right. I've been here twice looking for you."

"I don't get here often. I'm busy now. By day I'm a magician and at night a watchman. I'll take you along. You can sleep at my place."

They left the café. Steiner had lost his position as substitute waiter because the sick man whom he had replaced got well again. Now he was engaged as a versatile helper in the Potzloch Amusement Park in the Prater.

"I'll put you up," he said to Kern. "Tomorrow morning we'll have a talk with old Potzloch. There's one great advantage out there. No one asks us questions. And there's never a whisper about reporting to the police."

"Marvelous!"

They walked through the darkened Prater. The booths were shut up and covered with gray canvas—the carousels looked like bright tents in the darkness. Steiner stopped in front of a gypsy wagon. He unlocked the door and lighted a lamp. "Here we are, my boy. The next thing to do is to conjure up a bed for you."

Out of one corner he pulled a couple of blankets and an old mattress and spread them on the floor beside his own bed. "Are you hungry?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"In the little chest over there are bread, butter and salami. You might fix a sandwich for me too."

There was a gentle knocking on the door.

Kern put down his knife and listened, his eyes darting to the window. Steiner laughed. "The old dread, eh, kid? It's a cinch we'll never get over it. Come in, Lilo," he called.

A TALL, slender woman entered and paused in the doorway. "I have company," Steiner said. "Our young friend Kern. He's going to stay here. Can you make us some coffee, Lilo?"

"Yes."

The woman got out an alcohol stove, lighted it, put a small pot of water on top and began to grind coffee. She did all this noiselessly, with slow, gliding motions.

"I thought you were asleep long ago, Lilo," Steiner said.

"I can't sleep."

The woman had a deep, husky voice. Her face was narrow and regular and her dark hair was parted in the middle. She looked like an Italian, but she spoke German with the harsh accent of the Slav.

Kern was sitting in a broken wicker chair. He was weary, not in mind alone—a sleepy relaxation, such as he had not experienced in a long time, had come over him. He felt secure.

"A pillow," Steiner said. "The one thing we need is a pillow."

"That doesn't matter," Kern replied. "I can fold up my coat or get some underwear out of my bag."

"I have a pillow," the woman said.

She let the coffee come to a boil, then got up and went out in her shadowlike, noiseless way.

"Come and eat," Steiner said, pouring coffee into two blue handleless cups.

They ate the bread and sausage. The woman came back, bringing a pillow. She laid it on Kern's bed and sat down at the table.

"Don't you want coffee, Lilo?" Steiner asked.

She shook her head. Silently she watched the two as they ate and drank. Then Steiner got up. "Time to go to sleep. Are you tired, kid?"

"Not very."

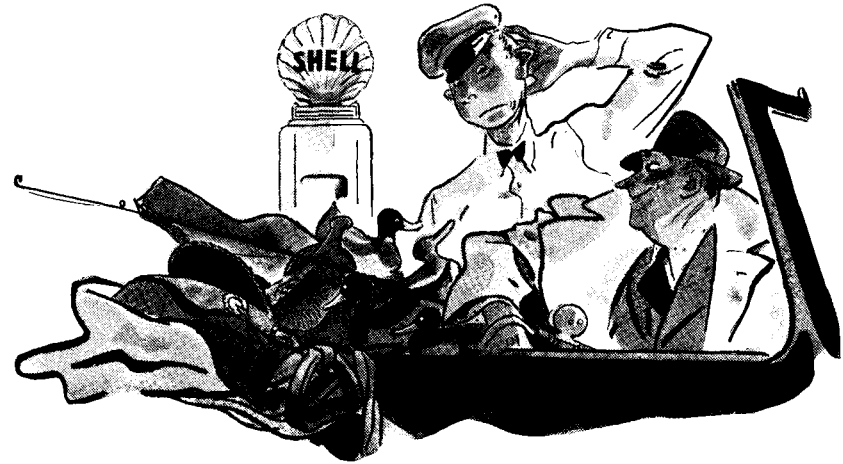
Steiner ran his hand over the woman's black hair. "Go to sleep now, Lilo."

"Yes." She got up obediently. "Good night."

KERN and Steiner went to bed and Steiner blew out the lamp. "Do you know," he said presently out of the warm darkness, "a man ought to live as though he were never going back. You can't get on otherwise. For my part, I don't even believe in a return any more. Can you understand that?"

"Yes," Kern said, burrowing his tired head into the strange woman's pillow. "As far as I'm concerned, that's not hard to do."

(To be continued next week)



This dude had me there

Meetin' folks is fun. And here on the main highway leadin' to the ranch country, I sure meet 'em.

A good one come through yesterday. Tenderfoot, I reckon. You can tell 'em from all the stuff they carry with 'em and don't ever need.

"Good mornin', Pardner," says I, fillin' his gas tank with Super-Shell. Then I give him a little sales talk.

"Pardner, do you know that, even countin' long vacation trips, most of your drivin' is stop-an'-go?"

"Sure," he admits.

"An' every time you start a cold engine, it pretty near runs *dry* till the oil gets flowin'—?"

"Bad," he agrees.

"An', besides, you gotta have not only a *fast-flowin'* oil, but a *tough* one, too—to take the hard drivin'—"

"No argument," he says.

"Now there's *one* oil like that," I continues, "only costs 25 cents a quart. Called *Golden Shell*. Next time you drain, you oughta try it—"

"Whatcha think's in there now, son—goose grease?"

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer



Collier's

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LABOR'S LOST LOVE

WE HAVE thought for some time that we sensed a general cooling-off in this country toward some labor leaders and some aspects of unionism. We said so as long as six months ago, when we told you in an article called "Oregon Strikes Back" about the drastic laws that that state, weary of labor strife, has adopted to curb its unions. We didn't imagine that this cooling-off had gone as far, though, as a recent Gallup poll indicated.

We don't think Dr. George Gallup, professional sampler of public opinion, can be right every time. Maybe he was wrong this time.

If Gallup rang the bell on this poll, a lot of politicians have been doing a lot of unnecessary pussyfooting on labor issues; and some daring politician might even make a killing by spouting some out-and-out antiunion ideas.

Our tip to labor leaders would be to inquire around and try to find out whether Gallup was right or wrong. Here are his conclusions:

Do you favor compulsory federal mediation before a strike can be called? Yes—86%. No—14%. (Percentages about the same in all income groups.)

Favor unions in general? Yes—70%. No—30%.

Favor the closed shop? Yes—27%. No—73%.

Favor the "union shop" (employer to hire whom he pleases, but all those hired required to join the union)? Yes—29%. No—71%.

If the politicians find Dr. Gallup is right, we think they would be wise to model more of their utterances and conduct after old Bill Green, the much-abused head of the A.F.L., with his supposedly old-fashioned ideas. Bill has his racketeers here and there, notably in some building and electrical unions, and the New York World's Fair experiences with some of Bill's boys have positively smelled out loud. But, by and large, Bill Green is in tune with prevailing American thought on labor—which

thought is that labor is entitled to a fair break but not to everything in sight.

John L. (C.I.O.) Lewis, on the other hand, while he makes infinitely better newspaper copy than Green, has some ideas we think most Americans will fight before they will accept—if John's vague Yuma, Ariz., compliments to Communism a year or so ago meant anything more than that John was momentarily exhilarated.

Admitting again that Gallup can be wrong, and perhaps was wrong this time, nevertheless this poll looks to us like a warning to American labor leaders to do some earnest soul-searching—or to labor's rank and file to make them do so if they won't do it of their own free wills.

It would be too bad if the American people, fed up with the superpretensions of some labor leaders and the superambitions of some unions, should some day lace all American labor into a strait-jacket—which they could do.

CONSUMERS NEED NO NURSEMAIDS

WE'RE glad to see the Advertising Federation of America start a backfire against the various "consumers' protective" groups—meaning outfits that profess to be able to give you the inside low-down on whether almost any product you name is as advertised.

These people have been asking for a kick-back for some time . . . but before we go on, we'll ask you please to bear in mind that we depend on advertising for most of our revenues, believe in advertising, and will take all the reputable advertising we can carry alongside a generous amount of fiction, articles and pictures. So please discount our remarks accordingly, and see if you can pick any flaws in them.

In a going and highly complex society, there have to be ways of spreading news to great masses of buyers regarding who has what goods to exchange for money or other goods. Advertising is the natural and the fastest way yet invented. It happens to have been raised to

the level of an art in the United States—the verve and inventiveness of the American mind, we suppose.

There have been and are abuses in American advertising. In so far as these consumers' protective groups aim at those abuses with real, scientifically gathered information, they render a genuine service, and more power to them.

Our chief complaint is that they try to take in too much territory. Actually they are against advertising and really are hostile to private business enterprise. They are long on propaganda and short on facts. So they pass along prejudiced gossip.

Here are a few truths that seem self-evident to us:

A business concern that hopes to survive cannot risk antagonizing the buying public by printing fraudulent or exaggerated advertising—which, like any other class of lie, will eventually out.

Every reputable publication nowadays exer-

cises careful supervision over the advertising it prints. Slips occur, but not many.

The Federal Trade Commission has ample power (some people think too ample) to make a firm in interstate commerce stop making excessive or baseless claims for its products.

People themselves as a rule aren't so dumb as the self-appointed consumers' guardians appear to believe. A surprising number of us common clucks, while we enjoy a handsomely gotten-up and well-written ad, can spot any lies or half-lies it may contain—the ultimate loser being none other than the advertiser himself.

Well, what it all adds up to, we believe, is that periodical advertising as conducted in the present-day United States is conducted more and more ethically all the time; that most advertised goods sold today are as represented by their makers in their advertising; and that the self-appointed consumers' nursemaids are offering consumers a lot of information that isn't real information.



"You know, Ruth, that old moon makes even the car feel good . . ."

"There you go again, Jack . . . sometimes I believe you think more of this car than you do of me!"

CAN A MAN FALL IN LOVE WITH HIS CAR?

IT'S REALLY nothing for the girls to worry about, but a sweet-running motor does arouse something very much like affection in a man . . . the same kind of feeling he has for his pet putter, fishing rod or gun.

And you can be sure that a sluggish, noisy, indifferent motor can affect his disposition for the worse, too. So here's a simple fact that will help *your* man keep on good terms with his car:

The better the gasoline—the better the car will run!

Why? Because under the hood of a modern car is a device that is as important as your throttle or gear-

shift . . . the spark adjustment. It controls engine performance.

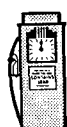
When a mechanic tunes up your engine, the closer he advances the spark to the point of top performance, the more power you get. But he can't advance it any farther than the anti-knock quality of the gasoline you use permits. If he does, a "knock" or "ping" will develop that *loses* power and economy.

Since there are different grades of gasoline sold today, your engine has different grades of performance as shown below:

YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES OF CAR PERFORMANCE



BEST PERFORMANCE—with gasoline marked "Ethyl" on the pump or globe. It is highest in anti-knock and all-round quality. Contains enough tetraethyl lead so that your engine's spark can be *advanced* closest to the point of maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."



GOOD PERFORMANCE—with "regular" gasoline, which permits the spark to be considerably advanced without "knock" or "ping." Most "regular" gasolines now contain tetraethyl lead to improve anti-knock quality, as shown by the "Lead" signs on the pumps.



POOR PERFORMANCE—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in a modern car, the engine's spark must be *retarded*—which means *loss* of power and economy.

COPYRIGHT 1939, ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline

SEEING
IS
BELIEVING!

Now...circus folks, too, are
comparing cigarettes
this strikingly convincing way...

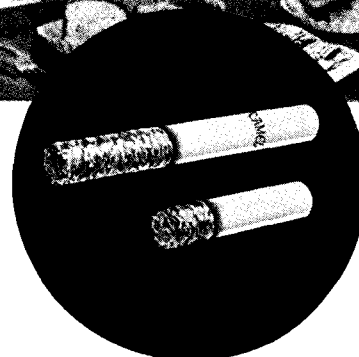
"JUST watch 'em burn," is the advice smart smokers are giving on cigarettes these days. At the right, aerial ace Everett White of the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey circus proves that one leading cigarette burns *slower* than other brands. The famous star of the high trapeze, Ed Rooney, observes that the winning brand is C-A-M-E-L! Camel's big advantage is in its *costlier tobaccos*, expertly blended in a cigarette made to burn *slowly, completely!*

Recently, a group of scientists made this interesting laboratory test on a bigger scale. 16 of the largest-selling cigarette brands were tested impartially. **CAMELS BURNED 25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM.** (Camels were remarkably consistent. Cigarettes of some brands smoked *twice* as fast as others right from the same pack.) **IN THE SAME TEST, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME FOR ALL THE OTHER BRANDS.**

Camel is the cigarette of *costlier tobaccos*...always slow-burning, cool, mild, with a delightful taste!



Everyone watches Everett White, the daring aerialist (center), intently, as Camels win in his cigarette test. He remarks: "Camel smokers *know* Camels smoke COOLER and Milder. And any smoker can see one reason *why!* Look how much *slower* that Camel burns! And, say, notice how the Camel ash *stays 'on!*"



SMOKING
IS
BELIEVING!



Camel's *slower burning* (compared to the average time of the 15 other brands tested) gives you the equivalent of 5 extra smokes per pack! You *economize* while enjoying smoking pleasure at its best!

If you feel that life owes you a little more fun, try a cigarette made with *costlier tobaccos*...a Camel! See how Camel's delightful fragrance and taste can brighten you up. Camels are amazingly mild. Cool...easy on your throat...really a matchless blend.

Camels have more tobacco by weight than the average of the 15 other brands tested. Besides, by burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower than any of them*—Camels give you the equivalent of 5 extra smokes per pack!

Camels give you even *more* for your money when you count in Camel's finer, more expensive tobaccos. Buy shrewdly! Buy Camels...America's first choice for a luxury smoke *every* smoker can afford!



Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMEL...THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS
PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY